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MY GARDEN

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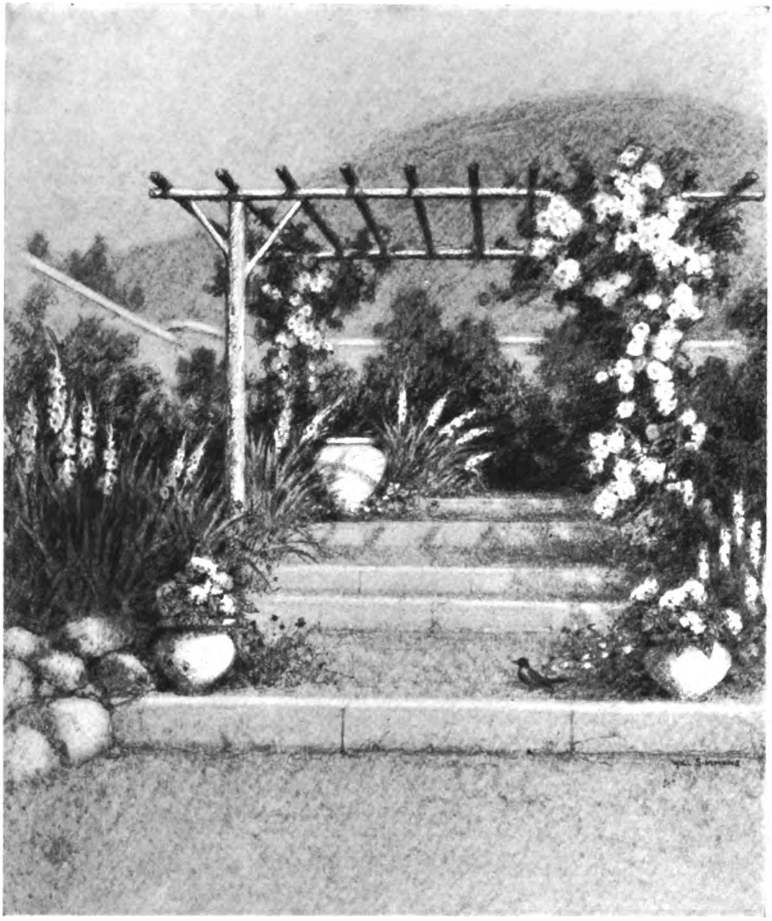
MY GARDEN



"A MOSAIC OR TAPESTRY-LIKE EFFECT DOES NOT SEEM TO ME WHAT WE WANT IN OUR HOME GARDENS, BUT A GRACIOUS BLENDING AND CONTRASTING OF LOVELY ELEMENTS—SWEEPS AND PATCHES AND TRAILS AND SPIRES OF DELIGHTFUL COLOUR IN HAPPY AGREEMENT—AND CERTAINLY THERE IS NO MORE ENTHRALLING PURSUIT THAN THE HANDLING OF THESE FLORAL PIGMENTS"

MY GARDEN

BY
LOUISE BEEBE WILDER

> *The eye always asks for a definite boundary to a piece*
> *of ornamental ground as it does for a frame to a picture.*
> —JOHN SEDDING

ILLUSTRATED
BY
WILL SIMMONS

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1916

[illegible]
v15

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translation into foreign languages,
including the Scandinavian***

Lithuanian

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY
OF
MY MOTHER AND FATHER,
MARY HARRISON
AND
CHARLES STUART BEEBE,
THROUGH WHOSE LOVE
AND WISDOM
I FIRST OWNED A GARDEN

379673

Bless me, what a delightful prospect is here! And so it ought to be, for this garden was designed for pleasure—but for honest pleasure; the entertainment of the sight, the smell, and refreshment of the mind.

—Erasmus.

A FOREWORD AND A PLEA

A garden is preëminently a place to indulge individual taste. . . . So regardless of doctors, let me say that the best general rule that I can devise for garden-making is: put all the beauty and delightsomeness you can into your garden, get all the beauty and delight you can out of your garden, never minding a little mad want of balance, and think of the proprieties afterward.

—*John Sedding.*

In gathering together these notes, I have no desire, nor am I competent, to undertake a dissertation upon styles or schools of gardening, to pose as an expert upon garden design or the science of horticulture, or to be understood as laying down the law upon any subject whatsoever. My wish is simply to answer for others some of the questions which sorely perplexed me in my early gardening days and to tell the story of my own experiences with this happy craft to those who may be treading the fragrant way a pace or two behind me, not that they may miss a single step in the fascinating path of personal experiment and achievement, but only that they may enjoy a sense of friendly fellowship without which no experience, however delightful, proves quite satisfying.

That we have opinions does not, or should not, mean that we expect others to espouse them immediately upon their recitation, and, if the ideas hereafter set forth are expressed with some fervour, the spirit actuating them is not dictatorial, not even argumentative, but wholly enthusiastic and sympathetic.

There is as much said nowadays, as there has always been, upon the styles of gardening, and each advocate claims for his especial school all the virtues, leaving for the rest none at all, so that it is a bit bewildering to know how so many different kinds of gardens can be so lovely; but the answer is, it seems to me, that styles and schools have little to do with the charm and beauty of a garden; that the vital secret lies much deeper—in the gardener himself, and is born of his artistic perception and his power to take infinite pains to adapt his means to an end, which end is loveliness. In gardening, as in other matters, the true test of our work is the measure of our possibilities.

Of the various schools, our garden would be termed formal, for there are the straight lines, the geometrical curves, the ordered design, the intention of man and the indication of his hand frankly confessed and plainly visible beneath the luxuriance—a sweet austerity dimly felt beneath the cajoleries of witching vine and creeper, of gay flowers rioting in their sun-bathed beds. And while I love best the "balanced beauty" "carefully parcelled out and enclosed" of this type of garden, I love, too, and am deeply interested in, all other kinds of gardens from the great and magnificent, with marble terraces and stairways, rare plants and many gardeners, to the narrow border beside the cottage path or the pot of flowers in the window of a tenement; for each has sprung from the desire of some one to express himself in beauty, and the simplicity of the medium matters not at all.

As quoted at the head of this chapter, "A garden is preëminently a place to indulge individual taste," and whether one chooses to be Italian, English, Japanese, Colonial, or "natural" in one's style, or a little of each, one does not achieve a lovable, livable, intimate garden until one has put *one's self* into it—lived in it, worked in it, dreamed in it, studied it and brooded over it and woven into its warp of scientific knowledge a woof of sentiment and tenderness.

My first garden, of which the present is but the emancipated and further developed spirit, was a rectangular space twelve feet long by six feet wide, neatly enclosed in a fence of clothes pins and boasting in each corner, by way of embellishment, a fine pink conch, and in the centre a milk pan sunk to the level of the earth and edged with white pebbles—a shining pool! Near one end a shabby mulberry tree cast a beneficent shadow, and in season dropped its mussy fruit among the warring Zinnias and valiantly coloured Portulaca. Within this small plot my love of gardening was born—a lusty child—and it mattered not that there were years of leanness when Chicory and Buttercups must needs come in and hide neglect and failure; the child throve, until now, in its maturity, it is a companion that never palls, a friend that never fails, a never-ending source of refreshment, comfort, and entertainment.

It seems agreed that a hobby, not overridden, is a wise possession for every one, and it has grown on me, during these gardening years, that no hobby is so safe and sane for a woman as a garden. It centres about the home; the children and other members of the family may have a part in it; friends enjoy it, and the influence of its beauty and sweetness reaches far and wide. In a book called "Rural Essays," written some seventy years ago by Charles Downing, the "father of landscape gardening in America," he asks: *"What is the reason that American ladies don't love to work in their gardens?"* He says they like to "putter about" and sow a few China Aster seeds, and that a bouquet upon the centre table is a necessity to them, but, beyond this, they do not go; and then he draws very uncomplimentary comparisons between us and our English cousins. But this was seventy years ago, and I am sure, if Mr. Downing could return, he would admit that we have begun to take a good deal more than a "puttering" interest in our gardens, that we dare to go out of doors sensibly clad and dig in the ground, wheel a barrow and plant and reap and exult after the manner of our brothers and husbands, experiencing the delicious weariness caused by exercise of the muscles in the open air which is in no way akin to that heavy exhaustion which comes from much labour indoors.

I frequently see, in English gardening periodicals, advertisements by women desiring positions as head or under gardeners, and there seems to me no reason why this should not become one of the professions properly open to women. As far as the under-gardener's work is concerned, it certainly requires no more physical strength and endurance than the work done by many women in domestic service, as trained nurses or in factories, besides having much to offer on the side of health. Of course to be a head-gardener would require both training and experience, but this would not, nowadays, be a difficult matter, and would become less so as the demand for such training grew. I do not wish to encroach upon the domain of man, but it would seem that many a woman, under the necessity of earning her own living, might find health and renewed youth in such an occupation, who now wears herself out and grows old before her time doing work of a more confining or nerve-wearing nature.

There is an ancient superstition, still in force, though less strong of late years, that it is not quite "nice" for a woman to be physically able to do manual labour out of doors, and if she is, she should keep quiet about it. When we first came to live in this neighbourhood, where there are many small and not very flourishing farms, my activities in the garden were looked upon decidedly askance by my neighbours, for in their world a woman's social position is more or less determined by whether she works indoors or out. That a woman should, by choice, spend hours in outdoor work in all kinds of weather was inconceivable, and finally a neighbour, who discovered me weeding a bed of seedlings on a hot July day, found herself unable to keep silent upon the subject and said: "There certainly ain't many ladies would work as hard for their men as you do, Mrs. Wilder." I tried to explain, but knew quite well that it was useless, and that she was certain that coercion was at the root of my labours. That was seven years ago and I am glad to say that the mystery has been cleared up for her and for others, and it is a delight to me to see that more than one of these indoor workers is essaying a patch of flowers by her door and many missionarying roots and seeds find their way from here into this promising territory.

In the old world gardening is recognized not only as a science, but as a high art; here it is still largely a pastime and not a very general one at that, as any one may perceive who goes through any of our suburbs and notes the number of places that boast no more than a few beds of Salvia or Geraniums and a huddle of specimen shrubs in the corners of the lawns. Our men are too busy to give much time to this art, and while many may have the desire and willingly furnish the wherewithal to employ a landscape architect to order and beautify their grounds and men to keep them up, more than this is needed to endow a garden with enduring charm and individuality. Just as we wish to feel personality in a room, so do we want to feel it in a garden, and this is the reason why many a simple cottage garden, personally tended by its owner, will be far greater in its appeal than a handsome one possessing many attributes of beauty but left entirely to paid care. And I feel that if our gardens are to take their place beside those of the older countries it rests with the American women to place them there. A number of women have taken up landscape gardening as a profession, and this is hopeful, for they will seek to interest other women in their art; but it is a certainty that if *every* American woman who has a piece of ground under her control would spend upon it a small part of the taste, ability, and energy which she applies to the ordering and beautifying of her home, we should have the most beautiful gardens in the world. It seems to me, in my enthusiasm, that there could be no more uplifting and refining influence, not only upon the family life, but upon the nation at large.

It was John Sedding whose beautiful and appreciative book on "Garden Craft"* I earnestly commend to all lovers of the subject, who speaks of the garden as a "sweetener of human existence," and says: "Apart from its other uses, there is no spot like a garden for cultivating the kindly social virtues. Its perfectness puts people upon their best behaviour. Its nice refinement secures the mood for politeness. Its heightened beauty produces the disposition that delights in what is beautiful in form and colour. Its queenly graciousness of mien inspires the reluctant loyalty of even the stoniest mind. Here, if anywhere, will the human hedgehog unroll himself and deign to be companionable. Here, friend Smith caught by its nameless charm, will drop his brassy gabble and dare to be idealistic; and Jones, forgetful of the main chance and 'bulls' and 'bears,' will throw the rein of his sweeter self and reveal that latent elevation of soul and tendency to romance known only to his wife."

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* "Garden Craft, Old and New."

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MY GARDEN

CHAPTER ONE

IN THE MAKING

Take thy plastic spade, it is thy pencil; take thy seed, thy plants, they are thy colours. —*Mason.*

IT IS well, I think, for all gardeners, present or prospective, to be reminded that the words "garden," "yard," and "orchard" all spring from an Aryan root meaning an enclosure; for apparently, in the general letting down of barriers, which seems to be the order of our day, there is more than a little danger of the garden losing one of its greatest charms—that of privacy and peaceful seclusion.

Many suburban places are quite open to the street, so that for all freedom from observation their owners may enjoy they might as well be in a public park; and often, on large country places, the space devoted to flowers is not divided from the surrounding country by any *distinct* boundary, but trails away indefinitely, so that one quite loses the significant delight of going *into* the garden, of being *within* an enclosure set apart for a special and beautiful purpose.

For many centuries the idea of a garden as an enclosed, protected area prevailed, and, indeed, it is only recently, since Kent* "leaped the fence and saw that all nature was a garden," that such an anomaly as a barrierless garden was thought of, much less perpetrated. In the early gardening days of the old world walls and stout fences were needed for protection; but later, in less strenuous times, were retained for the sake of the peace and privacy they insured. And, it seems to me, that no pleasanter picture for our emulation can be called to mind than those little walled gardens of long ago—the trim, straight paths, the little beds and narrow, straight borders filled with friendly and lovely things, the shadowing Crab and Cherry trees—a spot converted from the common land and made intimate and personal, sacred to beauty and sweetness, to delightful work and quiet meditation. To me, a garden unenclosed can never quite deserve the name, however beautiful the flowers; and I feel sure that any one who has ever owned a garden gate, and known the rare enjoyment of passing through and closing it behind him, will understand and support my preference.

There are many ways of encompassing the garden; walls of old brick or stone create an especially agreeable atmosphere and a splendid background for the flowers, but in many cases these are not possible and sometimes not desirable, and one has the choice between clipped or free-growing hedges, trellis or paling fences, wire fences overgrown with vines, or posts set at intervals with ropes

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*Walpole's "Modern Gardening."

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or chains hung between, upon which Roses or other long-limbed vines may be trained.

For small gardens or for divisions between different parts of large gardens, the wooden trellis, painted white or very light green, is extremely pretty; and even the white paling fence, when used to enclose simple gardens of the cottage type, is both attractive and appropriate. But for general use and beauty, next to walls of stone or brick, I think a fine evergreen hedge close-clipped to a formal line is unsurpassed. The dark colour of this hedge throws the brilliancy of the flowers into high relief and the severity of line creates a charming foil for the luxuriant unrestraint within.

Three true evergreens make satisfactory hedges in our Northern climate: our fine Hemlock (*Tsuga Canadensis*), the Norway Spruce (*Picea excelsa*), and the common American Arborvitæ (*Thuja occidentalis*), the last of which is the least expensive and makes a handsome hedge.

Privet is very nearly evergreen in our climate, and for cheapness, quick growth, and ease of management has much to be said in its favour. Many urge against it on account of its reputation as a ravenous feeder, but I feel that we should not be frightened away from so good a shrub on this ground, for it offers us the opportunity of having a fine hedge in a comparatively short time and at small expense, and where much hedging is to be done this latter point must usually be taken into consideration. Privet should be cut hard back the first two seasons after planting in early spring—this to insure a compact growth at the base—and thereafter the pruning may be done in June when the spring growth of the young shoots is accomplished.

The management of the evergreen hedge, the first few years after planting, is all important, and I think I could not do better than to quote the following enlightening instructions from "The Book of Topiary"*: "No matter how much it is desired to get a hedge quickly grown in a certain place, whether for shelter or anything else, it is the greatest possible mistake to sacrifice strength and substance to a desire to promote rapid growth, a result that is certain to occur if a hedge is allowed to grow eight or ten feet before it is stopped. Nothing should be done to a hedge in the way of clipping the same autumn or winter it is planted, and perhaps not even the following autumn, but each year afterward it should be stopped, and never allowed to make more than a few inches of growth each year. By following the system of stopping the growth every year, the length of time required to grow a hedge eight or ten feet in height is greatly extended. But the result will amply repay the extra time that has been taken to grow it; you will get a hedge full of strength and substance, and well furnished with young growths from top to bottom. But if the other system is followed of allowing the hedge to get to its full height before any clipping is done, you will have a hedge that is lacking in strength and substance, easily blown out of shape by every wind, and also one that is very difficult to clip in anything like a proper way, on account of its many strong branches growing toward the outside that should have been removed to make room for a thicker growth. Each year, when the work of clipping is being done, a sharp lookout should be kept for all small branches or shoots that are inclined to grow toward the outside of the tree or hedge, and these must be removed whenever they are seen. . . . Those shoots in the course of a few years will grow into strong branches, and become a regular nuisance in the way of keeping them constantly tied in."

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* "The Book of Topiary," by Charles H. Curtis and W. Gibson.

A hedge may be cut into any desired form at the top, but exactness is of prime importance. A garden line should be run on either side at the bottom of the hedge and another along the top at the desired height. In the case of a hedge cut into battlements a line should be used at the top and base of the battlements, "and whatever size and width the battlements are, say, for instance, two feet high and two feet in width between them, a stick cut exactly two feet in length, or a two-foot rule should be used to measure the exact height and distance between the battlements."

Some people care for free-growing, flowering hedges, but I think they are not positive enough to serve as a fence, but may be very charming following paths or drives or used as a screen.

Having got the garden securely enclosed, the next step is the careful preparation of beds and borders, that our plants may dwell in peace and wax in strength and beauty year after year. And this must be done with generosity and thoroughness, a little at a time, if all may not be done properly at once, for there is no manner of use in trying to raise up a family of fine and vigorous plants on food which does not nourish them, or under conditions which are not comfortable for them.

Here we dig out the beds and borders to a depth of two feet, filling them in again with alternate layers of manure and good soil—a heavy layer of manure at the bottom—to within five inches of the top. This is then well forked together, and about nine inches of the best soil procurable filled into the remaining space, raising it a few inches above the surrounding ground to allow for settling. This top layer may be the top spit of the soil already in the garden, if it is good enough, or it may be brought, as in our case, from some old pasture land or from the woods. If the soil used to fill the main body of the beds is very heavy, the addition of wood ashes and sand will be useful in bringing it to the proper state of nice loaminess; and if dry and light, the layers of manure may be made a little heavier. If this work is done in the autumn, as is advisable, a dressing of slaked lime will combine with the frost and sunshine in making our soil of a most delectable consistency—and surely, all this accomplished, no sweet and normal plant would have the heart to withhold from us the sunshine of its smiles.

The edging of the beds and borders is rather a vexing problem, for upon it depends, a good deal, the appearance of the garden. All sorts of things have been tried from glass bottles and shells to the trim and seemly Box. For the garden laying not too great a claim to magnificence, I think no edging is prettier than large irregular stones sunk part way in the earth. Over these stones many a charming alpine will creep and tumble so grateful for the moist, cool root-run between the stones and for the warm surface over which they may spread themselves to sun and air that they burst forth with such a praise of blossoming that one thinks anxiously of the endurance of their little material bodies under the strain of so lavish a manifestation of the spirit. Arabis, Aubrietia, Alyssum, Arenaria, Saponaria ocymoides, Cerastium, Iberis, creeping Veronicas, and Gypsophilas, Pinks in delicious variety, Thrift, Stonecrops, Silenes, Campanulas, alpine Phloxes, and many another small and lovely thing will create a jewelled setting for the taller plants and may be brought, by a little care in their arrangement, into delightful harmony with the rest of the border.

Box edgings are charming and create always an atmosphere of sweet and comely reserve, while the "far, strict scent," rising from its dark, shining surfaces, carries one dreaming into the past. Flowers seem to behave themselves behind Box edgings—they do not get out into the path, nor sprawl about, but seem somehow imbued with the prim manners of Box—but this will be considered romancing, and the fact is that Box is frightfully expensive and grows very slowly, but if one can afford both to pay for it and to wait for it there is nothing quite so good to possess.

Turf edgings are very popular and always look well if taken care of, but they must be kept absolutely true to line and shorn the sleekest, or they will present a ragged and slovenly appearance. Edgings of brick set on end are sometimes used, but the frost is apt to throw them out of place during the winter. Concrete edgings are durable and satisfactory, and edgings of boards firmly pegged into the earth and painted white or green are both quaint and useful for unpretentious gardens. Grass and Scotch Pinks make pretty border edges, and in Elizabethen days Thrift and Germander were much utilized for this purpose. Dwarf Irises such as pumila and cristata are firm and pretty along the front of the borders, and English Ivy, pegged down and trained to form an edging, has also been used. Here we have the stone edgings mainly, and also some concrete in the main garden, and, in the Nursery and Herb garden, we have used wood painted white.

The question of what to put in our beds and borders, now that we have them enclosed and trimly edged, is such a broad and beguiling one that it may not be squeezed into the narrow space of a chapter, and besides, each one of us must desire and choose his own flowers or he loses the very pith of the pleasure. But a few generalities are permissible. Gardens of the most lasting satisfaction and beauty are those in which hardy herbaceous perennials are the foundation. By these, I mean those plants whose leaves and stems die down in winter but whose roots endure; among those we include, rightly I think, the hardy spring bulbs and Lilies. Shrubs also are permanent residents in the garden and play an important part, but annuals, tender bedders, and such bulbs and roots as Gladioli and Dahlias, are incidental, mere decorations, subject to our caprice, while the herbaceous folk and shrubs come into the garden as long-tenure residents, and upon them the stability and strength of the garden depends.

I take it that with most of us the goal aimed at in our gardening is not simply to form a large collection of plants as specimens, but to so choose and arrange our material as to create as fine and full an effect as possible over a period of five or six months. This does not preclude thinking of and treating our plants as individuals; quite the contrary, for to meet with any success in the management of our garden world, we must know very well the needs and habits and possibilities of each of its tenants. In pursuance of this end, it is wise to carefully consider one's garden conditions in relation to the plants it is desired to install, and not try to force upon reluctant, helpless plants conditions which are utterly unsuitable. For beneficent Nature has so bountifully provided for us that no one need be without an overflowing joyous garden if he will but observe her gentle laws and respect the simple requirements of her flower people.

The ideal garden has a southern or southeastern exposure and provides both sunshine and shadow, both heavy and light soils, and even a little damp spot for the accommodation of a few moisture lovers, and where one has the making of one's garden from the very beginning, it is often possible to have all these luxuries.

To go back to the planting of the beds and borders, if they are wide, say six to twelve feet, shrubs may be used among the hardy plants with fine effect along the back and may even venture an occasional representation toward the front, so forming alcoves within the shelter of which one may create some especially lovely picture. Here and there along the borders a lightly made flowering tree may cast a gracious shadow, and bulbs may be planted in clumps and patches everywhere.

In choosing one's plants it is well to select those whose bloom is not too ephemeral and whose habit is good—that is, whose form and foliage are fine and lasting, thus securing a more permanently full effect. If one is not familiar with the appearance of many plants, the botanical gardens and nurseries offer a valuable means of forming a closer acquaintance, and both those institutions are making some effort nowadays at harmonious grouping, which is very helpful to the novice in forming an opinion as to the relative merits of the various plants to his particular uses.

If such plants as Foxgloves, Delphiniums, Valerian Canterbury Bells and Oriental Poppies, that die down or must be cut to the ground after flowering, are planted in front of some of the long-armed brethren, such as hardy Asters or Gypsophila, the blank left by their departure will bloom again, for the long branches may be drawn over the vacant spaces. Plants with especially fine and lasting foliage should be given due prominence. Of these are the Flag Irises, Fraxinella, Funkias, Baptisias, Achillea filipendulina (A. Eupatorium), Phloxes, Lemon Lilies, Geums, Pæonies, Heleniums, Galega, Heucheras, Lythrum Salicaria, Potentillas, Dicentras, Thalictrums, Elymus, Santolina, Stachys lanata, Artemisia abrotanum, Rue, and Nepeta Mussini. Such scantily clothed plants as Lilies, Gladioli, Tuberoses, and Asphodels need the foliage of other plants to screen their naked stalks, and are always weak in effect if planted in large groups without this borrowed greenery.

In small beds and narrow borders, and indeed in any save good-sized gardens, plants of great size and pervasive character such as Boltonias, many Helianthuses, Polygonums, Bocconia, and Golden Glow, are best omitted, and choice made among the more conservative, of which there are a great number.

The best effect is arrived at in the borders by massing the plants in irregular groups of one kind, the size of the group to be determined by the length and breadth of the bed or border, and there must be some attention paid to gradation in the relative heights of the different groups. Thus, a group of some eighteen-inch plants is badly placed in front of one attaining a height of seven feet! In the main, tall plants should be kept at the back, those of medium height in the centre, and dwarf and creeping things along the front, but one need not adhere too consistently to this rule but rather strive for a *rolling contour*—plains, foothills, and mountains, if one may use so gigantic a simile—the highlands creeping out over the plains and the plains reaching back among the hills. Spaces may be left here and there for patches of long-flowering annuals, and these may also be used to fill the places of such hardy plants as may have died during the winter.

There has been much written of late as to how to keep the entire garden in full bloom from early spring until frost, and varied and vain were my attempts in the days of my novitiate to accomplish this feat that I now feel would be of doubtful desirability even were it possible. In our climate where the importunities of the sun rushes our plants from youth to a precocious maturity and on to early oblivion, the blossoming period of the individual plants is so much shorter than in climates of moister atmosphere and less torrid summers that to keep all parts of the garden in bloom at all seasons would require so immense a variety of plants that a most spotty and restless effect would be the result, and such exact knowledge of the plants would be necessary that few amateurs could hope to acquire it. A few lovely pictures for each season is about all we can hope to accomplish successfully in the garden devoted to herbaceous perennials and designed to be beautiful for six months of the year. These pictures may vary in number and size according to the dimensions of the garden they are to adorn, and may be made up of groups of two or more kinds of plants blooming together and for about the same length of time. Of course close observation, study, and experience are required to so create these blossoming groups that at no time is the garden without an effective number; and nothing is more helpful than to keep an exact record of the blossoming periods of such plants as are where we can observe them.

Garden colour scheming has become something like a craze—we talk colour schemes, write colour schemes, read them, and try to create them. Like all obsessions, this charming pastime is in grave danger of being done to death, of degenerating by means of extreme preciseness of finish into something not so far from the carpet bedding, which we, in our boasted enlightenment, profess to despise. A mosaic or tapestry-like effect does not seem to me what we want in our home gardens, but a gracious blending and contrasting of lovely elements—

sweeps and patches and trails and spires of delightful colour in happy agreement—and certainly there is no more enthralling pursuit than the handling of these floral pigments. It is not nearly so difficult as it sounds, for few flower colours are really fiercely opposed to one another, and none are bad if given the companion necessary to bring out their best qualities. Of course the colour sense is individual, and what appeals to one may not to another and so, after all, one can but express one's own feelings.

To me, strong contrasts in the garden are seldom happy; plants having the same strength of colour are best kept out of each other's company, or the resulting effect will be crude and hard. The yellow of Coreopsis and the deep blue of such a Delphinium as King is, to my colour sense, both glaring and unpleasant; but the soft yellow of California Poppies and the blue of *Veronica spicata* is agreeable. Just so, opaque white flowers are not pleasing in close proximity to strong red or blue flowers but should have an admixture of softening foliage or some intermediate shade. Many flowers, quite strong in colour, are, as one might say, tender in their strength, a sort of bloom seems to lie upon them there, more as an intangible impression than in fact. This is true of many blue flowers, some of the Delphiniums, Monkshoods, and Chinese Bellflowers in particular, and this quality makes it possible, though I cannot explain why, to place them happily with flowers of great strength of colour. Thus, Monkshood and Tiger Lilies make a most splendid picture quite lacking the rawness of Coreopsis and Delphinium though quite as brilliant. Harmony, not contrast, or agreement, not opposition, is a good rule for the garden colour schemer, the great M. Chevreaul to the contrary, notwithstanding. That eminent authority on colour in the section devoted to the arrangement of flowers in his book, "The Principles of Harmony and Contrast of Colours," directs us to place yellow flowers with red flowers, yellow with blue, deep red with deep blue, and white with any and all. But pink flowers must not approach rose flowers, yellow must be wary of orange, and blue and pink must not touch violet. Are we thus to be deprived of such subtle and exquisite associations as Peach Blossoms and purple Crocuses, lavender and pink China Roses, lavender Phlox and blue Monkshood, dark-red Hollyhocks and orange Lilies, sky-blue Flax and purple Iris, and a thousand more?

As I said before, the colour sense must ever be individual and one's expression of it original and personal, but there are a few simple laws which have helped me greatly in the harmonious disposition of my flowers. Contrast between the primary colours, red, blue, and yellow, is too harsh and sudden; contrast between the secondary colours, green, violet, and orange, while striking, is not crude or raw. White is constantly spoken of as a peacemaker and much used in gardens to separate discordant colours, but, while it separates them, it so heightens the tone of each that, instead of drawing them into agreement, it further opposes them to each other, and instead of a charming *whole*, we see three sharply contrasting units.

The too free use of white in the garden, especially the hard white worn by Moonpenny Daisies, Iberis, and Canterbury Bells, will ever result in spottiness and unrest. I feel that the gardener should get his effects by gentle measures; his groups may, if desired, be strong in colour, but at the same time, deep and rich, not high and sharp. And this result can be obtained only by the use of strong colours closely related to one another.

A few years ago I saw at the wonderful gardens of St. Fagans Castle in Wales a border which will illustrate this point. It was about seventy yards long and eight feet wide and was backed by a high wall curtained with creamy Wichuraiana Roses. Against this softening background, in bold groups, were garnet and salmon-coloured Hollyhocks, with alternating groups of dull blue Monkshood lying like shadows between. In front were great colonies of flaming Tritomas, Tiger Lilies, gray-blue Delphiniums, blazing Montbretia, and tall salmon-pink Snapdragons. Along the front, rioting above the trim Box edging, were Orange King Snapdragons, buff Calendula, and scarlet and sky-blue Anagallis. Daring indeed, but inspired, was he who brought those colours together. Arresting in its brilliance, this border was yet visualized as a magnificent *whole* which seemed to reflect the luminosity and glow of the sunset sky, filling one's soul with a sense of fulness, strength, and satisfaction. How different was the border seen a few days ago, where a splendid effect was attempted by the use of Delphiniums, Scarlet Lychnis, and Coreopsis. There the colours were no more brilliant, but being so fiercely opposed, the result was one of restless motion—floral fidgets, one might say—and one was forced to see and consider each plant as a separate element.

Dark, rich colours—garnet, purple, very dark blue, and the dark green of Box or other evergreens—are more efficient than white in harmonizing crude opposing colours, for they tend to *lower* their tones instead of heightening them. Note the softening effect of dark garnet velvet Sweet Williams upon the raw colour of Lychnis chalcedonica. Gray foliage, in even greater degree than white, accentuates the colours to which it is contiguous and, like white, is most satisfying when associated with the tender broken tones—lavender, pinky-mauve, heliotrope, blush, rose, pink, salmon, cream, and buff. Gray and the various white tones—cream, gray-white, and greenish-white—also associate well, and all these soft shades are charming in each other's company and may be used freely with the primary and secondary colours.

Some people are much more highly sensitive to colour than others, and to these, after they have acquired some knowledge of their floral pigments, the creating of lovely pictures in the garden will be instinctive; but those whose colour sense is less developed must cultivate it as a tea taster educates his palate, or as a perfumer his olfactory nerve. Nature may be his teacher, the woods and fields and marshes at all seasons his classroom; and the daring or tender blendings of colours in a single flower should be a constant help and inspiration.

Magenta is a colour that gives the gardener a good deal of trouble, but there are many fine flowers wearing this turbulent shade which are lovely enough if removed from the neighbourhood of antagonistic shades and placed in congenial surroundings. The clouded blue of Monkshood is fine with the magenta of Rose Loosestrife and all the buff, creamy, and gray-white flowers and gray foliage encourage this usually combative tint to show its softest side. The two colours most difficult to me are the raw scarlet of the Lychnis and the crude yellow worn by Coreopsis and some of the sunflowers, but even these may be modified and brought into peaceful agreement with their surroundings by the near neighbourhood of softening influences.

Personally, gardens of one colour do not interest me particularly, though I have seen many very well worked out. Yellow gardens contrived in all the shades from buff and cream to orange are very effective, and also the purple tints from palest mauve, with much silvery and hoary foliage, to strong red-purple and violet. White gardens, too, are very charming, especially toward evening or by moonlight. The finest one I have seen was in England and was made up of annuals, perennials, bulbs, Roses, and shrubs. I put down the names of most of the plants in a notebook and give it here for those who may care to create a "ghost garden."

Bulbs.

Chionodoxa Luciliae var. *alba*, White Crocus, *Galanthus nivalis* and *Elwesii*, *Scilla sibirica* var. *alba*, White Tulips and Grape Hyacinths, *Fritillaria Meleagris* var. *alba*, *Hyacinthus orientalis*, *Leucojum vernum*, Poet's Narcissus.

Spanish and English Iris, Madonna Lilies, *Hyacinthus candicans*, Gladioli.

Plants.

Helleborus niger, *Anemone nemorosa*, *sylvestris*, and *Pulsatilla* var. *alba*, Arabis, *Arenaria montana*, Iberis, Cerastium, *Dicentra cucullaria*, *Lathyrus vernus* var. *alba*, *Omphalodes verna*, var. *alba*, white Iceland Poppies, *Phlox subulata* vars. *Nelsoni* and *alba*, Bloodroot, white Trilliums, white Periwinkle, white sweet Violets, St. Brunos Lily, white Columbine, Sweet Woodruff, *Centaurea montana* var. *alba*, Lily of the Valley, Dianthus Mrs. Sinkins, *Iris florentina* var. *alba*, Iris Innocence, Iris Snowqueen, *Iris sibirica* var. *alba*, White Flax, white Pæonies—single and double, white Sweet William, Jacob's Ladder, and Spiderwort, *Silene alpestris* *Stellaria Holostea*, Fraxinella, Achillea The Pearl, White Foxgloves, and Canterbury Bells, *Campanula persicifolia* var. *alba*, *carpathica* var. *alba*, *pyramidalis* var. *alba* and *lactiflora alba magnifica*. Moonpenny Daisies, *Clematis recta*, *Crambe cordifolia*, *Gypsophila paniculata* and *repens*, white Goat's-rue, Sweet Rocket, *Heuchera sanguinea* var. *alba*. White Lupines, *Oenothera eximea*. White Chinese Bellflowers, *Silene maritima*, *Spiraea aruncus*, *Yucca filamentosa*, *Aconitum napellus* var. *album*, white Willow herb, *Funkia subcordata*, white Bergamot, Phlox Miss Lingard and late white Phloxes, *Physostegia virginica* var. *alba*. *Sedum album*, Boltonia, *Pyrethrum uliginosum*, *Pentstemon Digitalis*, Cimicifuga, white Mallows, *Anemone Japonica* vars. *alba* and Whirlwind, white Hardy Asters, Chrysanthemum nipponicum, *Veronica virginica*, *Artemisia lactiflora*.

Annuals.

Petunias, Verbenas, Phlox Drummondii, Sweet Alyssum, Candytuft, Stocks, Snapdragons, Sweet Sultans, Asters, Clarkia, single and double Poppies, Cosmos, and single Dahlias.

Besides these there were climbing and bush Roses, pure white or creamy, and many white-flowered shrubs—Magnolias, Lilacs, Philadelphus, Spiræa, and Deutzia, white Wisteria and large and small flowered Clematis. The garden was enclosed in a hedge of dark evergreens and gleamed and shimmered against the sombre background with strange fascination. Gray foliage might be put to effective use in such a garden, and a list of suitable plants will be found in the chapter, "Plants for Special Situations."

THE UPKEEP OF THE BORDERS

Keeping the borders in good order during the summer is a simple matter if a few tasks are faithfully performed. The first and most important of them is staking—a matter in which all our ingenuity may be employed. If not done at all or if badly done, the finest garden will, after the first hard storm, be a sad spectacle. In exposed gardens there are few plants over medium height which do not require support, and even in sheltered gardens it is best to stake all fairly tall plants that have slender stems.

The most important point about staking is that it shall be done as inconspicuously as possible and in such a manner that the plant is not diverted from its natural habit of growth. For most purposes, the green wooden stakes, for sale by all seed houses, are best adapted. Plants with a single stem, such as Lilies, Foxgloves, and Mulleins, may have the stake (always considerably shorter than the full height of the plant) placed behind the stem and secured with green raffia about the centre of the stem, leaving the upper half to curve gracefully at will. It may be necessary to change the stakes once, anyway, during the growth of very tall plants, and such strong growing plants as Mulleins, Hollyhocks, and Dahlias will require very heavy stakes. Plants with many stems, such as Boltonias and Heleniums, should have several heavy stakes placed in and about the clumps with strong cord stretched from stake to stake, thus allowing all the stems to maintain their natural position while still being upheld. The fine appearance of such plants is quite spoiled if they are bunched together and tied to a single stake.

Plants with long, weak stems and broad, heavy flower heads, as Michaelmas Daisies and *Gypsophila paniculata*, are best supported on pea brush, the weak stems being drawn over and tied to the spreading branches of the brush. When the plants have attained their full height, any unsightly ends of the brush may be cut off.

The removal of all withered flowers is of considerable importance in the fair appearance of the garden. The self-sown seedlings of many plants—Phlox, for instance—are a real nuisance; and besides this, most annuals, and a fair number of perennials, may be kept in bloom for a greatly lengthened period if the plants are not allowed to seed. This is particularly true of Moonpenny Daisies, Geums, *Erigeron speciosus*, and the hardy Cornflower (*Centaurea montana*). The blooming period of Phlox, Mulleins, and Anchusas may be extended if the flower stalk is cut just below the lowest blossom; auxiliary flower stems will then be sent out at once. Foxgloves may be bewitched into perennialism if the flower stalks are cut to the ground immediately after fading. Hardy young plants will form around the old crown. This is also true of Hollyhocks. Many low-growing plants, such as Pinks, Aubrietias, Iberis, Cerastium, Sun Roses, and Golden Alyssum are much benefited by a severe shearing after their bloom is past. They are apt to become very untidy in appearance, but if well cut back will soon regain their tidy, rounded form.

In the summer care of the garden, cultivation of the soil is more important than watering. The latter should not be done at all unless *thoroughly*—that is, the soil soaked at least two inches below the surface. Our own method is to stick the rake handle in the ground, placing the hose nozzle between the tines and allowing it to remain in one spot for several hours. In dry weather it takes two or three days to get all round the garden but the effect is lasting, and when this method is used the watering may be done in full sunshine without injury to the plants.

The soil of the beds and borders should be kept well stirred always, as this not only conserves the moisture but does much toward discouraging weeds. We always stir the soil after a heavy rain, for the soil is then most apt to form a hard crust.

After the garden has been made for a year or two, some renovation will be required each succeeding year. This is best done in the autumn. The large spreading clumps of plants need to be lifted and divided and the soil enriched, and this, with the beds and borders full of bulbs and the ground between the larger plants pretty well carpeted with creeping things, is rather difficult. Each fall we decide upon a certain section of the garden to be "done over," then in early October we take everything out of that section except shrubs and climbers. The bulbs are dug up carefully and laid in piles on the garden-house porch and labelled, and the plants are also taken up, divided, and set in the shade. The space is then well spaded and a quantity of well-rotted manure, with a generous supply of wood ashes, is incorporated with the soil. When the surface is raked smooth, we replace the disturbed inhabitants, adding some and leaving out others that did not come up to the standard. We attempt only what we can finish in a day, as the plants must not be long left out of the ground, and we manage to get all round the garden about every three years.

Some plants, such as Japanese Anemones, Pæonies, Fraxinella, and Sea Lavender, with a known antipathy for interference, we dig carefully around and arrange a little tempting food within their reach.

In a series of very helpful articles which appeared in *The Garden* for February and March, 1914, Mr. Brotherson writes the following: "I know there exists a kind of horror at the thought of introducing a spade among established herbaceous plants, the dear roots being objects of much concern, lest they should be severed. May I express the conviction that nothing better could happen to the plants next to lifting and replanting. By digging deeply and carefully among them they are divested of useless roots and an improved root run is provided, into which new roots to take the place of those removed will quickly find their way, to the great benefit of the plants. Manure about twelve months old is best fitted for mixing with the soil under these conditions." I have seen the beautiful gardens at Prestonkirk, Scotland, over which Mr. Brotherson presides, and their superb well-being is all the testimony required that this seemingly drastic treatment is not only safe but most efficacious.

In closing this chapter I should like in some way to make others feel the joy of doing at least a part of the garden work one's self; do not turn all this possible pleasure over to some one else. Many women will contend that they are not strong enough and, of course, very sadly, some are not; but the rest will, I feel sure if they make an attempt, be greatly astonished at their power which will increase tenfold as the magic of fresh air and sunshine gets in its rejuvenating work, and those same timid ones will be astonished at, and I hope thankful for, the sound sleep, the quiet mind, and the absorbing interest which will be theirs. "It is of those few pleasures which age cannot wither," and for this reason alone one might do well to give it a trial. Love your garden and work in it and let it give you what it surely will of sweetness, health, and content, and let no one feel that the benefit is all on the side of the garden, for truly you will receive more than you give, no matter how faithfully you work, and you will soon find yourself more dependent upon your garden than your garden upon you.

CHAPTER TWO

THE NURSERY

Labour is the House that Love dwells in.
—*Russian Proverb.*

ALL nurseries summon our interest and sympathy whether they shelter human babies or those of the animal kingdom, and the nursery which guards seedling plants is not by any means the least in its appeal to our tender protectiveness and maternal solicitude.

These little babies of the plant world need us and depend upon our care. If we neglect them, they languish; if we desert them, they perish; we must feed them, protect them from cold or extreme heat, nurse them if assailed by disease, and watching carefully their growth provide, when it is needed, a wider sphere in which they may expand and develop. Wherever there are young and tender things looking to us for support, there are we apt to be deeply interested, and herein lies the fascination of the plant nursery. A garden is as incomplete without this adjunct as a home, and no gardener knows the full joy of his craft who does not care for his plants from seedhood to maturity, making them his own as no bought plants can ever be. To buy plants already past the dangers of infancy is a convenience and sometimes wise, but besides being very expensive, one is depriving one's self of one of the most beautiful and illuminating of experiences.

A nursery may be a pot or box of earth in a sunny window, or it may be a piece of ground of any size to suit the convenience and desire of the gardener, from a small seed bed to a large tract of land designed to raise great numbers of plants for a very large garden. As striking a happy medium between these two, and answering satisfactorily the needs of a modest garden, I will describe our own nursery and its uses. It lies in two exactly similar squares at the back of the walled garden, and on either side of the Herb garden. A Privet hedge encloses it on two sides, the low wall and trellis fence of the Herb garden the third, and the high wall of the flower garden on the fourth, which also protects it from the north and provides a sheltered situation for certain tender things. On the lower section this space along the wall is occupied by a small tool-house, a row of covered bins to hold silver sand, coarse sand, and leaf-mold, and the cold frames which are four feet deep and divided into six sections. A four-foot border extends all round the two nurseries and the rest is parcelled out into rectangular beds three and four feet wide and of varying lengths, with gravel paths between. The little beds are enclosed by board edgings firmly pegged into the ground at the corners and painted white, as is all the woodwork in the nurseries. There are a number of hose outlets, that all may be kept sweet and fresh, the hedges are sharply clipped, the paths trim and free from weeds, and the straight rows of lusty young plants in the beds speak eloquently of their entire comfort and well-being. This is the fountain head of the whole garden and as such cannot be too carefully conducted. The border that follows the boundaries is used as a hospital for sick or sulky plants brought from the gardens, as a temporary abode for some which have been crowded out of one place and not yet assigned to another, and as a cutting garden. The rectangular beds, which by reason of their narrowness are easily weeded and cultivated, are mainly used to house the young perennials raised in the frames, but here also are brought bulbs and plants new to us, that they may be tested and understood before being introduced to the choice circle beyond the garden wall. The soil in these beds is light and only moderately rich, that the young plants may find no obstacle to their tender rootlets, and that they may not be rushed on to a too precocious development through overfeeding. The soil in the outside borders, as devoted to the more mature, is somewhat heavier and richer.

The propagation of plants is the chief business carried on in the nursery. This is done by means of seeds, cuttings, and the division of roots. There is no more absorbing occupation than raising plants from seed. I never quite get over the wonder of my early gardening days, that seeds come up at all, and that they fulfil very nearly their catalogue descriptions. But they do, in the main, and while some are not quite so gorgeous and accommodating as their sponsors would have us believe, others are lovely and sweet, quite beyond the power of the cataloguist to describe.

Hawthorne wrote: "It is one of the most bewitching sights in the world to observe a hill of beans thrusting aside the soil, or a row of early peas just peeping forth sufficiently to trace a line of delicate green." And how much more bewitching, when we can follow in imagination this delicate green embroidery to its final realization of colour and fragrance, rather than to the predestined material end of Hawthorne's peas and beans.

Occasionally we have rebelliously to realize that "often out of fifty seeds great Nature brings but one to bear," but while this is probably true of the seed of wild plants, left to the mercy of all sorts of adverse conditions, it need very seldom be true in the garden, if a few simple and sensible laws are observed. In the first place, it is all important to procure good, sound seed, and so we should apply to the best seed houses only, and be willing to pay a fair price. Next to the vitality of, or power of the seed to reproduce itself, the soil is the important matter. It should be light, moderately rich, and pervious to moisture, and whether the seeds are to be raised in a frame, in the open ground, or in a flat indoors, the preparation of the soil and the treatment of the seeds is in the main identical. The prepared soil for the seed bed need not be deeper than five inches, and a good composition is two parts good garden soil, one part leaf-mold, and one part coarse sand, with a good sprinkling of wood ashes. This should be chopped and raked smooth, and upon the top should be spread an inch of good soil, or leaf-mold and fine sand, in equal parts, put through a moderately fine sieve. We use the frames almost entirely for raising seeds, it is so much safer than the open ground, and we find infant mortality greatly lessened if manure, either fresh or old, is not used, as it frequently harbours insects, or their eggs, which ravenously feed upon the tender seedlings. That they may be easily weeded and otherwise cared for, seeds are best sown in straight rows five or six inches apart, and not scattered broadcast, and each row should have at its head a wooden label, bearing the name of the plant and the date of sowing written with an indelible pencil.

Large seeds such as those of Lupines, Iris, or Lathyrus, may be soaked in warm water for a few hours before planting, and sown in drills a half inch deep. For seeds of medium size, Delphiniums, Pinks, or Geums, we prepare a place by pressing a lath (cut to fit the width of the frame or bed) firmly into the soil, and sow the seed upon this flat surface, covering it to about twice its own depth with sandy soil. Seeds of the light and feathery character of Gaillardias, Centaureas, and Armeria profit by a greater depth of covering than the heavier seeds.

Thin sowing of all seed is important, but particularly so in the case of very fine seed like that of Verbascums which grow into huge plants. If the seed is mixed with a little silver sand before sowing, it is more easily and evenly distributed. Fine seed needs no covering, but should be sown on the loose surface of the soil and pressed in with a flat board. Many alpines have fine seed, and as some of them are also very slow in germinating, we sow them in shallow pots of prepared soil which are placed in the frames but can be moved about at will. The soil should be thoroughly moist before seed is sown upon it, and the watering thereafter should be done through a fine rose spray, for the seeds are easily washed from the earth, and nothing so disturbs a tiny plant as a rude stream of water.

Seeds vary much in the time they take to germinate. Annuals are, as a rule, much more expeditious than perennials, the average time required by most of them being from three to five days, while perennials take anywhere from ten days to a year or two. Thus, sometimes when we think we have met with failure, it is not so, but simply that the psychological moment for germination has not yet arrived. Pinks, Poppies, Wallflowers, Foxgloves, and Hollyhocks germinate in a short time, while Adonis, Hepatica, Dictamnus, Christmas Rose, Eremurus, and the beautiful California Tree Poppy (*Romn-*

eya Coulteri) may be a year or more in rousing their little green souls to energy and action. Being rather impatient for results, I do not care to raise these slow-coaches from seed, and buy them ready grown—but if growing them from seed is undertaken, they should be planted somewhat deeper than would ordinarily be the case, in some spot where they may take their time, secure from disturbance—and carefully labelled.

Until the little green backs are seen to hump up along the straight rows, the seed bed is best entirely protected from the sun, and should thereafter have full sunshine for part of the day only, and the soil must never dry out. One good drying out may mean death to a whole frame full of green babies—a calamity not to be borne with resignation.

Seeds may be sown indoors in a box in January, February, and March, and pricked out into other boxes when large enough to handle. An outdoor seed bed is best not started until May. Here we have found the use of the cold frames so invaluable for raising tender annuals and perennials that we use no other means, save when the frames are overcrowded and we must resort to the hot beds in the kitchen garden, or entrust such reliable folk as Sweet William, Coreopsis, and Foxgloves to the open air. In the frames the little plants are much more easily protected from all the blights that lay in wait for infant plant life—frost and sun, drought and beating rains, weeds, insects, and all forms of destructive animal life. We sow tender annuals late in March, keeping the lights down save for an occasional airing on fine days and covering them with mats at night. The perennials we sow in late April. To protect the seedlings from the too fierce attentions of the sun we use a light framework of inch strips nailed an inch apart to a somewhat heavier bottom and top strip. These are made to fit the frame sections, and remain on after the glass is permanently lifted upon the arrival of warm weather. Thus the seedlings are always protected from the sun, which would otherwise cause the speedy evaporation of the moisture, and also from the beating of our heavy spring and summer rains.

When the seedlings have stretched themselves to a size requiring more room, other quarters must be given them. The tender annuals are thinned out and transplanted to another frame, but the more deliberate perennials are not moved until they may be set out in the nursery, which is usually some time in June. A cloudy day is the best for this task, and we use a small mason's trowel to dig up the tiny plants, depositing them in a lard pail of water to prevent drying of the tender rootlets. Small holes are dug with the mason's trowel, deep enough to take the little plants without bending, and are filled part way with soil, well watered, and the rest filled up with dry earth. If the weather is hot and dry, we cover choice or difficult seedlings with inverted flower pots during the heat of the day and water well after sundown, while to protect the sturdier stock, we use slat frames similar to those before described but made to fit and rest upon the board enclosures of the nursery beds. The young plants remain in the nursery until the autumn or following spring, when they have reached a size enabling them to make their appearance in the great world of the flower garden.

Plants apt to be frail in youth, such as Lavender and Wallflowers, are given the protection of a frame over their first winter. Pansies and Snapdragons are also carried safely over, and seedlings born too late in the season to be trusted to a winter in the open air.

The following is a list of perennials we have raised from seed in the manner described. One packet each of the kinds named will give thousands of little plants, enough to stock a very large garden, and will cost under $15. Consider the cost of a thousand plants bought at ten, fifteen, or twenty-five cents each, and the advantage of the nursery is obvious!

Those marked * in the list are alpines and require a little more care.

Achilleas, in var.
Aconitum Napellus and *Wilsonii*.
*Aethionema coridifolium** and *grandiflorum**.
Alyssum vars. *saxatile compactum* and *rostratum*.
Anchusa italica Dropmore Variety.
Aquilegia chrysantha, *caerulea* and *californica*.
Arabis albida and *alpina*.
Arenaria montana.
Armeria maritima and *latifolia*.

Asters, Hardy, in var.
Aubrietia, in var.
Agrostemma coronaria.
Baptisia australis.
Calandrinia umbellata.
*Campanula carpatica, glomerata, lactiflora, latifolia, pusilla**, *persicifolia* and *pyramidalis*.
Callirhoe involucrata.
Canterbury Bells.
Catananche caerulea.
Centaurea macrocephala and *montana*.
Centranthus coccineus.
Cerastium tomentosum.
Chrysanthemum maximum, in var.
Clematis davidiana and *recta*.
Corydalis lutea and *cheilanthifolia*.
Coreopsis grandiflora.
Crucinella stylosa.
Cytisus scoparius hybrids.
Delphiniums, in var.
*Dianthus arenarius**, caesius*, *deltoides, fragrans, neglectus**, *superbus, sylvestris**, *plumarius*.
Digitalis alba, purpurea and *ambigua*.
*Draba aizoides**.
Erigeron speciosus and *aurantiacus*.
*Erinus alpinus**.
Eryngium alpinum, maritimum and *giganteum*.
*Erysimum rupestre** (syn. *pulchellum*).
Gaillardia grandiflora.
Galega officinalis.
Geum Heldreichii.
Gypsophila paniculata and *repens**.
Helenium, in var.
Helianthemum, in var.
Helianthus, in var.
Heuchera sanguinea and *brizoides*.
Hollyhock.

Hypericum calycinum and *repens**.
Iberis sempervirens.
Iris, in var.
Lathyrus luteus var. *aureus.*
Lavendula, in var.
*Linaria alpina**, and *dalmatica.*
*Linum alpinum**, *flavum, narbonense, perenne.*
Lunaria biennis.
Lupinus polyphyllus, in var.
*Lychnis alpina**, *chalcedonica, Viscaria splendens.*
Malva moschata var. *rosea.*
Myosotis, in var.
Papaver orientale, nudicaule, and *pilosum.*
Platycodon grandiflorum and *Mariessi.*
Potentilla, in var.
Pyrethrum roseum.
Rudbeckia purpurea and *Newmani.*
Salvia azurea and *pratensis.*
Saponaria ocymoides var. *splendens.*
Scabiosa caucasica and *japonica.*
*Silene acaulis**, *alpestris**, Asterias*, *Schafta**.
Sweet Rocket.
Sweet William.
Thymus, in var.
Tunica saxifraga.
Verbascum, in var.
*Veronica incana, spicata, saxatilis**.
Wallflower.

Much of the success in growing biennials from seed lies in starting them early so that we shall have large plants by the time we are ready to put them in permanent places. If sowing is put off until July, as is often recommended, we seldom have plants that are strong enough to bloom the following season. The best results accrue from sowing in the frames in early April or in an outdoor seed bed not later than the first of May. True biennials are Foxgloves, Canterbury Bells, *Verbascum olympicum*, *Campanula pyramidalis*, *Lunaria biennis*, and *Anchusa Italica*. A number of plants, not *true* biennials, are much more satisfactory when treated as such. Of these are Sweet William, Hollyhock, Wallflower, Columbine, Lupines, Sweet Rocket, and Forget-me-not.

Plants of large leaves and sturdy growth, such as Campanulas, Hollyhocks, Mulleins, Foxgloves, and Anchusas, should be sown in a frame to themselves, as they would quickly overpower small plants and tiny alpines.

It is interesting and helpful to make the acquaintance of a certain number of new plants every year. We usually try to grow at least a dozen new kinds from seed and to get half a dozen unfamiliar plants from a nursery. In this way one soon makes a very large circle of acquaintances, many of which become permanent friends. Sometimes we grow all the kinds of Pinks we can get hold of, sometimes it is Campanulas, and this year we grew a number of Silenes and a fine collection of Aubrietias.

DIVISION

All herbaceous plants having spreading, fibrous roots are easily propagated by division done either in early spring, just as growth is starting, or in September, when growth is practically accomplished. Spring flowering plants are best divided in September, but summer and fall flowering plants may be done at either season. Division is necessary to many kinds of hardy perennials, for if allowed to grow into large clumps, they seem to lose vitality, bloom in an inferior manner, and frequently winter kill. Most plants are benefited by division every year after they are three years old. This is particularly true of such lusty growers as Boltonias, Phlox, Heleniums, Helianthus, Pyrethrums, Monarda, Nepeta Mussini, Doronicums, Rudbeckias, Perennial Asters, Chrysanthemums, Moonpenny Daisies, Achilleas, Primroses, Anthemis, Aconites, and Valeriana.

Oriental Poppies, Baptisias, *Gypsophila paniculata* and *Anemone Japonica*, do not require such frequent division, while Pæonies, Fraxinella, and *Statice latifolia* are best left untouched year after year to grow in grace and beauty. Small tufted plants, with bunches of fibrous roots, are easily pulled apart with the fingers, while such thick-rooted subjects as Flag Irises are managed with a sharp knife or hatchet. Plants having roots like the Phlox and Heleniums may be simply cut up with a spade. Old clumps may be cut up into many promising plants that will far outshine the old ones in perfection of bloom.

CUTTINGS

Propagating plants by means of cuttings is not so much practised by the amateur, as the two other methods answer nearly every purpose. Roses, however, are best increased by cuttings, and Pinks are easily multiplied in this manner. When one has something particularly nice in the way of an alpine Pink, or some pretty garden variety, it is best not to trust to its seed, for Pinks cross so easily that they cannot be depended upon to come true to type. After the Pink has flowered and new growth has started, take a nice new shoot three or four inches long and cut it off just below the point where a pair of leaves clasps the stem—this is a joint. These two leaves should be removed and the cutting is then ready to plant. It should be inserted in wet sand which must never be allowed to dry out, and the cutting should be carefully shaded from the sun. There will be roots in a week or ten days, and in a few days more the little plant may be shifted to better soil, either in small pots, a frame, or in a spot in the nursery, not fully exposed to the sun.

Plants of a woody character take longer to root, thus, Rose cuttings will be from four to five weeks putting forth roots. Rose cuttings may be taken at any time of the growing year, but for amateurs the best time is in summer, when a young shoot has developed a flower-bud to about the size of a pea. The shoot may be several inches long and the flower-bud is, of course, removed. Insert in damp sand in the same manner as Pinks. Some Roses root with difficulty—the lovely Moss Roses for instance, but Teas and Chinas and many of the climbers root readily enough. Many shrubs may be increased in this same way, using young shoots, but it should be borne in mind that if cuttings wilt from lack of water, or from too great exposure to the sun, they seldom revive.

THE TOOL-HOUSE

A well-stocked tool-house is not only a necessity but a great pleasure. We do not need a great many implements, but those we do have should be in good order and kept in a dry place, easy of access. The tool-house should be fitted with shelves and a work bench, and I find a comfortable chair is not to be despised. Upon the shelves, hanging on the walls, or otherwise disposed about the little room, will be found:

Two 25-foot lengths of light cotton-covered hose; two wheelbarrows—one large, the other small and light; one spade, one shovel, two rakes, light and heavy; two hoes, light and heavy; turf cutter, lawn mower, sickle, grass shears, potato fork, pick, one broad trowel, one narrow transplanting trowel, small mason's trowel, weeders, one long-nosed and one short-nosed watering can, powder and spray bellows, one heavy broom, heavy and light pruning shears, a pair of large scissors and a sharp knife, dibble, several sized baskets, a garden reel with balls of twine and raffia, a fine sieve, plenty of green stakes varying from the slender one and a half foot ones to the tall, strong Dahlia stakes; several hundred wooden labels of different sizes, and indelible pencils; wall hooks, brads and nails, a hammer and a light saw.

Also I like to keep several pots of green and white paint to hand, with brushes in good order and ready for use.

Besides these tools, the tool-house should be stocked with a few insecticides and commercial fertilizers, so that when the occasion arises the proper remedy or tonic will be at hand and time will not be lost in procuring it. Directions for use come with the packages. The material and its application is shown here:

Bordeaux Mixture (liquid)—for fungous diseases. (One gallon makes a barrel of liquid.)
Bordeaux Mixture (dry)—for mildew and fungous diseases.
Hellebore—all sucking insects.
Kerosene emulsion—plant lice and aphis, scale.
Slug-shot—good general insecticide.
Paris green—for "eating" insects.
Sulphur (powdered)—for mildew.
Tobacco Dust—for aphis.
Whale-oil soap—good wash for Roses.
Lime-sulphur solution—spray for flowering fruit trees.
Bone meal—splendid food for Roses and other plants.
Wood ashes.
Nitrate of soda—good tonic, but must be carefully used.
Sheep manure—an effective and easily applied dry manure.
Lime (slaked)—for sweetening the soil.

A "Day Book," kept in connection with the garden and nursery, will be found an invaluable aid to memory. Mine is rather a stout ledger, in which is kept a record of all plants and seeds purchased and from whom, and all expenses connected with the garden. Note is made of all experiments under way, of all new flowers under observation. Careful note is made of changes to be made at a convenient season. Memory is short in the garden, the beauty of one season blots out the mistakes of the last, and one may easily forget the pink Sweet William growing beside the flaming Oriental Poppies and discords of a like nature, if one does not "put it down." It is easy to see possibilities of new beauties when the garden is in full bloom, but very difficult when it is bare and brown, or when one has only a paper plan to go by. So as each season comes to full development we try to work out the improvements, making note of such plants as mar the general effect, as well as those that we feel would enhance it, or create some especially lovely picture. In this book also may be found a careful description of every growing thing in the garden, derived, not from catalogues or books, but from personal observation in our own garden—its height, colour, habit of growth, time and length of blooming, and any facts concerning it worthy of note. All this is most invaluable data, constantly turned to.

Another book, which we call the "Country Miscellany," is kept, and is probably more interesting than useful. It is the repository for all sorts of facts and fancies concerning gardens, plants, and country matters generally. Old recipes for home-made remedies, perfumes, wines, and cordials; local superstitions regarding plants and their uses, quotations from the flower-loving poets, accounts of gardens visited, quaint flower names and much more.

Both books are well thumbed and smeared with soil; between the pages lie sprigs of Thyme and the long, sweet leaves of Costmary, and both bear witness to being in constant use. They are the records of many years of joyful, health-giving work, and each year adds to their value, as it does to my love for this beautiful and beloved craft.

CHAPTER THREE

THE DAY BEFORE SPRING AND THE NEXT

"There is a faltering crimson by the wall,
Now on a vine, and now on brier thinned.
As though one bearing lantern through the wind
Here hides his light, but yonder lets it fall."
—*Lizzette Woodford Reese.*

WILL any one gainsay that his most poignant gardening emotions are experienced in March? What other month can arouse such turbulent feelings within us as March with her smiling interludes which come unexpectedly out of the cold and fierce storms like the singing melody that suddenly breaks through a thunder of complicated orchestration. The sky is bluer than blue; the sun is warm upon our backs, and from the eaves of the house the water drips in hilarious chuckles; the voice of the little brook near the house, which we call "The Singing Water," is unloosed in a wild medley of exuberant sound, and suddenly there comes the piercing call of the Phœbe, the most arousing bird note of the spring. And we can resist no longer, but rush recklessly hatless to the garden, feeling, if not actually repeating, Lowell's lines:

"Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it which reaches and towers."

Such days must cause tremulous heartbeats beneath the sodden earth, for very certain it is that if this strange, disturbing something, which has crept into the world over night, pierces my fur jacket and stirs *my* hibernating emotions, so much more surely does it reach and stir those sleeping green things so divinely sensitive to this "elemental tenderness." The morrow may find our throbbing senses quieted by a soft cold hand of snow, icicles may hang fiercely where yesterday sounded the thrilling drip, and winds may flourish their banners of dun-coloured cloud; but within that sunny rift, between two storms, the baby Spring was born and straightway we and the waiting world capitulate and owe allegiance to none other. Down to the garden one goes, eager for miracles, and, sure enough, a fat robin struts the walk, a song-sparrow tilts joyously on the Sweet Brier and splits his little spring-tuned throat—and lo! in a sheltered corner, a miracle indeed, for what yesterday was snow, to-day is tender flowers, pure as the snow, but boasting a tiny spot of green upon each cold white inner petal, mute assurance of the Snowdrop's fealty to the new order, else should we not mistake her for the child of gray old winter? Often above the Snowdrops the Naked Jasmine has lighted a pale candle or two, and if our eyes are sharp, doubtless we shall find some fat little bundles of Crocus spears heaved through the winter blanket. More than likely the Crown Imperials, those stout but easily demoralized monarchs, have shot a reckless three inches into the air, and would be utterly and everlastingly nipped in the bud did we not watch the weather signs and bundle them up at the slightest hint of a "change."

When the baby Spring is old enough to sit up and keep an eye upon her domain, the time has come to awaken the flowers, and I always do it myself, for I would not miss for anything their first sleepy greetings and the sight of their tumbled heads as we turn back the brown blanket and know that they are stretching their cramped limbs and drawing long, ecstatic breaths of the wonderful, winter-sweetened air.

Here we have not yet acquired Christmas Roses or Winter Aconites, so the Snowdrop is the first comer, though often accompanied by *Crocus Imperati* in a south border and closely followed by the brilliant flowers of *Iris reticulata.* In a north border, where the sun reaches them for part of the day only, the Snowdrops have a long period of bloom, and are often on hand to gleam shyly with the corpulent Dutch Crocuses and early Daffodils. But in the more sheltered situations they come so early as to have the field almost to themselves. They are charming grown beneath a ground cover of English Ivy or in woodland places where they pierce and shine above a carpet of brown leaves, and are most effective when planted in large numbers. They will do well almost anywhere, but in a rather moist, loamy soil and partial shade they increase more rapidly than in dry, sunny places. Here we have only two kinds: *Galanthus nivalis*, the kind ordinarily planted, and the great *G. Elwesii*, giant of the family and much taller and more substantial.

Very similar to Galanthus is *Leucojum vernum*, the Spring Snowflake, which blooms nearly as early and sheds a fine fragrance from its drooping green-tipped flowers. It grows from eight to ten inches tall and loves a sandy loam.

The first Crocus to burst bubble-like from the earth behind our garden walls is *C. Imperati*, a wild species of great charm, wearing without the tenderest buff colour, lightly feathered with rosy lavender, while within is pure lavender against which the orange stigmata show hotly. They grow in a south corner beneath some bushes and are treasured, for they bloom always when I am most impatient for the spring and stay my eagerness as the Snowdrops never do. Despite their frail appearance, they will stand the wind and rains of March triumphantly and last in beauty for a long time. Next to bloom here is *C. Susianus*, the Cloth-of-gold Crocus, in a gold-lined brown jacket. This is a much less rare and elegant person than Imperati, but is so instinct with warmth and life that I adore its burning trails along two borders. Another early-flowering Crocus is the Scotch, *C. Biflorus*, gleaming white lined with pale purple. Then come the great splashes of colour which proclaim the Dutch Crocuses—valiant purple and orange, clean lavender, gleaming white, and the pretty striped sorts like Madam Mina. There are many fine sorts, but President Lincoln, a rich purple of fine vaselike form, is my favourite. Crocuses love a nice sandy loam and are planted in September and October about three inches deep. They may be left to themselves until they show, by falling off in their bloom, that they are overcrowded, when they may be dug up and given more room.

Three dainty blue-flowered bulbs belong to the early spring: Chionodoxa, Muscari, and Scilla. The Chionodoxas bloom first with me—*C. Luciliae* and *sardensis*—the first, bright sky blue with a clear white centre; the second, of that rare Gentian blue so seldom seen in flowers. Both are but a few inches high, and are pretty planted in spreading patches about the drifts of snowy Arabis in bloom at the same time. The common Grape Hyacinth, *Muscari botryoides*, with its pretty beaded blue flower spikes, is well known to most of us, and also the refined white variety. But there are others too lovely not to be included in every garden. Of those, Heavenly Blue, well named, is the best, but azureum, blooming very early, is most attractive, and plumosum, the Feathered Hyacinth, more mauve than blue. *Muscari moschatum*, also leaning to lavender, is large and fragrant of musk, and requires a warm, dry border. The Muscaris like a rich, well-drained soil and plenty of grit, and should be planted three inches deep in early autumn. They do well either in the grass or in the beds and borders.

The contemplation of Scillas, Squills, or Bluebells is pleasant indeed, for they are among the loveliest of spring flowers. They like a little shade and so for woody places are ideal. In this garden we grow them beneath the flowering trees and shrubs, but have not nearly enough. There is S. *sibirica,* with spikes of bright blue flowers three inches high, and S. *bifolia,* blooming a little earlier, with dainty heads of azure flowers; *Scilla nutans,* the English Bluebell, growing fourteen inches high with arching stems of drooping bells, and S. *hispanica* (syn. *campanulata*), almost the loveliest of all, with erect spikes fifteen inches tall carrying bells of various colours—white, lilac, and rose, but none so satisfying as the blue. The bulbs of Scillas should be planted five or six inches deep, and they will thrive under evergreen trees where few other plants will grow.

Before April has got very far along her fairy way the great Crown Imperials are in gorgeous bloom. This is a plant of old times but is so truly magnificent and vibrant in its form and colouring that it should never have gone out of fashion. Parkinson calls it sonorously, Corona Imperialis, and considered it a Lily. Thus he writes: "The Crowne Imperiall for his stately beautifulness, deservith the first place in this our Garden of Delight, to be here entreated before all other Lillies." His quaint and appreciative description of this flower that he so greatly admired is too long to give in full, and my own words are poor and cold in comparison, though I share his admiration. The great nose appears above ground at the very first hint of reassuring weather and attains, in an incredibly short time, a height of two and one-half to three feet. At the top is a triumphant tuft of greenery, and just below hangs the circular crown of bells—sometimes two crowns—this kind called Crown upon Crown; sometimes orange, again yellow or scarlet, but always imperial and striking. It is Turkish and looks its nationality. One fault it has, but I, with Parkinson, am so under its spell that we make light of it. He says: "The whole plant and every part thereof, as well rootes, as leaves and flowers, does smell somewhat strong as it were the savour of a Foxe, so that if any one does but come near it, he cannot but smell it, which yet is not unwholesome." I am not familiar with the "savour of a Foxe," but this splendid plant has to my nose exactly the "savour" of a skunk-cabbage, and seems to permeate the world. It is at its worst, I have observed, when it first appears above ground, as if it were just "letting it-self go" after the long winter confinement; but, as Parkinson says, it is not "unwholesome." Ruskin speaks of the perfume of a flower as its soul, and it would seem a worthy task for some patient missionary hybridist to take in hand the terrible soul of *Fritillaria imperialis.*

A rich soil is generally recommended for Crown Imperials, and I have found that the bulbs here planted in a south border, where the soil is warm and dry, are in the best condition and have increased. Those in a north border, where the soil is heavy, disappeared after two years. The bulb should be planted in September, the tops five inches below the ground and the bulb laid upon its side to prevent moisture lodging between the scales. It will require a year to become established before it does anything very striking in the way of a display. If at any time the bulbs must be moved, the best time is just after the leaves have withered.

Fritillaries are rather numerous, but I am not acquainted with many. Just once have I been able to flower the brilliant red *F. recurva*, though I have planted it several times under flattering conditions. The Snakes-head Fritillary, Guineahen flower, or Checker Lily, as Parkinson calls it, *Fritillaria Meleagris*, with its lovely white variety, *alba*, may and should be had by every one. In moist, partially shaded places, the curving bell-hung stalk grows a foot high, but in the dryer soil of the garden it is not so tall. There are new varieties, Cassandra, Orion, and Triton, all described as most attractive; the "Checkers" on their gray or silvery-white ground are more or less distinct. The bulbs should be planted six inches deep with a covering of sharp sand.

When one comes to Daffodils, it is difficult to write with moderation or even to think connectedly—one wants to go into ecstasies and to run, in spirit, from one sunshiny group to another inhaling the ineffable wet-earth-and-sun perfume which is their birthright, quite forgetting to tell of the best varieties and how to grow them. When down in the garden sweet Daffodil "unties her yellow bonnet," it is a "time o' dreams"—Cherry Blossoms cast their pale shadow; Peach trees fling pink spray against the garden wall; Japanese Quince makes a hot splash against the cold stone. Early Tulips proudly lead one up and down the garden paths displaying here a snowy drift of Arabis, there a purple trail of Aubrietia, and here again a mound of green-gold Alyssum—and disappear beneath the scented skirts of the flowering Currant or march in prim, upstanding array in the shadow of a scarlet-budded Crabapple. A thousand delights are spread before us, but wonder of wonders is that nodding horde of Daffodils, all up and down the borders, under the trees, beside the paths, shining with the sunshine, gleaming with the gentle rain, restless with the attentive wind. It was Mahamet who said more than a thousand years ago, "He that hath two cakes of bread, let him sell one of them and buy Narcissus, for bread is food for the body but Narcissus is food for the soul." And verily it is true—food for the soul and delight for the eyes, these gleaming things lying like patches of light among the fallen Cherry Blossoms, glorifying the brown earth, and lifting the most sodden into a rarer atmosphere. Daffodil time is the very height of spring, the epitome of springing youth and hope.

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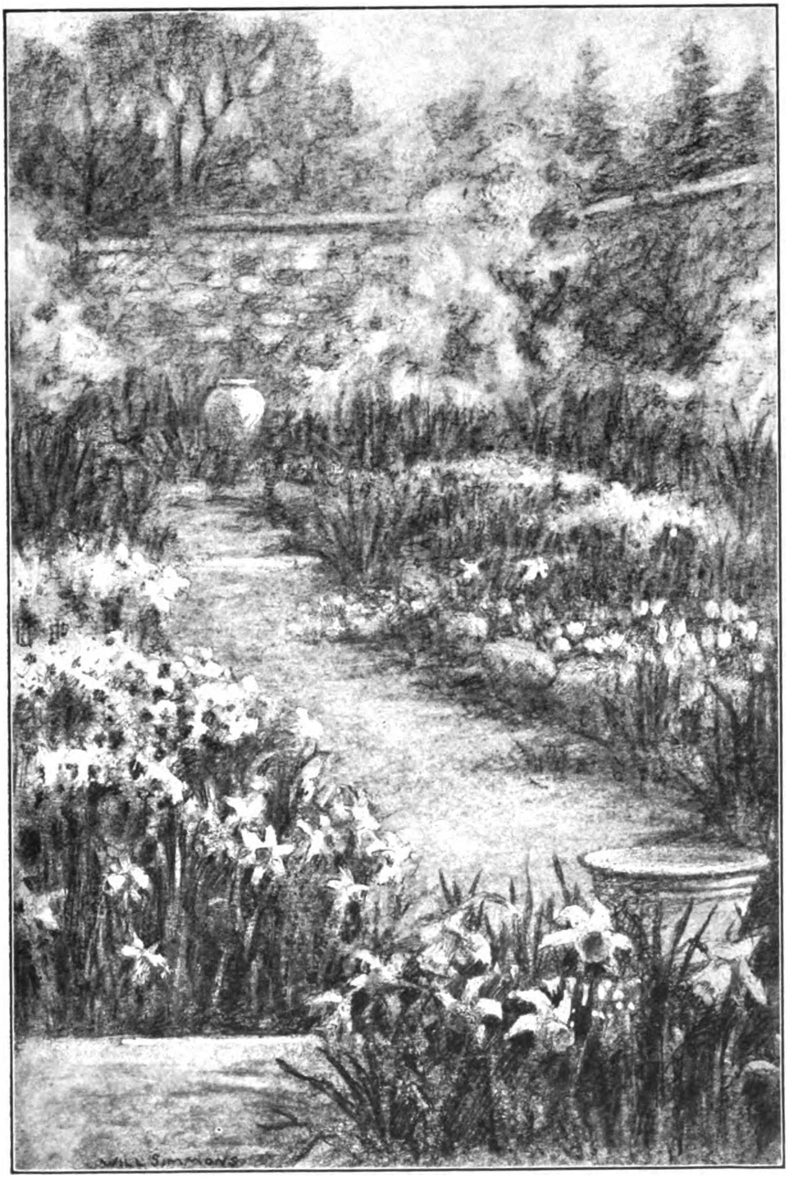
WILL SIMMONS

"WHEN DOWN IN THE GARDEN SWEET DAFFODIL 'UNTIES HER BONNET,' IT IS A 'TIME O' DREAMS'"

The classification of the Narcissus family is rather confusing to me, there are so many divisions and subdivisions, but it is not necessary to be very well grounded in these distinctions to know and grow these flowers. There are long trumpets and short trumpets, large cups, small cups, and flat cups, double-flowered, single-flowered, and cluster-flowered, and each of these blossoms forth into such an astonishing company, all lovely, that one is bewitched as well as bewildered. My experience of growing Daffodils is as yet confined to the garden—I have not tasted the joy of planting them by the thousand in orchards and meadows. Most of those we have tried have flourished and increased, a few have languished; and in the case of those wee things, Angles Tears, Queen of Spain, Hoop-petticoat, minimus and nanus—fit only for the sequestered safety of rockwork, but which, for the life of me, I cannot help trying to cajole into border life—I meet heart-sickening failure. These small things are quite hardy, but the great world of the open garden literally frightens them out of their lives.

The soil for Daffodils should not be heavy and stiff, but light, rich, and porous. Sand and wood ashes will do much toward putting a heavy soil into the proper condition, and the Rev. Joseph Jacob in his helpful book "Daffodils" suggests a little bone meal in the soil below the bulbs. As in the case of all bulbs, no manure should come into contact with them, though a top dressing in winter is both beneficial and a safeguard. We plant the bulbs from four to six inches deep, according to size, and it is well to get them into the ground as early in the fall as they can be procured. If blooming well they may be left undistrubed until by "falling off" they testify to being overcrowded. Then they may be dug up in spring, when the leaves have yellowed and lie upon the ground, dried and stored in open paper bags or boxes in a dry place, until it is time to replant them in late August and September.

It is difficult to go wrong in the selection of these all-beautiful flowers, but the following is a list of moderate priced sorts, which are doing well in our garden:

Of the Great Yellow Trumpets, we have Emperor, Glory of Leiden, Golden Spur, Henry Irving, Obvallaris, P. R. Barr, and maximus.

Of the lovely White Trumpets, we have Albicans, Madame de Graff, Mrs. Camm, and Moschatus of Haworth, the fair Daffodil of Spain. All these white Trumpets are very grateful for partial shade.

The Bicolour Trumpets are a charming race with many representatives. Here we have Empress, Grandee, Horsfeildii, J. B. M. Camm, Madame Plemp, Oriana, Wm. Goldring.

The various kinds of Chalice-Cupped Daffodils, or Star Narcissi, comprising the Incomparabilis, Barrii, and Leedsii sections, have ever been to me the loveliest of these lovely flowers. They are truly starlike and seem to shed a soft radiance about them.

Of the Incomparabilis group there are Beauty, C. J. Backhouse, Cynosure, Frank Miles, Lulworth, Queen Bess, Sir Watkin, Stella Superba, and Will Scarlet.

Among the Barrii group are Albatros, Conspicuus, Falstaff, Oriflamme, and Seagull. The cups of these are red rimmed.

The Eucharis-flowered or Leedsii group are softly coloured and delicately fragrant. Ariadne, Duchess of Westminster, Katherine Spurrell, Mary Magdelin de Graff, Minnie Hume, and Mrs. Langtry.

Besides these we must have the little Jonquils or Rush-leaved Narcissi, with several bright yellow, sweetly scented flowers to a stalk. Of these, *N. Jonquilla* and *N. odorus* (or *campernella*) are the only ones we have. The bulbs are very small and the flower stems slender so they should be planted with a generous hand.

The glistening white circle of petals and scarlet "eye" of the Poet's Narcissus is well known and beloved. The old Pheasant's Eye is very inexpensive and one of the best bulbs for naturalizing, but of late years some very fine varieties of this type have been given to the world. Of those, some of the less expensive are, Almira, Glory, Herrick, Minerva.

The Poet's Narcissus is one parent of a new race called Poetaz, having several rather thick-fleshed flowers on a stem, the cups of which are orange or gold or scarlet. The only ones we have are Elvira, Aspasia, and Irene—but there are a number of others.

Double Daffodils lack something of the sprightly grace of the single sorts, but the fat old Van Sion, with its rumpled green-gold petals, is ever welcome, and there are few more beautiful flowers at any season than the double poeticus, or Gardenia-flowered. It is important that the bulbs of this sort should be planted early in a deep, cool soil, not too dry. Then there are the double Incomparabilis Narcissi, the Sulphur Phoenix and Orange Phoenix, known respectively as Codlins-and-Cream and Eggs-and-Bacon. They are old fashioned and quaint looking with crowded petals like little roses, and are very fragrant and good for bouquets.

Daffodils are particularly charming when planted beneath the many flowering trees and shrubs in bloom at their season. The light shade is no detriment to them, and their pale gold is very lovely with the pinks and whites of the fruit blossoms especially.

Many bulbs will not only tolerate but are benefited by a ground cover of some small creeping plant which is so shallow-rooting that it does not rob the soil to any extent, but protects the bulb from the fierce rays of the summer sun and the flowers from the splashing mud in the rude spring storms. This is true, not only of the larger bulbs such as Daffodils, Tulips, and Crown Imperials, but of Grape Hyacinths, Scillas, Snowdrops, and other small things. Some of the "carpeters" which we have found most satisfactory are: *Veronica repens*, *Gypsophila repens*, *Sedum album*, *Sedum acre*, *Lotus corniculatus*, *Thymus lanuginosus* and *Serpyllum*, and Cerastium for small bulbs, with Aubrietia, Arabis, Alyssum, *Arenaria montana*, *Tunica saxifraga*, Sweet Woodruff and *Stachys lanata* for the larger sorts.

Besides the bulbs and flowering trees April offers more than one small delight to weave into our fairy pictures. Earliest of these is the snowy Rock Cress (*Arabis albida*) which lies in little drifts in sheltered places and opens its wide fragrant blossoms in the early part of the month. The foliage is gray, and after the plants are out of bloom they are still pretty; they are wanderers, sowing their seed freely and appearing in all sorts of places. It loves the warm angles of steps or walls or a chink in a low retaining wall where it hangs in soft-coloured festoons. There is a double-flowered Arabis, a thing of much more pride and circumstance than the single, but I have not found that it comes true from seed. Beds of pink and white Cottage Maid Tulips are most fresh looking and springlike carpeted with Arabis.

Among the very prettiest low-growing plants of any season are the Aubrietias, which form little mounds of charming colour, the pleasant, dusty foliage almost hidden by the crowding blossoms, lavender, purple, rose, and crimson in many shades. Lavender is a splendid sort, Dr. Mules, a rich purple; Fire King, very striking crimson; Bridesmaid, a pale and lovely thing, and graeca, one of the older sorts but a fine tender lavender. Besides these are Lloyd Edwards, deep purple; Wedding Veil, pale mauve; and M. J. Stowe, red-purple. They are easily raised from seed and sometimes bloom the first season. A large bed of seedling, M. J. Stowe in the nursery last year, bloomed from August until late in November. I find that Aubrietias suffer from the drought in our climate and need to be planted where they will have a deep, cool root-run, also that they appreciate a little lime in the soil. They are particularly nice in combination with stonework, and a fine mass of them here, in the pure lavender and purple shades, tumbling over a stone-edged border, backed by groups of pale Star Narcissi and shadowed by a Cherry tree in full bloom, creates a lovely picture.

Fine subjects, also, for the April gardens, are the various varieties of *Phlox subulata*. They have close, dark, rather prickly foliage, and at this season are so densely starred with bloom that the groundwork of foliage is quite lost sight of. The old magenta sort is the one most generally seen. About here the sad long and short mounds in the forlorn little country churchyards are turned literally to mounds of glory in April through the agency of this kindly all-covering creeper. I am very fond of it, for while it is undoubtedly of the despised colour, it *is* lovely. Behind our garden walls it is most happily placed, both physically and spiritually, for its roots find a cool root-run and it spreads its warring colour over cool stones, with which it is at peace. Behind it rises feathery *Artemisia Stelleriana* and long-stemmed Poet's Narcissi. But for those who do not see magenta in its true light there are plenty of other lovely sorts, and best of all is that named G. F. Wilson, so silvery in its lavender colouring as to be almost gray. It grows at the top of a low retaining wall, over which it hangs in pale coloured mats, well set off by the clumps of dwarf purple Iris and light yellow Tulips at the wall top that come into bloom before the Phlox is past. Nelsoni is a fine, gleaming white sort, and others are Newry Seedling, mauve; The Bride, white with pink eye; Kathleen, rosy lilac, and Little Dot, white, blue eye.

These little plants are not at all set in their ways, and will gladly creep between stones in any cranny where they can secure a foothold, or they will lie contentedly sunning themselves in spreading patches along the borders. I have never seen seed of these Phloxes offered, but one's stock is easily increased by pegging down the little branches with a wire hairpin immediately after flowering and covering the pegged-down portion with sand, which must be kept moist. Roots will quickly form and the new plant may be detached and started upon a career of its own.

Phlox divaricata is an upright little plant, carrying its wide, metallic-blue blossoms on stems about a foot high. It looks very well with the Daffodils, Arabis, and early

Tulips. Improved varieties of this are Laphami and Perry's, both real improvements in size and quality. There is also a white sort. These plants do well in partial shade as well as in sun and in shadowy places. The fragrant flowers last longer and shine with added lustre.

In this garden hardy Candytuft, *Iberis sempervirens*, and the golden Alyssum—*Alyssum saxatile*, var. *compactum*, seem to seek each other's company. Whether the seeds are so planted or not, the winds and birds arrange their meetings and soon the little colonies of cold yellow and cold white are accomplished and very pleasant to look upon. The Candytuft is a handsome plant with dark, almost evergreen, foliage and broad heads of dead-white flowers. It is one of the most valuable plants for the front of the border and makes a fine foreground for masses of orange-scarlet Tulips. There is a dwarfer form called Little Gem, which is also useful. *Iberis gibraltarica* is a lovely thing, with spreading flower heads, white faintly suggestive of mauve, but it is not, sadly enough, to be counted upon in severe winters. Sometimes in winter the leaves of sempervirens are badly browned, in which case it is best to cut the plants hard back.

The golden Alyssum wears rather a raw shade of yellow, but orange Tulips and white flowers improve it, and it is so gay and willing that one likes to take a bit of trouble to bring it into harmony with its surroundings.

It forms nice little bushes about eight inches high, gray-leaved and soft, and it loves a full exposure to the sun. Like all these spreading, low-growing plants, it enjoys growing over stones and is never so happy or effective as when hanging over a sunny wall surface. There is a variety of compactum called citrinum, a little softer in colour.

A. montanum is a pretty yellow-flowered Alyssum with prostrate stems. *A. rostratum* and A. argenteum, forming hoary little bushes covered with tarnished yellow flower heads, are both worthy of a place and quite different from the others in appearance.

Before April is past shy Primroses are showing in shadowy places about the garden. Here we have only the yellow, sweet-scented English Primrose and the gay brown and yellow Polyanthus. We grow them under the flowering trees and shrubs, and protect them in winter. They love a cool, deep soil, and should be divided yearly just after they have flowered.

We cannot leave April without mention of the early Tulips, after the Daffodils, her most charming decoration. The earliest to bloom here is *Tulipa Kaufmanniana,* a beautiful species from Central Asia, sometimes called the Water-lily Tulip, with petals of delicate cream colour swept by flames of carmine on the exterior. T. K. var *aurea* is yellow with carmine flashes and var. *coccinea,* from Turkestan, is scarlet with a yellow base. Kaufmanniana is usually in bloom by the middle of the month and is a matter of great pride and enjoyment to us, for it is rather rare in American gardens, and truly exquisite.

What are known in the catalogues as "earlies" are hybrids developed from some natural species. Many of them are sweet scented and they have a thin, almost transparent, quality to their petals lacking in the more robust Tulips of May. I love to plant them in stiff rows along the edges of the borders, for somehow their short stems and stiffly quaint air seems not suitable for planting in friendly groups, or in careless, broadcast fashion.

Special favourites are Chrysolora, clear yellow rounded flower. Yellow Prince, finely scented. Thomas Moore, splendid red-orange. Prince of Orange, orange-scarlet, scented. Cottage Maid, dainty pink and white. Le Rêve, soft rose. Pink Beauty, cherry with white lines. Princess Helen, white. Flamingo, white-edged rose. Coleur Cardinal, rich, deep red. Brunehilde, white with yellow flashes. Wouverman, rich, reddish purple. White Swan, pure white, vase-shaped, blooms a little later.

Belonging to the "earlies" are some double sorts well worth having, though they are rather heavy-headed and in wet weather are apt to get badly splashed with mud. We grow them in some eight-inch borders under the long grape arbours in the kitchen garden where the paths are of grass, so that when beaten down they rest upon the clean grass. We have not many sorts, but my favourite is Murillo, a lovely blush pink. Fine, too, and like a white Pæony is Schoonoord which means "The Beautiful North." Safrano is a pretty, delicate, salmon-coloured flower, and Tournesol, a flashing red and yellow.

CHAPTER FOUR

MAY IN THE GARDEN

"In the quiet garden world
Gold sunlight and shadow leaves
Flicker on the garden wall."

—*Sappho.*

THE wraithlike beauty of April lingers into May, but her step is more reliant, her slender limbs green draped, her colour slightly deepened. These are long golden days, mist-bathed at their rising and full of expectation. Foliage like a green veil swathes the trees; orchards are billowy with bloom, and unnumbered birds sing their thrilling songs and joyously prepare for the sure realization of their dreams.

Down in the garden a sense of breathless expectation is felt, so much is about to happen, so many mysteries about to unfold, and hundreds of plants, awaiting a sign that they shall recognize, hold their buds closed seemingly by main force. Each hour of the day sets free some lovely thing; the sun's persuasive powers are strengthening and enticing showers fall often, coaxing the most timid and backward of the garden's children into haste.

It is a time of flourishing well-being. Whatever dwindling and pining the plants may have in store for us, does not yet appear, and it is a delight to walk about the garden observing the vigorous, long-leaved tufts of Mulleins and Foxgloves, the capable appearance of Phlox and Sweet William, and the fine show of determination exhibited by the lusty clumps of Heleniums, Oriental Poppies, Lupines, Columbines, Rudbeckias, Helianthus, and other old settlers. Pinks are reaching out in their gray young growth, the aristocratic noses of Lilies here and there pierce the moist, brown earth, and besides all this promise there is a delicious realization of blossoming boughs and bulbs and plants, for April's Daffodils and many gifts of her later days have not gone, and May Tulips have come bringing in their train a beauteous throng.

Assuredly the Tulip is Queen of the early May garden. In April she was not quite strong enough to hold her own against gay Daffodil, and before June comes in she must bow to a more powerful potentate, but now she is supreme. There is such a host of fine May Tulips that the difficulty is to reconcile one's desires to the size of one's garden, or to the stretch of one's pocketbook. The great mass of these are known as Cottage Tulips and Darwins, but before we lose ourselves in their bewildering midst I want to call attention to two wild species which we grow here with ever-increasing enjoyment. The first to bloom is *Tulipa sylvestris*, which grows thickly beneath and all around a group of

Scotch Briers in a warm south border. The first year it does no more than send up two slender leaves and we are disappointed, but the second year and thereafter a slender, curving stem rises from between the clasping leaves carrying a long, bronze-coloured bud which opens widely into a small butter-yellow flower with the scent of hothouse violets. It is a sweet thing, with the shy grace common to most wild things, and should be planted where it may dwell and increase in peace, not pressed upon by stout perennials against which it is too frail to hold its own.

The other wilding which has accepted our garden graciously is the Lady Tulip, *Tulipa Clusiana*, native of Europe, a spirited, upstanding mite with a flashing white, carmine-feathered cup carried on a short, stiff stem. It has been known in gardens for more than three hundred years, for Gerarde speaks of it, but it demands the special conditions of a well-drained soil and a warm sheltered spot, or it will not stay. A cushion and covering of sharp sand greatly increase the comfort of the small bulbs.

The slender, crimson-flowered *Tulipa Didieri* and its white variety are also wild species, but have so much the look of the Cottage varieties that it hardly seems necessary to treat them separately.

Tulipa retroflexa, though said to be of garden origin and grouped in bulb lists with the Cottage Tulips, is so distinct as to deserve personal notice. The uninitiated who see this Tulip usually call it a Lily, and the mistake is not surprising, for the deeply reflexing petals are misleading. The colour is a warm, pure yellow and the flower is carried on a long, curving stem. I like this Tulip better than any other for house decoration.

Tulips known as May or Cottage Tulips are mainly descendants of varieties found in the latter part of the last century, in old gardens of the British Isles, also in France, Holland, and a few in America. They are to me more beautiful than the resplendent Darwins, for the blossoms are long and pointed, vase-shaped, or delicately oval, and all have an indisputable air of breeding and distinction not always felt in the Darwins, which seem to belong to a lower order with their thicker flesh and more squat forms.

The Darwins were introduced from Holland at the beginning of this century. Dame Nature, and Messrs. Krelage of Haarlem, working in sympathetic collaboration, have wrought in them the most marvellous shades and tints. The stems are tall and strong, the blossoms usually cup-shaped, and nearly all are enriched by a conspicuous blue base and dark anthers.

In soil not too rich and heavy Cottage and Darwin Tulips may be left in the ground the year round and lifted only when they show by lessening quality that they are overcrowded. They appreciate deep planting —ten inches is not too deep—and a sand cushion, and no manure should touch the bulbs. Almost every imaginable colour-tone is shown in these May-flowering Tulips, and so it behooves us to be a little careful in our selection and disposal of them, that one lovely thing may not "kill" another. There are no yellows among the Darwins, but to offset this they have a wide range of mauves, lavenders, and purples, and both Cottage and Darwins are rich in shades of scarlet, cherry, pink, salmon, and blush. We love to plant these Tulips in groups and patches about the borders as we do the Daffodils, associating them with the many fine plants and shrubs blossoming at this season. The May Irises, florentina, Germanica, and Intermediate are fine used with these tall Tulips, also the soft gray-foliaged plants, and charming pictures may be contrived with the flowering trees. Many smaller things, such as blue or white Flax, *Nepeta Mussini*, and *Dicentra eximea* are lovely grown among the Tulips, and there are a host of creeping things to carpet the ground over the bulbs.

Here, in a border, the background of which is created by purple-leaved Plums and pink and white Flowering Almonds, we grow the dark red and cherry-coloured Tulips with fine effect. They are Pride of Haarlem, Nauticus, The Sultan, Anthony Roozen, Glow, Faust, Baronne de la Tonnaye, Flambeau, Black Knight, Zulu, Whistler, Europe, and Mr. Farncombe Sanders—all Darwins. The mauve and purple Darwins are particularly artistic, and I should like some day to make a border with a background of white Persian Lilacs and the spreading Judas Tree, where, in association with much gray foliage of Lyme Grass, Artemisia, Nepeta, Lavender Cotton and Woolly Stachys, and clumps of gray-white Florentine Iris, the following lovely Tulips would be charmingly shown: Nora Ware, Kate Greenaway, Dream, Bleu aimable, Rev. H. Ewbank, Electra, Euterpe and Erguste, with such dark kinds as The Bishop, Grand Monarque, and Leonardo da Vinci here and there for accent.

Such gorgeous orange Cottage Tulips as La Merveille, Orange King, or Orange Beauty are effective grouped with the spraylike growth of sky-blue or white Flax, with a background of Bridal-wreath, or some other white-flowered shrub. Very lovely, too, is a pretty pink Darwin Tulip Gretchen, planted in groups with Florentine Iris in the neighbourhood of the scarlet-budded Crab, *Pyrus floribunda.* Other good associations, before me as I write, are pale yellow Tulip Ellen Willmott with *Nepeta Mussini*, creamy Leghorn Bonnet with gray Stachys, and tufts of lavender *Phlox divaricata.* The lovely pink and white Tulip Carnation, with hoary Southernwood and white Tulip Innocence, with tufts of mauve Aubrietia in front of a bush of yellow Kerria. Other good Cottage Tulips are Bouton d'Or, golden yellow; Gesneriana spathulata, ruby-scarlet, Inglescomb Pink, salmon; John Ruskin, apricot-pink; macrospila, vibrant scarlet; Miss Jekyll, white with blue base; Moonlight, primrose; Mrs. Moon, bright yellow; Oriana, ruby-pink; Picotee, white with pink edges; The Fawn, rosy-fawn, and *vitellina*, cream.

Besides the Tulips and Irises the first two weeks of May bring a number of good perennials to grace the garden. The old Bleeding-heart (*Dicentra* syn. *Dielytra spectabilis*), whose blossoms look like some old-fashioned confection, comes before the Daffodils are past and associates charmingly with some of the pale star varieties. Few old gardens are without a spreading clump of this old-fashioned perennial, and new gardens should not be without it, for even without the wandlike stems laden with dangling pink candy hearts, its beautiful foliage should win it a place in every gathering of choice plants. Like Pæonies and Fraxinella it likes to be left in peace year after year, without division, or other kindly meddling. Its dwarfer relatives, *Dicentra eximea* and *formosa*, with blossoms of a deeper colour lasting the greater part of the summer, should bear it company, and even that tiny elfin Dutchman's Breeches, of our own woods, *D. Cucullaria*, so fetching in its creamy "breeches" and feathery green, is worthy a bit of space in some shadowy corner.

Another old friend is blossoming in these early days of May and is too often passed by nowadays for more striking novelties. This is Honesty (*Lunaria biennis*), a plant of many names, showing that many have cared for it as it travelled down through the ages; and so hung about with traditions of magic that we quite stand in awe of the simple plant.

> "Enchanting Lunarie here lies,
> In sorceries excelling."

It is a pretty thing growing about eighteen inches tall, with large dusty-looking leaves and flowers of shining white, or various shades of purple. It is biennial, but self-sows, so may be kept in the garden with little trouble. In our garden two other old-fashioned plants grow with it and form a friendly group: white Spiderwort, with its strange three-cornered blossoms, and Jacob's Ladder, with spikes of light blue-lavender flowers. Maeterlinck spoke of such plants as these as having "a long human past behind them, a large array of kind and consoling actions; those which have lived with us for hundreds of years and which form part of ourselves since they reflect something of their grace and their joy of life in the soul of our ancestors."

Belonging also to this old-fashioned company, but blooming later in the month, are Sweet Rocket and Garden Heliotrope. The first, *Hesperis matronalis*, has starlike flowers, white, or in shades of pale purple and violet, and gives forth to the night a most delicious fragrance which it quite withholds from the day. Perhaps it is a bit too free a seeder to be admitted to very choice gardens, but treated as bienniels, the old plants, which grow lax and straggling, pulled out and thrown away and only a few of the many seedlings retained, it may be enjoyed with safety. Garden Heliotrope (*Valeriana officinalis*) is a special favourite. It bears a flat head of pinkish lacelike bloom at the end of its four feet of slender stem and has the delicious fragrance of real Heliotrope. It is so old-fashioned and out of fashion that it is not always easy to procure, but when one has it, it spreads so generously that one may pass it along to others who are less fortunate, and it is well worth having, for it lends a light grace to whatever part of the garden it occupies and combines charmingly with the other flowers of its day, especially with Iris Blue King and the flaunting Oriental Poppies.

Yellow is well represented in early May, for besides the still lingering Daffodils, Alyssum, and Tulips, we have the two fine perennials, Leopard's Bane (Doronicum), and the Globe Flower (Trollius), each with several good varieties. The best and tallest of the Doronicums is *D. plantagineum* var. *excelsum*, which bears its large daisylike flowers on stems three feet high. *D. Clusii* and *D. austriacum* are also good sorts about a foot and a half high. These plants will do well in a poor dry soil, but respond to better living, and they require yearly division. Doronicums should be kept out of the neighbourhood of Daffodils and Tulips, as there is too much green in the yellow of their flowers, but planted with white Flax and such strong purple Irises as King or Kochi, they are well placed. The Globe Flowers are not so amiable and unless one can give them a very rich, deep soil, or dampness, it is best not to try them. If comfortable, they grow into stout clumps of nicely cut foliage, gayly ornamented with double flowers—deep cream, yellow, or orange-scarlet.

Blue and white Flax flowers are everywhere just now and are always captivating in their light spraylike growth. They occupy little space, sowing their seeds about and gaining a footing in the chinks of walls and steps, along the edges of the paths, and anywhere in the borders. One border has its stone edging buried beneath a cloak of gray Cerastium, *Gypsophila repens*, and blue *Veronica prostrata*, with groups of Flax alternating along its whole length with long-stemmed pink Thrift (*Armeria latifolia*). In another border pink Tulips rise delightfully from a mass of sky-blue Flax, and in still another it has appointed itself a background for deep-purple *Campanula glomerata*. The Narbon Flax (*Linum narbonense*) is perhaps a more skylike blue than the more familiar *L. perenne*, but is not so hardy. Both bloom all summer if seeding is not allowed. *Linum flavum* is a beautiful plant, more robust in appearance, but less so in reality than perenne, with rich yellow flowers and nice grayish foliage. It has never been very happy with me, disappearing or sulking in a most annoying manner, but last fall I discovered that my rather weak-looking plants had begun to seed themselves and had started quite a thriving colony in the path, which I take as a sign that the misunderstanding between this lovely Flax and me is a thing of the past.

In the cold frame we have some thriving seedlings of the Alpine Flax (*Linum alpinum*), but cannot yet speak authoritatively of it, save that it comes easily from seed.

Another blue-flowered plant, but one much stouter and more prosaic than the winsome Flax, is *Centaurea montana*, perennial relative and rather heavy prototype of the pretty annual Corn Flower, or Blue-bottle. It is a good plant of medium height, sturdy of growth, with nice gray foliage and a long period of bloom if not allowed to seed. Yearly division keeps the plants compact and it does well in any sunny situation. *C. ruthenica* and *macrocephala* are yellow-flowered Centaureas, growing about four feet high and blooming in mid-summer. They are rather coarse in growth, but are worth having. The former is the better.

Incomplete indeed would be the spring without the Columbines, and so we have a great many within our garden enclosure, of all colours and kinds, with short or long spurs, with enchanting white petticoats, and with none. I like best the long spurred, single sorts in clear, opaque colours—sky-blue, purple, pure white or yellow. *Aquilegia chrysantha*, a fine, long-spurred yellow sort, blooms later than the others and continues through the greater part of the summer. *A. coerulea*, the Rocky Mountain Columbine, is an exquisite variety, with sky-blue and white flowers. It has a lovely white form called *candidissima.* There are some fine pink sorts of garden origin and various other hybrids in cream, lavender, and purple shades. Columbines require a background of green or stonework to be seen at their best, and gleam more charmingly in shadowy places than in full sun. They naturalize well in rocky wooded places, and indeed seem more at home in such a situation, for they always appear more wild than garden-bred to me.

Scarlet Geums have been very gay in the borders these two weeks past. They sound a piercing colour note and are gay and pretty in association with white Flax and lavender Phlox divaricata. There are several fine sorts. *G. Heldreichii*, bright orange, growing a foot tall, and its variety *magnificum*—a good deal taller; *G. minatum* var. *aurantiacum*, strong yellow and of a more compact growth, and the two fine double sorts growing nearly two feet high, *G. coccineum*, vars. Mrs. Bradshaw, and Glory of Stuttgart.

There are many minor delights belonging to the first two weeks of May besides those which fell from April's lap and still linger. The Cerastiums trail their soft gray foliage over the stone edgings, *Saponaria ocymoides*, decorous cousin of disreputable Bouncing Bet of the dusty roadsides, tumbles over the stones in delectable pink cascades, sky-blue *Polemonium reptans* and rosy Thrifts gaily tuft the edges of the borders, and Lily of the Valley, Periwinkle, and the lacy growth of Sweet

Woodruff (*Asperula odorata*) shine in the shaded corners.

The last two weeks of May have much the look of June. The spring aspect has gone; delicate flower tints, the reddish shoots and tender young green are replaced by stronger colours and lush foliage—these are the days of fulfilment, not of promise. The borders are full and very gay, and everywhere are charming groups. The noble tribe of Hemerocallis has appeared upon the scene in all its burnished beauty. My little boy calls them "brass and copper lilies," which is most apt, and bronze might be added, for the outsides of some, like *H. Dumortierii*, are distinctly bronze in colour. *H. graminea, or minor*, a dwarf, is the first to bloom here, and is closely followed by *H. flava*, the common Lemon Lily, flawless in colour and finely scented. If the various sorts of Hemerocallis are planted they will reach well into August, and are delightful company all along the way. Of the kinds blooming in May and June, besides *minor* and *flava*, there are Apricot, well named for its fine colour; *Dumortierii*, with an orange-coloured interior and a bronze coat; *Middendorfii*, orange and rather dwarf; *Gold Dust*, a fine rich yellow; *Buttercup*, bright yellow, and Sovereign, clear yellow within and chocolate without. Later comes the tawny *fulva*, the old Orange Day Lily of the roadsides; *Thunbergii*, much like the Lemon Lily and as sweetly scented; *citrina*, with small flowers of a lovely pale shade; *Aureole*, a truly "brass and copper lily"; *Dr. Regel,* splendid orange; *luteola,* bright yellow and reaching a height of four feet; *aurantiaca major,* huge apricot-coloured flowers, sweetly scented; and *Kwanso,* a handsome double-flowered form of fulva.

The foliage of these so-called lilies is always clean and sightly, and they demand almost nothing of us, growing well in sun or shade, in damp places, or in the borders, where they lend themselves to all sorts of good associations. Garden Heliotrope is lovely with them and the tall white and "bleak blue" Lupines; The Flag and Siberian Irises seem to belong naturally with them, and if one can stand a perfectly resounding harmony plant them with orange and scarlet Oriental Poppies. I always do myself, and rejoice exceedingly in the vibrant result.

A lovely picture exists just now in a corner of the garden where a spreading mass of purple Meadow Rue (*Thalictrum aquilegifolium*) grows in company with white Lupines and a pale yellow Iris called Canary Bird. This Meadow Rue is a fair and elegant plant with cut metallic foliage like that of Columbines and puffs of purple mistlike bloom on leafy stems about four feet tall. The foliage lasts in good condition the summer through, so that it is one of those plants which should be given a prominent place. We have recently made the acquaintance of another Thalictrum, said to grow six feet tall, *T. glaucum.* The foliage of this one is distinctly gray and the flowers are yellow. It should prove a good plant for the back of the border. Another for the back of the border is the recently introduced *Thalictrum dipterocarpum*, purple flowers with conspicuous yellow anthers. The two dwarfs, *minus* and its variety *adiantifolium*, both fernlike and pretty with the good quality of long-lasting foliage, belong at the front of the borders. These plants require a deep, rich soil; they are not subjects for dry, shallow places. Frequent division is not a necessity. My clumps have been undisturbed for five years and are certainly in fine condition. They are easily raised from seed.

Lupines are among what the children call the "*very* favourites," and we always have a great many. They are easily raised from seed, but should be transplanted to their permanent places when quite small, as the long taproot makes moving them without doing harm a bit difficult. The plants are not long lived with us; indeed we do not count upon them for more than two seasons of bloom, but being so easily raised from seed and seeding themselves besides this fault is not serious. *Lupinus arboreus* is not hardy in the neighbourhood of New York, but *L. polyphyllus* has many fine hybrids. I have two beautiful yellow varieties, Somerset and Yellow Boy, which are effective with the purple Meadow Rue. *L. Moerheimi* is a good pink sort, and this with Nelly, pink and white, are lovely with hoary Southernwood bushes. The Bride is buff and rose, and there are many good blue, or blue and white sorts, also mauve and purple. I am not sure but that the tall *L. albus*, with spikes of creamy blossoms, is the prettiest of all and certainly it is the most useful. We grow it behind such pinky-mauve Irises as Queen of May, Her Majesty, and Mme. Pacquitte, with gray Stachys as a foreground. It is fine also with the orange Oriental Poppies or Lemon Lilies and indeed is nowhere amiss. If the spent flower stalks are cut off Lupines will bloom the greater part of the summer.

Many pretty things festoon the low walls and stone edgings at this season. The two little Veronicas, *V. repens* and *prostrata*, are as blue as the summer sky and creep in and out among the stones and over into the path most beguilingly. Delightful, too, is *Corydalis lutea*, a ferny, feathery, fluffy little plant with pale yellow flowers and the power to get a footing in the most impossible places. Nothing could be prettier for old walls or flights of stone steps, and as it seeds freely and can be trusted entirely to dispose of itself in the most charming manner, is no trouble at all. It has a noble relation, *C. nobilis*, which blooms late in the month and dies down entirely after flowering. It is much taller than the little Yellow Fumatory just mentioned, but has the same lovely foliage and creamy tubular blossoms which last in perfection fully three weeks. *C. cheilanthifolia* is another fine sort for walls or the edge of the border. They are all easily raised from seed, will grow in sun or shade, and lutea blooms all summer until hard frost.

In many places along the low walls Cat-mint, *Nepeta Mussini*, slowly evolves from a gray curtain to a lavender veil. This splendid plant blooms all summer long, and is one of the most useful and lovely things we have. When in full flower, the small, aromatic gray leaves are quite hidden by the crowding lavender flower spikes, but in or out of bloom it is a plant of great charm. It stands our hot, dry summers without flinching, is perfectly hardy, but needs to be divided every year or so.

By the last week in May summer has fairly come; the June Irises are in possession and climbing Roses are in turbulent bloom upon their walls and trellises. Over night the tight, hairy caps of the Oriental Poppies have burst, and one wakes to find great tongues of flame leaping up in all directions. They are the torch-bearers of the great, lavish queen Summer and the garden is "en fête." When they are gone we shall see that here a scarlet Lychnis has been kindled into life—there, a blood-red Pæony; across the garden a flight of English Poppies burn their vivid lives away, and the torch of a tawny Day Lily flares up. They stay just long enough to let us have our fill of gorgeous colour—longer, and we should be satiated and find these daring things too coarse and glaring, but Nature does not make such mistakes. Besides the orange-coloured and scarlet Oriental Poppies there are some in softer shades: salmon, blush, rose, mahogany, and lately a pure white one. These are all lovely with the gray foliage plants, especially with Rue and *Artemisia Stellariana*, but should be kept out of the way of the orange and scarlet sorts. Some of the best are Blush Queen, Bracteatum, good red; Beauty of Livermore, deep crimson; Marie Studholme, salmon with purple stain; Mrs. Perry Salmon; Silver Queen, lovely flushed white; Medusa, satiny rose; Lady Roscoe, terra cotta, and Perry's White.

Oriental Poppies are easily raised from seed and they also seed themselves freely in our garden, often creating havoc of some pet colour scheme, for it is not possible to allow them to associate with just anybody. The long taproot of these Poppies enables them to stand our dry summers without great suffering. The flowers last longer in partial shade, but the plants are as well off in full sunshine. After flowering the foliage usually dies away, not reappearing until the cooler nights of August lure it above ground again. This leaves a blank in the borders, and so behind all the Oriental Poppies we plant *Gypsophila paniculata*, the mistlike bloom of which covers their vagrant ways and is ready to be cut away by the time the Poppies see fit to reappear.

CHAPTER FIVE

JUNE MAGIC

"I am not only well content but highly pleased with the plants and fruits growing in these my own little gardens."

—Epicurus.

THIS is the month when the least of us gardeners may proudly survey his flowery realm and say, "not so bad," for June seldom disappoints us. All danger from frost is past, the long rainy spells with cold nights and chilly, discouraging days are over, the devastating electric storms and cruel droughts have not yet come, and the gay throng of Foxgloves, Sweet Williams, Irises, Pæonies, Pinks, and old-fashioned Roses are seldom to be found in the category of blighted hopes.

Wherever the eye wanders is a lovely picture. Roses tumble over the walls, or riot up their trellises, Valerian spreads its lacy canopies above scarlet Poppies or soft-coloured Iris; a burnished Copper Brier displays itself in fine contrast to creamy Lupines and a tender mauve Iris, and blue and white frilled Iris Mme. Chereau looked never before so enchanting as with its background of yellow Rose Harisoni. Fine masses of clear colour are created by the slender Siberian Irises, gay pink and white and crimson Pyrethrums nod from the

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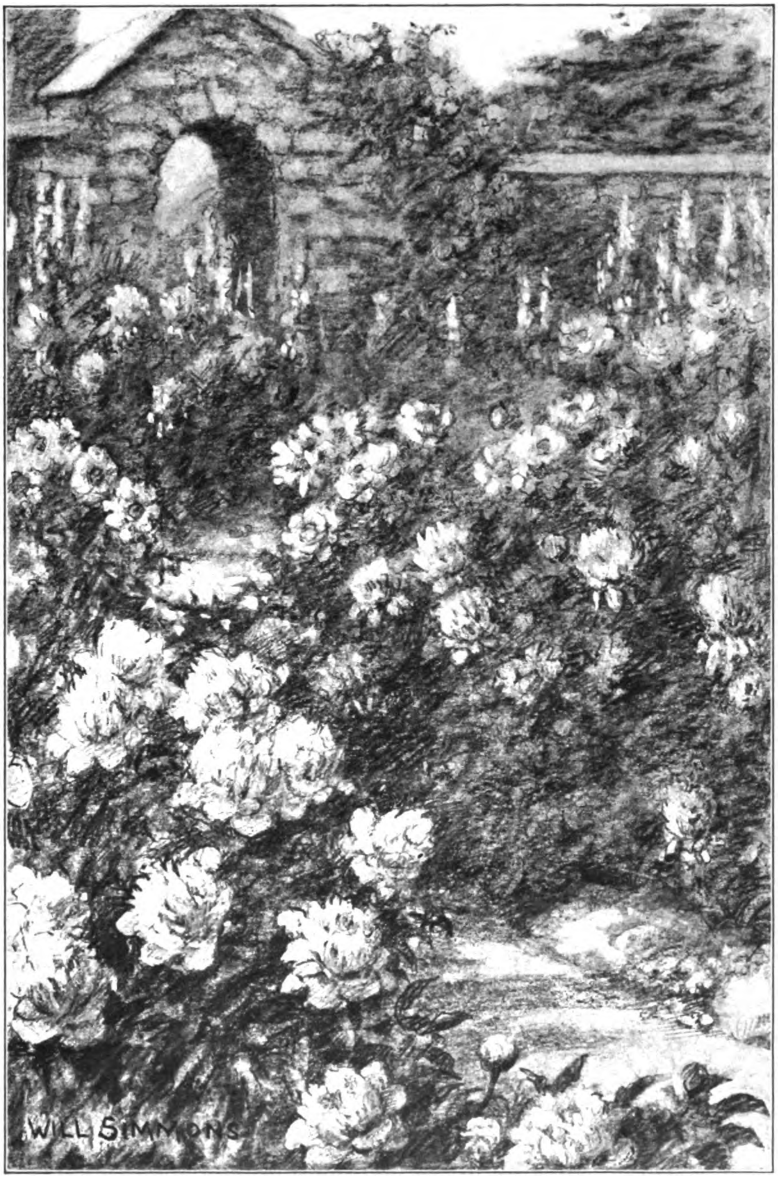
WILL SIMMONS

"A GRAND BURST OF PÆONIES USUALLY CELEBRATES THE ARRIVAL OF JUNE"

borders; against the wall a great Gloire de Dijon Rose presses its soft flushed cheek, and from every chink and cranny of walls and steps and stone edgings, delicious Pinks shake out their perfumed fringes.

In a corner of the garden the great rounded bushes of *Baptisia australis* are bristling with well-filled spikes of clouded blue, pea-shaped flowers. This plant, which grows four feet tall and as thick through, with the yellow *Baptisia tinctoria*, are splendid all-summer subjects, for they retain their fine rounded form until cut down by frost. The foliage of australis is somewhat metallic in colour, while that of tinctoria is very pale green, both valuable in various colour arrangements and blending well with their own blossoms. The Baptisias are easily raised from seed, but require several years to arrive at an effective size. Frequent division is not desirable, and they will grow as well in the deep, rich soil of the borders as in damp places, though the latter is their choice.

A grand burst of Pæonies usually celebrates the arrival of June. The old crimson Pæony and the lovely *albiflora* belong to May and are past, and the memory of their simple sweetness is almost effaced by the wonders of form and colour which follow in the train of June. Some are so double as to be nearly as round as balls; others, like great loose-petalled Water-lilies; still others that are called "anemone-flowered," with a rounded tuft of petals in the centre and a circle of flat florets, and still others are quite single. And the colours range from pure white and cream through all the diaphanous pinks to rose and amaranth and dark, rich crimson.

To open a Pæony catalogue is to be plunged into bewilderment, for there are countless varieties, each sounding more desirable than the last. We have not many kinds here—only twelve, besides the May flowerers—and none of the fine single ones as yet. Our list is of the less expensive sorts, but all are beautiful:

Festiva maxima—round, pure white, flecked crimson.
Mme. Calot—silvery pink.
Mons. Chas. Levèque—soft salmon-pink.
Duchesse de Nemours—white with creamy heart. Fragrant.
Candidissima—white with buff centre.
Albert Crousse—fresh salmon-pink. Very fragrant.
Claude Lorraine—flesh-pink—loose petals.
Marie Lemoine—white—fragrant.
Philomele—deep cream colour with pink collar.
Paul Joubert—crimson with gold anthers.
Gloria Mundi—blush, centre pale yellow—sweet scented.
Mme. Forel—bright rose.
Louis van Houtte—dark purple-crimson.

Pæonies will grow under almost any conditions, as is shown by the fine plants we see in the tangled grass of deserted gardens, but they respond magnificently to a heavily manured soil, and in partial shade the blossoms will show a finer colour and last longer in perfection. Once planted, they should not be dug up and divided, but left in peace to grow into huge bushes that will in time produce dozens of splendid flowers. Pæonies are lovely grown in wide borders with the free-growing June

Roses, with clumps of the great Dalmatian Iris, and bushes of Rue and Southernwood.

Pinks belong to June and are, of all her belongings, the very sweetest; indeed, they seem to me the sweetest flowers of any month. Once I set out to know all the Pinks, wild and tame, but soon found that my garden was not suited to all: the little alpines, *Dianthus neglectus*, *alpinus*, *glacialis*, and some others that I sought to please, dwindled and pined in a sadly homesick manner. I gathered together all the catalogues, foreign and domestic, that listed the seeds, or plants of Pinks, and collected all the Pink literature—which is little enough, considering the charm of the subject—and after much experimenting and petitioning, have a delicious company settled in nooks and corners about the garden, though many that I wanted badly could not see their way to stay.

The first I had was, of course, *Dianthus plumarius*, the Grass or Scotch Pink, that everybody knows and loves. It has many fine hybrids, some so fine as to cost twenty-five cents the packet, but the cheaper ones are as sweet, and they are among the friendliest things of the whole summer, spreading quickly into great soft-coloured mats, starred with sweet, fringed blossoms, double or single. The old pure-white fringed Pink, *D. fimbriatus*, and its double sort make charming border edgings, and another good white one for this purpose is Mrs. Sinkins, very fat and double. Still others are Her

Majesty and Albion (white), Delicata (pink), Gloriosa (rose), and Excelsior (pink with carmine centre). The Mule Pinks, too, are splendid, with Napolian III, valiant red, as the finest; Furst Bismark, lovely rose-colour, a charming second; and Alice, a fluffy double white, not far behind. These, of course, bear no seed and must be increased by cuttings or division.

Of the wild Pinks, the first we had was the Cheddar Pink, *Dianthus caesius*, the seeds of which were sent us from the Cheddar Cliffs in England, where we had seen them accomplishing veritable explosions of rosy bloom upon the ledges of the fierce gray cliffs. All this first lot I lost, for while they did their part in germinating to a seed, I was so stupid as not to know how to make them feel at home and put them in the fat borders, where the winter damp put an end to these cliff-dwellers in short order. But one does not make so cruel a mistake twice, and now there are plenty of Cheddars tucked about in sunny nooks between the stones of walls and steps where they are quite hardy and at peace. The Maiden Pink, *D. deltoides*, a tiny thing of dry British pastures, is one of the easiest to grow and exhibits a vigour one does not expect from so small a thing. Its blunt leaves are small and dark, and it grows into such thick mats as to form something very like a turf, which may be used upon dry banks where grass is cared for with difficulty. But it belongs to the garden, too, and fringes my wall tops and stone edgings charmingly. The flowers are so pink as to be quite jewel-like in their brightness, and there is a white sort which foams over the edgings and into the path with quite distracting results. The Sand Pink, *D. arenarius*, is quite different in character, forming strong tufts of bluish-green foliage, from which rise slender stems, carrying deeply cut white blossoms, very sweetly scented; it likes a light sandy soil and rejoices in a comfortable cranny, if one is to be had. *D. petraeus* is a small, sweet, fringy, rose-coloured alpine from the Balkans, disliking wet feet in winter, but otherwise of easy culture. *D. Seguieri* forms nice, upstanding little bushes more than a foot high with light-green leaves and gay purple-spotted, rose-coloured blossoms. *D. superbus* is a pretty thing blooming freely the first year from seed. Its tall stems, over two feet in height, carry several lilac-pink fringed blossoms, which, if not allowed to seed, continue all summer. This Pink will grow in the ordinary soil of the borders, not requiring a cranny. *D. atrorubens* is not one of the fragrant Pinks, but its small, rich red blossoms clustered in a flat head like a small Sweet William make up in glow what they lack in other qualities. It remains in bloom for a long time.

The song of my Pinks is almost at an end, for there remains only *D. sylvestris*, the Wood Pink, which does not like the woods at all, but full sunshine, and which has the reputation of being what Mr. Reginald Farrer would call a "miff" and may prove so here. It is a new acquaintance and still occupies a gravelly bed in the nursery, but its tufts of narrow bluish foliage are in such a flattering condition of health that my hopes are high for a grand display before long. Mr. Correvon describes it thus, "the pink flowers large, elegant, bluish spotted at the base of the petals, with blue-lilac anthers; petals more or less toothed. The plant is stout and strong, and extremely floriferous, blooming from June to September in rock work in full sun."*

Of course all the Pinks marry and intermarry, and bring forth many a soft-coloured, sweet-breathed surprise for me, and I should miss them more than any of the garden's children. They are plants for sunny nooks and corners, friendly things to be tended by loving hands and enjoyed by those who care for what is sweet and simple. As old Parkinson knew, they are "of a most fragrant scent, comforting the spirits and senses afar off."

This brings us to friend Sweet William, who, while not a Pink, is yet a Dianthus and so belongs here. The old garden books speak both of Sweet Williams and Sweet Johns, the latter being distinguished by very narrow leaves, and I am sure there were Johns growing in the tangled grass about this farmhouse when we came to live here, for the very narrow leaves of the Sweet Williams I found puzzled me. But I did not then know about Johns, and as the flowers were of that wishywashy, anæmic, red colour which has given magenta a bad name, I did not try to save any in the "cleaning up." Sweet Williams are old and valued friends and most helpful in the June scheme of things. The lovely salmon-pink variety is a real acquisition, and the fluffy, double white ones are pretty, too. I do not care for the two-coloured sorts, but the fine blackish crimson one, that John Rea describes as a "deep, rich murrey velvet colour" and considered "the finest of the Williams," is very splendid and useful for grouping with flowers of a raw red shade.

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*It proved to be no "miff," but a lovely, hardy little plant, quite happy in its gravelly bed and remained in bloom a long time.

Sweet Williams seem to have a natural affinity for Foxgloves, as any one will agree who has seen them inciting each other to greater achievements of discordant colour in old gardens where they have been allowed to seed promiscuously. But this affinity may be taken advantage of to bring about a very happy union if white Foxgloves and salmon Sweet Williams are brought together, and I like to add to this group clumps of striped grass or Gardener's Garters. Sweet Williams are best treated as biennials, as the old plants lose their stocky form and deteriorate generally, and it is best to buy fresh seed and not depend upon the gypsy seedlings, for these usually hark back to their magenta forebears.

In old works on gardening Thrift (Armeria) is always included under the head of Pinks, and the tidy, tufted growth and rosy blossoms of both certainly suggest kinship. The Sea, or Cushion Pink, Armeria *maritima*, in its variety *Laucheana*, is a gay little thing with dense tufts of dark foliage studded with brilliant pink blossoms. There is a white variety, and both were largely used in the old days for "impaling" or edging the quaint "knottes" which held within bounds the sweet tangle of old-fashioned Roses, Lavender, and Rockets of Elizabethan gardens. It is as good for this purpose now as then, and may also be used in little groups along the borders or between the stones. *A. Cephalotes* (syn. *latifolia*) is a pretty little plant, too, but taller, sending up its wiry stems a foot high and bearing its globes of rosy bloom with a jaunty air. *A. caespitosa* is a charming alpine species which sends up tall stems from its tuft of green bearing pink flower heads. It requires a poor rather sandy soil and a sunny nook between two stones.

Foxgloves are widely known and grown and loved, and the June garden would lack much without their graceful spires. The creamy white ones are the prettiest, and it is best in any case to buy the seeds in separate colours, for the magenta sorts are not suitable for many associations. Here we grow them with bushes of Southernwood and Rue, with gray Stachys *lanata* and the gleaming Snow Queen Iris. The white ones are never amiss and the tall spires of "beauty long drawn out" rise from every part of the garden. Of course the biennial character of these plants makes it necessary to raise them every year from seed, but they usually seed

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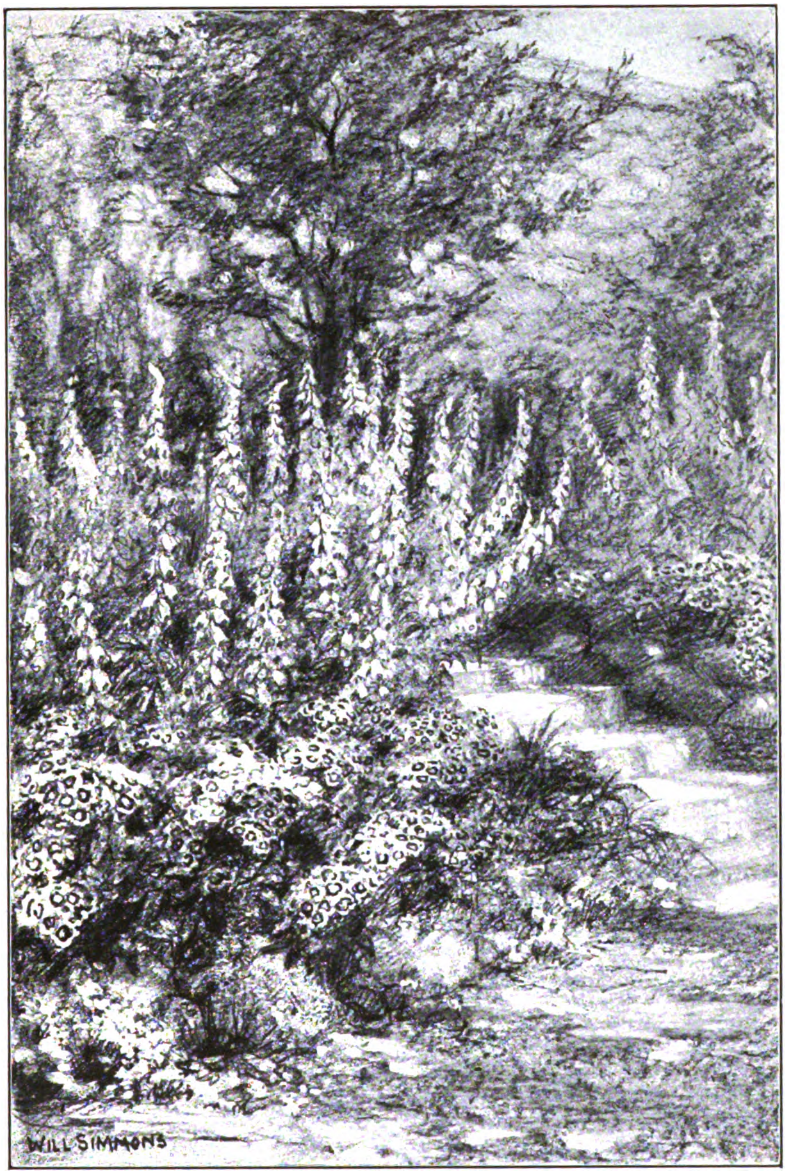

JUNE MAGIC
"WHEREVER THE EYE WANDERS IS A LOVELY PICTURE—THE GAY THRONG OF FOXGLOVES, SWEET WILLIAMS, IRISES, PÆONIES, PINKS, AND OLD-FASHIONED ROSES"

themselves so freely that we are saved this piece of work. We entertain here two other Foxgloves—*Digitalis ambigua* (syn. *grandiflora*), and *D. orientalis*.* Both are yellow-flowered—the former growing about two feet tall and producing its belled flower spikes off and on all summer and autumn, and the latter, taller with smaller flowers.

In a corner of the garden with some bushes of Southernwood and white Moss Roses grows an old-fashioned plant called Fraxinella (Dictamnus), sometimes called Burning Bush from the fact, claimed to have been discovered by the daughter of Linnæus, that after nightfall an inflammable vapour comes from the blossoms; but though we have many times experimented, singed fingers have been our only reward—and this through holding the matches too long. However, the Fraxinella, when well established, is a very beautiful plant growing into stout clumps with beautiful dark foliage lasting in fine condition the summer through and bearing spikes of white or purplish fringy flowers with a strange odour which the children declare is both "horrid and nice." The plants should not be dug up and divided, but left to themselves will outlast whole generations of mere humans.

In another part of the garden is a lovely picture where the shell-like bloom of a climbing Rose, Newport Fairy, creates just the right background for a group composed of fleecy *Spiræa Aruncus*, tall purple *Campanula lati-*

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*These are both perennials.

folia var. *macrantha*, and Lyme Grass. The Spiræa is a fine plant of this season, but requires a deep, rich, retentive soil to be at its best, for it is a moisture lover. The herbaceous Spiraeas have not done very well in my garden, it is too dry, but for damp situations there are many good sorts. Aruncus, however, has been an exception with one other, *S. Filipendula fl. pl.*, the double-flowered Dropwort, growing about two feet tall, with feathery foliage and heads of white flowers. Both are in a north border in heavy, deep soil.

The Campanulas are a large family of varying merit and blossom, in the different varieties, in May, June, July, and August. *C. glomerata*, the Clustered Hairbell, is a good May sort about a foot high with rich purple or white flowers. The best June Bellflowers besides latifolia macrantha, which grows about three feet tall, and also has a white variety, are the well-known Canterbury Bell, *C. Medium*, the tall *C. lactiflora*, and the lovely Peach-leaved Bellflower, *C. persicifolia*. This is a beautiful plant and quite the flower of the Campanulas to my thinking—sending up from a tuft of narrow, shining leaves stems two or three feet tall, well hung with glistening white or lavender-blue bells. *Humosa* is a light-blue double sort, and *Moerheimii* a very fine double-flowered white. These are charming planted in little thickets with the late yellow Columbine, *A. chrysantha*, or with bright coral-coloured Heucheras, such as Pluie de Feu, or Rosamund. The plants require yearly division, and our stock may also be increased by means of the offsets that are freely produced.

A fine new sort is *lactiflora alba magnifica*. *C. lactiflora* blooms toward the end of the month and into July, and has spikes of bells the colour of skimmed milk. There is a white sort, too, and both are useful plants but such formidable seeders that they become a pest if allowed a free hand, and so we are careful to cut off the flower stalks as soon as the blossoming is past.

Of course all the June pictures have Roses as one element in their composition, for they are everywhere—toppling over the high stone walls, smothering the low ones, creating fairy halls of the pergolas and arbours; and besides the climbers there are those which grow in lovely long-limbed abandon as bushes, mingling freely and democratically with the perennials. In front of a post, which has the felicity of supporting a peach-pink American Pillar Rose, grows a mass of feathery *Clematis recta* and several plants of the sky-blue Italian Alkanet, *Anchusa italica*. The Anchusa is a lovely thing, and no plant, not excepting the Delphinium itself, decks itself in a more truly azure colour. Its height varies considerably with me according to soil and situation and its own sweet will; it may be anywhere from two to four feet tall. Better than the type is the Dropmore variety, and better still, it is said, is that called Opal, but to this I cannot testify. Anchusas have a longer consecutive period of bloom than the Delphiniums, for if the great central stalk is cut down after flowering, laterals spring up, which carry it into August. These plants seem not to mind the drought at all, which should gain for them our especial interest, and they are easily raised from seed. As it is practically a biennial one has to take its propagation into account, and while raising it from seed is simple enough, much quicker and more satisfactory is the method given by Mr. W. P. Wright in his invaluable book on hardy perennials. "When spring comes there is a brown stump which looks to be entirely devoid of life. It may be broken away almost like bark from a tree and it will probably be found that there is a green sprout below, which may be left to grow. As regards the barklike parts, they may be cut into pieces with a sharp knife, and will prove to be fleshy and quick. The portions may be covered with moist, gritty soil in a pot or box and put in a warm frame or greenhouse. Shoots will start from them, which may be removed with a 'heel' of the older growth and inserted in small pots. They will root and form plants in due course. Pieces of the horse-radish-like taproots may also be inserted, as they are likely to root and make plants." Anchusas should be transplanted when quite small if possible, as the deep-burrowing taproot is difficult to get out intact.

These sky-blue flowers are lovely grown near the blushing Stanwells' Perpetual Brier Rose, and we have it charmingly situated in front of a trellis occupied jointly by the white Rose Trier and a pinky-mauve Clematis of the Viticella type. Bees love the Alkanets as they do its relatives, Borage and our native Buglos, and there is always a pleasant drone and hum in its neighbourhood. I do not know if it is a scientific fact that bees best love blue flowers, but they seem to, giving them preference even over white ones which are said to be the most fragrant.

Of course the pride of the late June garden is her Delphiniums, and perhaps I may bring wrath upon myself when I say that I cannot but feel that these beautiful flowers are in grave danger of being done to death by the hybridists. A long way have they travelled since Hood sang, "Light as a loop of Larkspur," and what with doubling and crowding are in a fair way to be called *stout*, though somehow their celestial colour makes the unflattering epithet seem unfit and keeps one in mind of their slim youth. Every season many new varieties are put forth to dazzle the world and they make superb blocks of colour in the garden, but I cling to those which are less perfect from a florist's viewpoint. The true Belladonna is an exquisite, graceful plant, and many of its offspring reproduce this fine quality of the parent—and there is another sort, which we used to get as formosum coelestinum, now doubtless looked upon as a back number but which has the same willowy grace and celestial colour.

Persimmon, Lizzie van Veen, and Capri are lovely sky-blue sorts. King of Delphiniums is a strong dark blue with a plum-coloured flush. Lizzie is a good bright blue slightly flushed; Queen Wilhelmina, large, light-blue flowers with a white eye; and Somerset, light blue and lavender with a dark eye. There are white sorts of recent introduction, but these never seem to me true Larkspurs, so strongly does the word seem to stand for *blue*.

A package of mixed Delphinium seed purchased from a reliable house will produce lovely results, the plants blooming the first season if sown early. In our hot climate Delphiniums should be given a rich, well-manured soil, and copious watering in June will insure better flower spikes and a longer stay. If the spent flower stalks are cut to the ground another blossoming may be enjoyed in the late summer and fall. Yearly division is not necessary: every third year is often enough, when they may be taken up and divided in April, just after growth has started. Beautiful pictures may be made by planting Delphiniums against the trellises of gay climbing Roses.

There is a strong coloured group of flowers belonging to June and early July which, while they seem far removed from the azure Delphiniums and Anchusas, the soft coloured Foxgloves and Spiræas, nevertheless play an important part in our colour arrangements. Gaillardias are bright and useful, blooming from spring until frost if not allowed to seed too freely, and no plant in the garden, unless it be the ethereal Gypsophila, so sturdily defies the drought. Red and yellow is their colour scheme and they exhibit many variations upon it. There are many named varieties listed in foreign catalogues which sound attractive. Gaillardias look best planted in fair-sized colonies, and *Baptisia tinctoria*, or the striped Grass, known as Gardener's Garters, is a good background for them.

> "The Coreopsis like another sun
> Risen at Noonday,"

is a conspicuous object in the mid-June garden. I believe it is the yellowest thing of the whole summer, but it is a sharp colour and needs a softening haze of Gypsophila to make it happy. Scarlet Lychnis is another plant with a difficult colour to which the Gypsophila is helpful. It is a strong-growing plant with good, lasting foliage suited to the back of the border.

A number of bright-coloured Lilies bloom in June. The Herring Lilies, *L. croceum*, are particularly bold and splendid in the neighbourhood of the Belladonna Delphiniums; and those of the elegans type, red, apricot, or yellow are pretty grown among the tufts of frail white Heuchera toward the front of the borders.

CHAPTER SIX

JULY PROBLEMS

What right have we to blame the Garden
Because the plant has withered there?

—*Hafiz.*

JULY is often a discouraging month to a gardener who does not employ a great many annuals. Following upon the exuberance of June, it seems a sort of pause, a breathing spell before the grand display of almost unfailing Phloxes and their train of late summer flowers. It is quite true that there are not as many well-known flowers belonging to this month and, in consequence, many gardens are quite scantily clothed with bloom. For years my own June pride was regularly shattered by the blank which followed the departure of the Flag Irises, Pæonies, and tumultuous Roses, and it required many years of study and "trying out" before I learned how many fine plants there are, other than annuals, with which to beautify this high noon of the year.

In July, also, we have the elements against us; whether it is against pitiless drought or fierce electric storms that we must contend, it is very difficult to keep the garden in good condition and the plants are bound

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to suffer somewhat. In time of drought the garden assumes an air of passive endurance; one does not *feel* the growing and blowing, and while there may be plenty of bloom, it appears to be produced without enthusiasm and quite lacks the spontaneous exuberant quality that one is conscious of in the earlier year. Then must we stir the soil assiduously to conserve what little moisture there may be left and water whenever that may be done thoroughly, as surface wettings do more harm than good.

Hardly less painful to the plants are the electric storms with twisting, devastating winds and pounding rains, and woe to the gardener who has not done his staking in season and with intelligence! A prostrate garden is his bitter portion, and not all the king's horses and all the gardeners in the world can repair the broken stalks of Larkspur and Hollyhock, raise up the crushed masses of Coreopsis, Gypsophila, and Anthemis, or mend the snapped stems of lovely Lilies. A storm, such as we are all familiar with, can do damage in half an hour that we, even with Nature's willing coöperation, may not repair in many weeks. But with faithful cultivation, intelligent watering and staking, and a knowledge of the plants at one's command, much may be done to avert calamity and to make this month a month as full of interest and beauty as the gay seasons past and to come.

Tall spires of Larkspur are still reaching skyward when July comes in. Sweet Williams, Coreopsis, Scarlet Lychnis, Madonna and Herring Lilies are still in good order, and there is often a host of self-sown or early sown annuals creating bright patches of colour about the borders, but in our garden the most prominent features of early July are Hollyhocks and the great sunshiny Mulleins.

For many years a hideous disfiguring disease rendered Hollyhocks almost useless for garden purposes and it was only in out-of-the-way corners in humble gardens that this poor plant, once so lauded and admired, raised its stricken head. The disease first shows itself in ugly brown pimples on the under side of their foliage and it works so quickly that soon the whole flower stalk stands bravely flying its colours still, but denuded of its greenery or with a few tattered leaves hanging forlornly about it. Much has been done of late years, however, by lovers of the Hollyhock to alleviate its sufferings, and it is now quite possible with a few precautions or remedies to have this splendid flower in its integrity. We seldom have a diseased plant in our garden, and our secret is simply to give them plenty of sun and air, a rich soil, and to treat them as biennials. Old plants are much more apt to have the disease, and Hollyhocks are so easily raised from seed that to keep up a stock of young ones in the nursery is a very simple matter. We dig up the old plants and throw them away. Plants out in the open (not against walls or fences) where the air may circulate freely about them are much more likely

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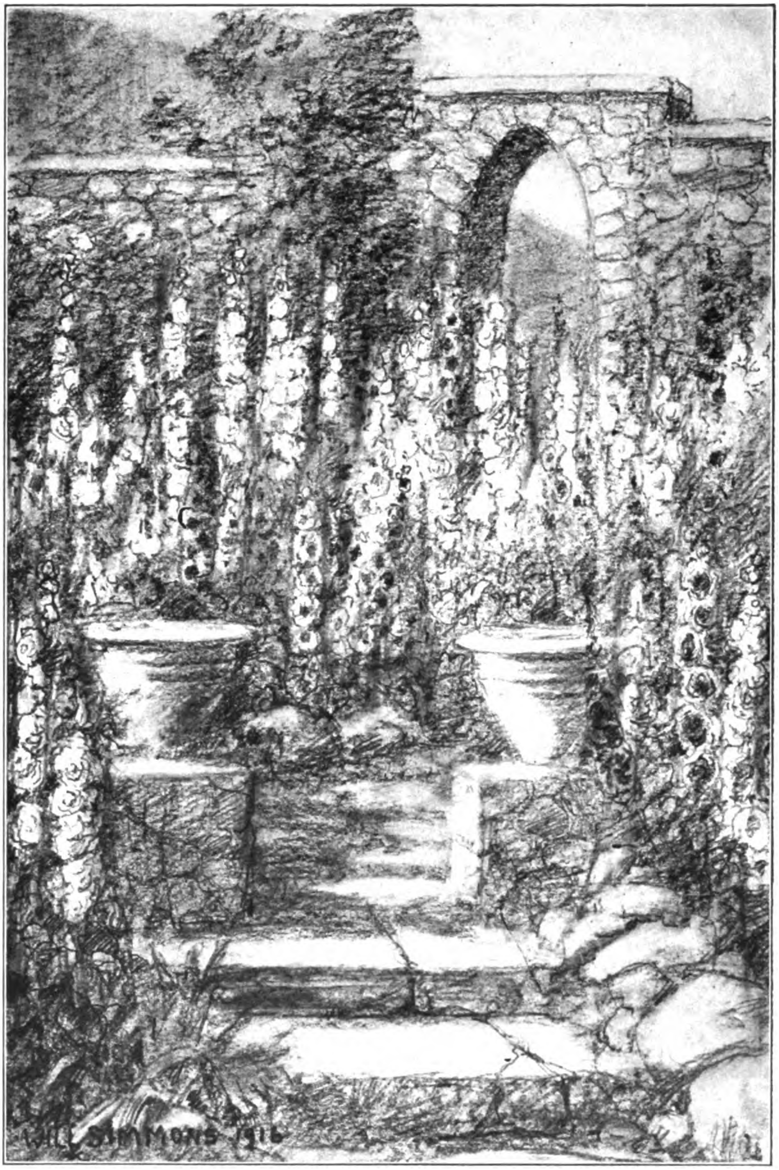


"HOLLYHOCKS ARE AMONG THE MOST PICTORIAL OF PLANTS, AND IT IS VERY DIFFICULT TO FIND ANYTHING ELSE TO TAKE THEIR PLACE. I LIKE BEST THE SINGLE ONES IN PINK AND BLACKISH CRIMSON, PALE YELLOW AND PURE WHITE, BUT THE DOUBLE ONES ARE VERY FINE AND OPULENT, AND THE LOVELY SHADES AND TINTS TO BE HAD VERY NUMEROUS"

to be healthy, but we have found that by using only young plants we can put them in almost any position. Bone meal and wood ashes are both good as tonics for the Hollyhocks, and there are a number of sprays recommended for afflicted plants. Bordeaux mixture used several times in spring is an old reliable remedy, and Mr. C. H. Jenkins in his "Hardy Flower Book" recommends a treatment the simplicity of which is certainly in its favour: "Use a breakfast cup full of common salt to three gallons of water. Employ an Abol syringe with fine mistlike spray so that the solution does not reach the roots of the plant." This should be done about every two weeks in spring.

Hollyhocks are among the most pictorial of plants, and it is very difficult to find anything else to take their place. I like best the single ones in pink and blackish crimson, pale yellow and pure white, but the double ones are very fine and opulent, and the lovely shades and tints to be had very numerous. One I had from England, called Prince of Orange, was a splendid orange-copper colour, and there are now many named varieties. I have a fine group of salmon-pink Hollyhocks against a large tree of the Purple-leaved Plum, and another cherry-coloured group has a fine background in a pink Dorothy Perkins Rose which drapes the wall behind it. White Hollyhocks are fine with Tiger Lilies, and there are many other good associations for them. *Althaea ficifolia* is a very pretty pale yellow-flowered single sort called the

Fig Leaved Hollyhock. This plant is slender in growth and sends up lateral stalks which keep it in bloom all summer long.

Next to Hollyhocks, or quite equal to them in picturesque value, save that they have not the wide colour range, are the radiant Mulleins. Every one knows the noble outline of the wild Mullein, *Verbascum Thapsus*, and also its bad habit of opening but a few of its blossoms at a time. The foreign and hybrid Mulleins have the same splendid form and clothe their great candelabra-like stalks in solid bloom which continues to develop during the greater part of the summer. Mulleins are friends of only about four years' standing, but to no other flower am I more grateful for fine and lasting effect. Their soft yellow colour is so sunshiny as to really seem to cast a radiance and is so non-combative as to affiliate well with almost any other colour. The splendid *V. Olympicum* was the first I knew. It is, like most of the others, biennial in character and grows seven feet high. *V. phlomoides* is as splendid and as tall, and *V. pannosum* has woolly leaves and grows about five feet high. *V. phoeniceum* is a low-growing sort, two feet, sending up from a flat rosette of leaves a spike set with flowers of rose or purple or white, but this sort seems to me much less worthy than the others. *V. nigrum* has yellow flowers marked with purple and grows four feet tall; there is a white variety of this.

Of late years a number of good hybrids have been created among which Harkness Hybrid, four feet tall with yellow flowers, is one of the best. Miss Willmot is a beautiful long-lasting variety bearing large white flowers on stems six feet high, and Caledonia is a lower growing sort with sulphur-yellow flowers suffused with bronze and purple. There are two verbascums, namely *densiflorum* and *newryensis*, which are said to be true perennials, but I have not yet procured them.

The Mulleins are splendid plants for our American gardens for they love a warm, dry soil and this we can certainly give them. They are easily raised from seed, perfectly hardy, and as they self-sow freely it is not necessary to keep up a stock in the nursery. The Greek Mullein, *V. olympicum*, which is my favourite, takes three years to develop its blooming ability with me, so I keep the great rosettes in the nursery for the first two. The tall-growing Mulleins are splendid plants for the back of the border and are lovely as a background for blue and silver Sea Hollies and Globe Thistles.

The handsome Yarrow family offers several strong-growing and drought-resisting subjects for the July garden. They present no difficulty in the way of cultivation and will grow in poor, dry soil if they must, but require yearly division. *Achillea filipendulina* (syn. *Eupatorium*), in a variety known as Parker's, is the flower of the flock. It grows in strong clumps throwing up stems four feet high nicely clothed with feathery foliage and terminating in broad corymbs of golden bloom. This plant is ornamental from the first appearance of its pleasant green in spring until autumn when the yellow flower heads have softened to a warm brown. It lives out its span of life in dignity and order, for its foliage remains in good condition to the last and it has no fuzzy untidy way of perpetuating itself.

A cool picture for this summer season may be created with tall white Hollyhocks, Parker's Yarrow, early white Phlox, Miss Lingard, and a foreground of Anthemis Kelwayi. A patch of tawny *Hemerocallis fulva* is a good neighbour for this group. Blue and white Aconites are fine with this Yarrow and also that splendid hardy plant, *Erigeron speciosus* var. *superbus*, which grows about two and one-half feet high and bears innumerable daisylike flowers of a fine lilac-purple from June until September. It may be easily raised from seed and will sometimes bloom the same season as sown.

Achillea sericea is a good Yarrow having much the character of Parker's save that it grows but eighteen inches high and starts to flower in June. *A. ptarmica, fl. pl.*, otherwise known as The Pearl, we have banished from our borders though it is a much-lauded plant by many and is good for cutting; it has no domestic qualities, must rove and stray, insinuating its wandering rootlets into the internal affairs of its neighbours and choking out many a timid resident. Its bloom is pretty and fluffy but its stems are weak and vacillating; altogether a frivolous and unstable creature to my thinking. There are some good little lpine Yarrows with gray foliage quite charming for creeping among the stones at the edge of the border. *A. umbellata* has pure-white flower heads. *A. tomentosa* has dark prostrate foliage and yellow flowers; *argentea* has silvery foliage and white flowers. This little plant grows four inches high and the other two about six.

There is no more important plant in the mid-summer garden than *Gypsophila paniculata*, variously known as Chalk Plant, or Baby's Breath, and called by the children here "Lace Shawls." Seemingly oblivious to scorching sun and prolonged drought, it coolly carries out its delicate plan of existence from silver haze to cool white mist to fragile brown oblivion. No plant is so exquisite an accompaniment to so many others; indeed, any spot where it grows will soon become a lovely picture without our agency. Poppies sow their seed about it and rest their great blossoms upon its cloudlike bloom, and Nigellas and Snapdragons are particularly fine in association with it. One very pretty group here has *Stachys lanata* as a foreground with its gray velvet foliage and stalks of bloom now colouring to a pinky mauve. Behind is the cloudlike mound of Gypsophila, and resting upon it, its large flowers partly obscured by the mist, is a pinkish-mauve *Clematis kermesina*. The vine is supported upon pea-brush which does not show behind the Gypsophila.

In another corner that lovely and courageously magenta sprawler, Callirhoe involucrata, glistens exquisitely through the mist, and white Lilies rise in silver harmony behind. The double-flowered Gypsophila is a less ethereal but very beautiful plant and should find a home in every garden. The single sort is easily raised from seed but does not make any great show until the third year. *G. repens* is a fine little trailer for the edge of the border with a long period of bloom.

The Moonpenny Daisies, *Chrysanthemum maximum*, are invaluable among mid-summer flowers. They make stout bushy clumps of dark foliage, two to three feet tall, with large, glistening, marguerite-like flowers of much substance. They spread broadly and should be divided every year, and they enjoy a moderately rich soil and sunshine. Good varieties are Mrs. C. Lowthian Bell, King Edward VII, Robinsoni, Mrs. F. Daniels, Mrs. Terstag, Alaska, and Kenneth. They are easily raised from seed and last a long time in bloom. The china whiteness of these blooms is a little hard so that they are at their best when associated with the softening influence of such plants as the Artemisias, Rue, Stachys, Gypsophila, and Lyme Grass.

Goat's Rue (*Galega officinalis*) is a soft-coloured delightful plant of the present season with attractive foliage and a good habit of growth. It is fine with *Campanula lactoflora* var. *magnifica* and late Orange Lilies. The delicate lavender sort is the prettiest, I think, though the white is also desirable; var. *Hartlandi* is considered an improvement.

Several fine blue-flowered families make valuable contributions to the July garden and linger into August—Veronicas, Aconites, Platycodons, Eryngiums, and Echinops.

The Veronicas are a splendid race with good foliage and attractive spikes of bloom, blue, rose, or white. Most of them are plants for the middle of the border, though the silver-leaved *V. incana* belongs in the front row with *repens* and *prostrata*, and the tall *virginica* may have a place at the back. *V. spicata* grows almost eighteen inches tall and bears many spikes of bright-blue flowers and has a good white variety and a washed-out rose sort. If cut after blooming it will bloom again toward autumn.

V. virginica grows from four to six feet high and appreciates a heavy soil. Its feathery flower spikes (white) are very pretty as a background for salmon Phloxes such as Elizabeth Campbell or Mrs. Oliver. It is also well placed with the Rose Loosestrife. The head of the family is *Veronica longifolia* var. *subsessilis* whose sonorous name in no way belies the vigorous dignity and importance of the plant. Its foliage is rich and strong, and in late July and August its long sapphire spikes of bloom are a delight indeed. If the season is not too dry it remains a long time in perfection and is on hand to welcome and complete the beauty of some of the softly coloured pink Phloxes, Peach Blow, in particular, with the becoming addition to the group of some metallic Sea Hollies.

I must confess to having had some trouble with this Veronica; it certainly suffers from the drought, turning rusty in its nether parts, and yet seems to want a full view of the sun for, planted in shade, it languishes immediately. A rich retentive soil seems to bring it to fullest perfection, and it more than repays any trouble bestowed upon it. A little bone meal dug in about its roots in May strengthens its growth and seems to improve the colour of its flower spikes. I have not been able to raise this plant from seed, but it is easily increased by division of the roots in spring or by soft cuttings. I should advise planting it in spring as it is important that it should be well established before winter.

The Platycodons are closely connected with the house of Campanula. There are only three kinds in cultivation and they are easily raised from seed. *P. grandiflorum* grows about two feet high and bears many widely spreading steel-blue bells. The lovely white var. *album* is faintly lined with blue and always makes me think of the fresh blue and white aprons of little girls. The flowers of *P. Mariesi* are a somewhat less clouded blue and the plant is dwarf and compact.

Chinese Bellflowers have a disadvantage in the brittleness of their stems. After a heavy rain they will be found flat upon the ground never to rise again, and they are difficult to support inconspicuously by the ordinary method of stake and raffia. I grow mine in good-sized clumps and stick stout, widely spread pieces of pea-brush about among them. This is the most satisfactory method, for it allows some of the stems to fall forward a little, giving to the clump an agreeable rounded outline. The thick fleshy root of the Platycodon seems to enable it to ignore the drought, and its clean-cut, fresh-coloured blossoms are always a pleasant sight in the garden.

The beautiful family of Aconites I always hesitate to recommend as the whole plant is very poisonous when eaten and, where there are children, might prove a serious danger. My own children know it well and its deadly consequences and avoid it assiduously. The fact that they are tall plants suitable for the back of the border makes it possible to put them pretty well out of reach, and they are among the most beautiful of the flowers blooming in mid-summer and autumn. They have long been among garden flowers; the old gardeners, Parkinson and Gerarde, give long lists of sorts, interspersing their admiring descriptions with illustrated warnings of the dire results of eating any part of the plant. Gerarde writes of *A. Napellus:* "this kinde of Wolfesbane, called Napellus vernus, in English, Helmet-flowers, or the Great Monkshood beareth very faire and goodly blew flowres in shape like an helmet, which are so beautiful that a man would thinke they were of some excellent vertue—but, non est semper fides habenda fronti." The foliage is beautiful and shining, "much spread abroad and cut into many flits and notches." The flowering of Aconites covers a long period. The earliest here is a clouded blue sort with shining foliage which came to me as *A. tauricum.* It blooms in late June and July and is not more than three feet high. This was the first Aconite I grew, and, after reading the early herbalists, my mind was rather filled with the evil reputation of the plant so, when an army of little wicked-looking black toadstools appeared over night about the beautiful plant, it seemed most fitting—like an evil spirit and his minions. The Napellus varieties, the dark blue, pure white, and most of all, the bicolour, are all lovely and graceful plants growing about five feet tall and blooming through mid-summer. *A. Wilsoni* and *Spark's variety* are magnificent plants growing five or six feet high and bearing their spikes of rich-coloured hooded flowers in August and September. *A. Fischeri* is a clear blue sort not more than two feet high, which bridges the time between *Wilsoni* and the October blooming *A. autumnale.* There are two yellow-flowered sorts, *lycoctonum* and *pyrenaicum*, two and four feet high respectively, which bloom in August and September.

The Aconites are impatient of a dry soil, so it should be rich and retentive. A north border suits them very well as they enjoy some shade, and they should be taken up and divided about every three years. I am very fond of a group of *A. Napellus* var. *bicolour* and Tiger Lilies which fills the angle made by the high wall and the garden house. The clean blue and white of these Aconites accompanies well the strange tawny hue worn by the Tiger Lilies and, lower down, a fine group of pure orange Bateman's Lily, growing behind the spreading light-green foliage of *Funkia subcordata*, completes a good north border group. They are also fine with the Phloxes—pink and white and scarlet.

One would not willingly do without the beautiful Monkshoods, so valuable are they in the summer and autumn gardens; but, in all our dealings with this "venomous and naughty herb," it is well to remember the terse warning of Dodoens that it is "very hurtful to man's nature and killeth out of hand."

Eryngiums, or Sea Hollies, are plants of great interest and beauty, their silvery stems and foliage and deep-blue globular flower heads creating an unusually lovely effect. They are easily raised from seed and seem to take kindly to any soil in a sunny situation. *E. maritimum*, the true Sea Holly, is a low-growing plant for the front of the border with large glaucous foliage. *E. alpinum* and *Oliverianum*, two and one-half and three feet in height, with rich blue flower heads, are the best, I think, though *planum*, bearing an immense quantity of small blue flowers and *amethystinum*, more gray than blue, are both extremely good. Their subdued and charming colour scheme enables us to use them with many flowers of their day. Most interesting are they with the Aconites and blue Veronicas, with Tiger Lilies or flame-coloured Phlox. With all the pink Phloxes they are lovely, but with the delicate Mme. Paul Dutre they produce a particularly charming harmony.

Somewhat resembling the Sea Hollies are the Globe Thistles (Echinops) of which *E. Ritro*, three feet, and *bannaticus*, five feet, are good representatives. Both have metallic blue, thistle-like flowers and glaucous foliage. These may be used in the same colour combinations as the Sea Hollies and are as useful.

A beautiful and little used native plant of late July is the Rose Loosestrife, *Lythrum Salicaria* var. *rosea superba.* It is a tall plant, four feet in height, carrying its leafy branches erectly and bearing at the top of each a long spike of rose or, perhaps one should admit, magenta flowers. But no one need hold aloof from what they are pleased to call "that fighting colour," for it is so frank and clean and splendid in this plant that it can but win admiration and respect. Pale, ivory-coloured Hollyhocks are charming in its neighbourhood, and such buff-coloured Gladioli as Isaac Buchanan. White Phlox and garnet Hollyhocks become it well, and a daring but successful association for it is strong blue Monkshood and blue-green Rue. It is not a plant which requires frequent division, but it desires a deep, retentive soil and a sunny situation.

CHAPTER SEVEN

WANING SUMMER

"A something in a summer's day,
As slow its flambeaux burn away
Which solemnizes me."
—*Emily Dickenson.*

THIS, August, is the month, when, if ever, the gardener may claim a well-earned rest. The vigorous determination of weeds seems somewhat daunted, staking is, or should be, done, all "bedding out" is accomplished, and there is little to do save watering and cultivating and the occasional guidance of the seeking, reaching arms of climbing Roses and other vines. Of course, the aster beetle may have arrived in staggering hordes, moles may be tunnelling imperturbably beneath one's most precious plants, or the garden may be drying up in the fierce clutches of relentless drought—any of which misfortunes would keep one busy. But these are not certainties, and ordinarily one may spend a good deal of time wandering about the garden, dreaming dreams of future improvement or just idly enjoying the fruits of one's labours. Strange to say, it is the time when I enjoy the garden least. I do not quite like this feeling that my plants are not so dependent upon me and that if I should leave them for a while they would do very well until I got back. I miss the incentive of the crowded days of early spring and am apt to wax over-critical of my garden and dissatisfied with my efforts to make it beautiful. Now is perhaps the one time of the year when we are able to survey the garden with the cold eye of a visitor and see just what is wrong, and it is well that such a pause should be forced upon us, else we should never improve our gardens. The fall bulb lists are arriving and the spring pictures should be restudied and bulbs added to any parts of the garden that we remember as having lacked colour in the spring. Now is the time to order and set out the scaly bulbs that mean shimmering white lilies in June and July, and also those small bulbs, so graciously inexpensive, that promise us ranks of gay Spanish Iris.

Nowadays the garden is riotous with annuals, if we have allowed many of them in, and many of July's flowers are still making a brave show. Among these are Hollyhocks, Moonpenny Daisies, Mulleins, Loosestrife, Monkshood, Veronicas, Tiger Lilies, Globe Thistles, Sea Hollies, and Anthemis, but the dominant figure of the August garden is the Phlox.

This plant is a native, and with true American perspicacity and enterprise has forged his way from magenta obscurity to the most prominent place in the floral world. The Phlox, in the words of the cataloguist, is certainly "the grandest, hardy perennial," brilliant, easy to manage, self-supporting, quickly increased, fragrant, and beautiful. No plant, known to me, makes such solid colour masses or is more orderly and upright in its habit. It usually enjoys the best of health, and I know of only one disease which attacks it and this is not usual; it is fungous in character and is more apt to attack the plants in low, damp situations. The old purple parent of the gorgeous modern Phloxes will grow and thrive in any situation, but the modern beauties need good rich food and water in dry weather if they are to develop their huge flower heads to anything like the size we are encouraged to expect. A dry poor soil is no place for them, but they do very well in partial shade. Bone meal and superphosphate may be used to strengthen the plants and round out the great flower heads. They may be planted either in spring or fall, but I have had the best results from early fall planting as this allows the plant to become established before summer droughts which are very hard upon newly planted stock. Old plants need to be broken up and replanted about every third year and the faded blossoms should be cut off before seed forms, as seedlings become a real pest, seldom coming true to the colour of the parent and usually exhibiting strong magenta traits which prevent their living in amity with their blood relations. Phloxes, nowadays, show many fine colours: all shades of pink, scarlet, cerise, lavender and purple, and white, with or without a pink eye. If more than one variety is to be used in a group careful study of the colours is advised either in a nearby nursery or by buying one each of a number of kinds, for some of the pinks and scarlets and lavenders are badly opposed to each other, while others blend charmingly.

Each year many novelties with alluring descriptions are introduced, but the list below is chosen from those of tested worth:

Aurore—salmon-scarlet—purple eye	3	feet
America—salmon-pink—deeper eye	2½	“
Africa—dark cherry colour	2½	“
Albion—creamy-white—pink eye	2½	“
Antonin Mercie—white—lilac margin	3	“
Baron Van Dedem—bright scarlet	2	“
Coquelicot—orange-scarlet	2	“
Count Von Hochberg—maroon	3	“
Eclaireur—carmine shading to cream	3	“
Elizabeth Campbell—salmon shading to pink	2½	“
Eugene Danzanvilliers—lilac—white eye	3	“
Etna—orange-scarlet	3½	“
Frau Anton Buchner—pure white	3	“
G. H. Strohlein—orange scarlet—carmine eye	3½	“
Hanny Pfleiderer—cream, changing to salmon	3	“
Javanaise—white—lilac edge	4	“
Mad. Paul Dutrie—pale pink—white centre	3	“
Mrs. Oliver—salmon—light eye	2½	“
Rijnstroom—rich salmon	2½	“
Siebold—orange-scarlet—dark eye	3	“
Mrs. Jenkins—pure white	3	“
Gen. Van Heutsz—salmon-red—white eye	3	“
Peachblow—exquisite pink	3	“
Tapis Blanc—pure white	2	“
Wm. Robinson—salmon—violet centre	4	“

The best of the July-blooming Phloxes (which belong to the Suffruticosa group) is Miss Lingard, white with pale eye.

An important new race of Phloxes has been recently introduced, called *P. Arendsi.* They are the result of a cross between the charming *P. divaricata* and *P. decussata.* The plants are of strong branching habit, from one to two feet tall, and bloom the latter part of May. The flowers are large and the colour—frequently that of the lovely *P. divaricata*—clear lilac.

Sea Hollies and Globe Thistles are particularly effective with the August-flowering Phloxes, and another plant happy with the pink and salmon sorts is *Clematis davidiana*, with opaque lavender blossoms, which last a long time in good condition. The great Sea Lavender, *Statice latifolia*, with its huge heads of mauve-coloured, mistlike bloom, is lovely with P. Mad. Paul Dutrie, or Mrs. Oliver. This Sea Lavender grows about two feet high, sending up its flower spikes from a tuft of rather coarse leaves. It requires a rich soil, and frequent division is neither necessary nor desirable.

Groups of white and lavender Phlox are much improved by sheaves of flaming Montbretias, or orange-scarlet Snapdragons. The gray-foliaged plants are lovely with groups of pink and scarlet Phloxes, and many other harmonious associations will suggest themselves to the designer of August pictures.

The great mass of summer and autumn flowering plants belong to the natural order Compositæ—that is, having a mass of tiny florets crowded together in the centre and surrounded by an involucre, as in the field daisy, and as these flowers are all very similar in form, in spite of variations in colour, the garden is apt to be less varied and interesting at this season unless we are careful not to let the composites predominate. Their flowers lack the charm and suggestion which we find in those of more irregular design, and many of the plants are weedy and gawky in habit, so that intelligent selection should be made from the long lists of Rudbeckias, Heleniums, Helianthuses, Pyrethrums, Asters, Boltonias, and Chrysanthemums offered us in the catalogues.

Of the Rudbeckias I think *R. Newmani* is perhaps the most useful. It grows about two feet tall and bears in great profusion throughout the summer and fall large daisylike flowers, like Black-eyed Susans, with a dark cone in the centre. This plant suffers in dry weather and likes a retentive soil or shade for part of the day. *R. laciniata, fl. pl.*, better known as Golden Glow, has long been banished from our garden enclosure, though the blossoms are pretty and good for cutting. The plant is long-legged, gawky, and weak-kneed, and it spreads rapidly without encouragement and frequently quite swallows up its neighbours. The purple Cone flower, *Rudbeckia purpurea*, or *Echinacea purpurea* as it is correctly called, is also a very good plant and much more tolerant of drought than *Newmani*. It grows about four feet tall and bears large blossoms of a curious dead pink, with a protruding golden-brown cone. This plant is rather hard to associate well and I feel that full justice is not given it here, though the fleecy bloom of *Polygonum compactum* and masses of blue-green Rue, which are its neighbours, are very good with it. It is rather a sombre-looking plant, but as desirable for its good habits and long period of bloom as for its numerous dull-pink flowers.

The Sunflowers, Helianthus, are conspicuous members of both annual and perennial garden society at this season, but there are only a few which seem to me to have any great attraction, save in half-wild places. Their roots are most unrestrained and one must ever be weeding them out. To one sort, however, I can give the most enthusiastic praise—*Helianthus multiflorus fl. pl.*, which grows about five feet high, is compact and controlled as to growth, has rich, dark foliage and many golden globes of bloom. It makes a good background for the heavy-headed white Phlox, and before its season closes the earlier hardy Asters colour effectively in its neighbourhood. There is a variety called Soleil d'Or which is also a splendid plant, with the same firm, compact habit and rich orange-yellow, double flowers. I do not care much for the single-flowered Sunflowers, though Miss Mellish is a good sort. However, she grows nine feet tall in our garden in her determination to see over the wall, and her surprising length is too scantily clothed for beauty. *H. mollis* is a pretty good Sunflower, of more moderate height, and bears large yellow flowers, which contrast pleasantly with the grayish foliage.

The Heleniums or Sneezeweeds are, as a class, better than the Sunflowers. Indeed some of them are very beautiful with their flowers of Indian-red, russet, and gold. I know of few late flowers more effective than *H. Striatum* var. *autumnale rubrum*, in its rich autumn colouring. *Riverton Gem* also has this rich colouring, and both are most effective in bold groups against a wall covered with *Clematis panticulata* and with masses of lavender and purple hardy Asters as neighbours. *H. Riverton Beauty* has rays of pure lemon-yellow with a purple-black disc. These all grow from four feet to five feet tall and form strong, bushy clumps of good upstanding habit, which require frequent division. There is a form called *H. pumilum* var. *magnificum*, which is much dwarfer, growing only about eighteen inches tall and bearing yellow flowers. *H. Hoopesii* starts to bloom late in June, but I think that in this month of rare and exquisite flowers we have no need of the coarser bloom of the Heleniums. The Heleniums associate well together and with most of the warm-toned flowers of the late summer and autumn, such as Marigolds, Snapdragons, *Gladiolus brenchleyensis*, Tritomas, hardy Asters, and others.

Pyrethrum uliginosum is one of the valuable composites of the later summer. It grows four to five feet tall and forms fine, erect clumps, bearing quantities of white daisylike flowers over a period of several weeks. It is fine as a background for pink and lavender Phlox. A charming group here is made up of this Pyrethrum, Phlox Elizabeth Campbell and *Clematis davidiana*. Early bloomers among the hardy Asters, such as *A. Amellus* var. Beauté Parfait, *elegans*, or Perry's Favourite, are also good in association with the Pyrethrum. It is unnecessary to devise associations for this good plant, for once in the garden a need for its sturdy growth, clean foliage, and dense masses of bloom makes itself felt in many quarters, and we are glad that it may be increased so generously by division.

The Boltonias are also tall plants, which bear small daisylike flowers, some white and some pink. But, while its masses of bloom are effective, the plants grow rather too tall and leggy and are very difficult to stake. We put stout Dahlia stakes through the clumps, making a sort of web of cord from stake to stake, as when tied tightly to the stakes the effect is very stiff and ungraceful. There is a lower growing form called *nana*, which is a better plant for small gardens and narrow borders than the tall *B. latisquama* and *asteroides*. Groups of tall pink Phlox, gray-leaved *Elymus glauca*, and hazy Sea Lavender are good in front of the Boltonias, and they also lend themselves pleasantly to the companionship of the early hardy Asters and Sunflowers. The spreading proclivities of this plant are a drawback, but it is easily gotten rid of and I have come to the point when I can callously pull it out and throw it away.

A beautiful though rather coarse-growing composite of the late summer is *Vernonia arkansana,* tall and strong and gorgeously magenta as to its great flower heads. The everyday name of this plant is Ironweed, and a low-growing form is wild about here, creating a splendid glow over the damp, rocky meadows in August and September. In borders where there is room for it *Polygonum compactum,* with cream-coloured, fleecy flowers, is a good companion for the Ironweed, but the great Polygonum is such an indomitable spreader that it should be admitted with caution. Groups of Kansas Gay Feather (*Liatris pychnostachya*) are pretty rising from among bushes of Rue or Lavender Cotton. Their colour is certainly magenta, but these flowers are very graceful and effective, and if carefully companioned the colour is no drawback but very beautiful. The Gay Feathers like a dry soil and full sunshine; in rich, heavy soils they are short lived. The before-mentioned one is the better, but two others, *L. spicata* and *scariosa,* are similar and serve to prolong the blooming season. From a tuft of leaves these plants send up wandlike stems, about four feet in height, feathered with delicate foliage and terminating in a spike of bloom about ten inches long. It is one of those plants, like Lilies and Asphodels, which need the foliage of other plants to make up for its too scanty leafage.

Pink and white Mallows are conspicuous in the late summer and autumn garden. They are easily raised from seed, and in deep, rich soil will grow into fine spreading clumps. The old sweet, white Day Lily (*Funkia subcordata*), with its beautiful, spreading, pale-green foliage and gleaming lilylike blooms, should be found shining in every August garden. It has long been a favourite, and is one of the few flowers of this season which is rich in association and tradition. It is not so much used nowadays, save *F. Sieboldiana*, which is valued for the metallic gleam of its great leaves, and one sees *F. lancifolia*, in its variety ablo-marginata, or variegata, frequently edging the borders in cottage gardens. I am very fond of the Corfu Lily (*F. subcordata*) and like to coddle it a bit, giving it the richest, dampest soil at my command. In the Iris Bed, about the little, ever-overflowing pool, it reaches a great state of happy luxuriance, sending up countless spikes of sweet white flowers, seeming to belong to a simpler age than ours. The broad, lasting foliage of this plant and Sieboldiana is of great value in the garden from the time of its rather late appearance in spring. In these days when we do not plant haphazard any plant which strikes our fancy in any spot which happens to be empty, but consider, not only the effect of its colour upon its neighbours, but the effect of its habit and form in the general arrangement, such well-rounded, orderly plants as the Funkias should be more used than they are.

An attractive August group is composed of *Artemisia lactiflora* and *Salvia azurea* var. *grandiflora*, growing in deep, rich soil. The former is a plant of comparatively recent introduction and is of real value. It bears heads of creamy blossoms and grows about four feet high. It is not so rampant a grower as most of its family, and I have lost several plants, I think, from winter killing. The Salvia is one of the prettiest ornaments of the late summer, but is so difficult to maintain in an upright position that I am often tempted to do without its heavenly colour. Its wandlike stems are so slender as to be entirely unable to uphold themselves, and when tied to a stake the plant loses all grace. Young plants seem to stand up a little better, and as the Salvia is a free seeder there are usually plenty of these.

CHAPTER EIGHT

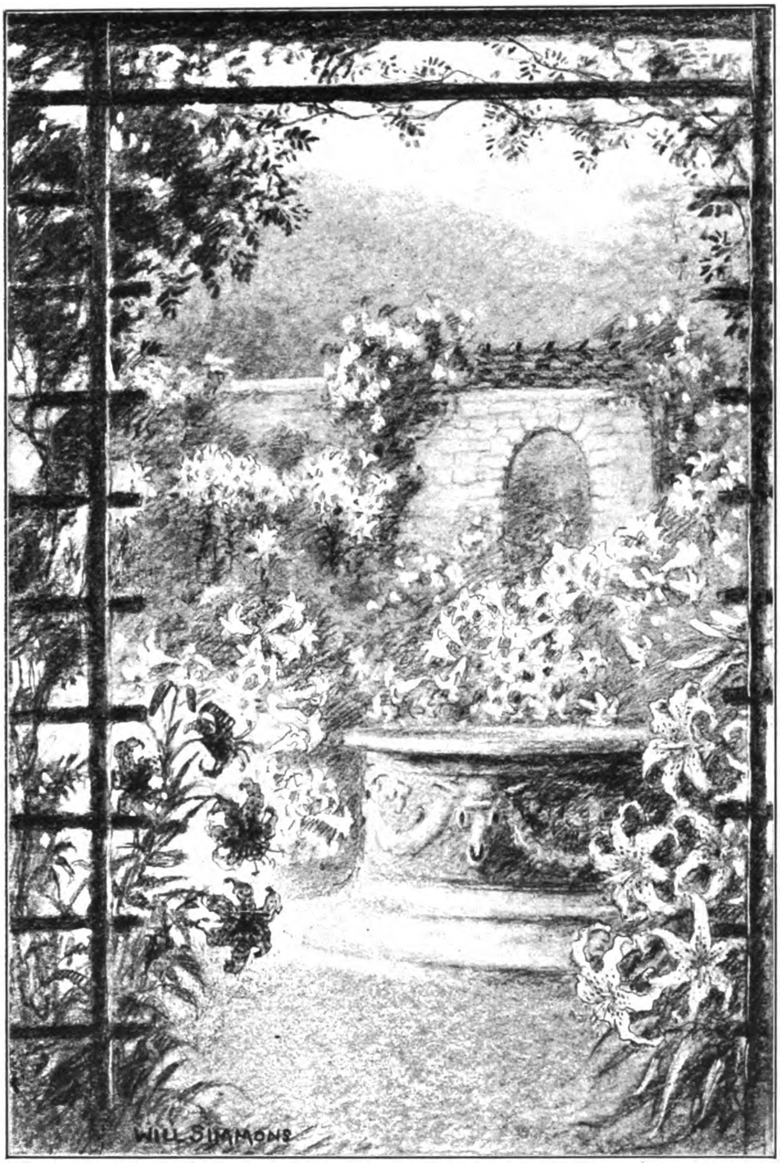
AUTUMN BEAUTY

Gather ye roses while you may,
  Old time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day
  To-morrow will be dying.

—*Herrick.*

THE first two weeks of September are very like August, both in bloom and in weather. Save for Michaelmas Daisies there are few flowers peculiar to this period, but if the season has not been too dry Phloxes will still be in fine colour, the second flowering of Delphiniums at its height, and all the host of Boltonias, Pyrethrums, Heleniums, Helianthuses, and Rudbeckias making a rich display, while the annuals indulge in the maddest gayety as their season draws to its close. Groups of garnet-jewelled speciosum Lilies here and there in the borders lend a touch of elegance and distinction to the garden, and the cool nights and heavy dews have incited the Mallows to larger and finer results in their great silken blossoms. Nepeta, the invaluable, blooms again with delicate enthusiasm. Indeed, it has never ceased to bloom entirely, but the cooler weather has started it off afresh, and where it fringed the top of the low, retaining walls in May, it now hangs in soft-coloured mats and festoons to the bottom. How delightful has been this Nepeta all through the season. Pale Daffodils and pink and mauve Tulips pierced in succession its pleasant mat of gray foliage; later China Roses and white Lilies were charming with it, and now the long arms of purple Asters are flung across it in assured harmony, and the Showy Stonecrop, Sedum spectabile, finds a happy setting for its strange pink blossoms.

The hardy Aster or Michaelmas Daisy is, of course, the important flower of the month, and lovely and invaluable it is, though I find it not in many a good garden. Because it grows in cloudlike masses by the dusty roadsides, mingling happily with the Golden Rod and Ferns, many do not look upon it seriously as a garden flower. And it is from these same wild forms that the fine garden sorts now to be had have been developed. No flower adds so much to the beauty and grace of the autumn garden as this, and I should like to root out all the Cannas and Salvias, so blatant in many a fine garden at this season, and fill their places with a tide of tender colour and graceful growth so generously furnished by the Michaelmas Daisies. All shades of lavender, mauve, and purple are to be had, besides pinkish tones, blush and pure white, in plants which are from one foot to six feet in height and which exhibit many delightful variations in form and habit. The blooming of the



"GROUPS OF GARNET-JEWELLED SPECIOSUM LILIES HERE AND THERE IN THE BORDERS LEND A TOUCH OF ELEGANCE AND DISTINCTION TO THE GARDEN"

various sorts covers a long period, from August until November, but September is their festival month. They adapt themselves with supreme grace to any sort of gardening, and it would be difficult to know how to make an autumn garden beautiful without their aid. Borders made up almost entirely of these flowers are very lovely if one's garden is large enough to permit any part of it being given up to a single season. I saw many such borders splendidly carried out in England and in Scotland. The gray-foliage plants, Lyme Grass, Lavender Cotton, Artemisias, Nepeta, and *Stachys lanata* are largely used with the Michaelmas Daisies with perhaps a few buff-coloured Dahlias and Gladioli and the strange mauve-pink of *Sedum spectabile*. *Clematis paniculata*, grown on tall pea-brush and cut back severely every year to prevent its growing too rampant, is lovely grown at the back of such a border and allowed to trail its fleecy bloom and later its strange, smoky seed vessels about over the soft-coloured Asters. The gray-foliage plants would need to be planted in generous groups toward the front of the border, with dwarf Asters in between and the wandlike branches of the taller kinds brought forward here and there and tied to low pea-brush. Pea-brush, by the way, is by far the best staking to use for these flowers, as it allows them to show all their natural grace. We put the brush in when the plants are about two feet tall, arranging the Aster branches so as to make the brush as inconspicuous as possible and later clip off any ends which show after the plants have reached their full height.

Many varieties of hardy Asters are offered in the catalogues and not all are good—some being very weedy in character and poor and dull in bloom. It is a good plan to see them in bloom in some nursery, if possible, before buying, but the following list, while not of the newest, will be found to contain only very good sorts.

Forms of *Aster Amellus* are numerous and beautiful. They are among the earliest to bloom and range from one and one-half feet to three feet in height. The type has large purple flowers and grows two feet tall:

Aster amellus var. Distinction—purple-blue—two feet.
" " Perry's Favourite—reddish-pink—three feet.
" " Onward—deep violet—one and a half feet.
A. acris—soft blue—lovely—three to four feet. August, September.
A. alpinus —bright purple—one foot. All summer.
" var. *albus*—white—one foot. All summer.
A. ericoides—masses of small white flowers—three to four feet. September.
" var. Enchantress of small blush flowers—three to four feet. September.
" " Hon. Edith Gibbs of small lavender-gray flowers —three to four feet. September.
" " Hon. Vicary Gibbs of small pinkish mauve—two and a half feet. September.
A. grandiflorus—very large purple flowers—two feet. October and November.
A. laevis var. *arcturus*—purple-blue—dark-stemmed—four feet. August.
A. novae-angliae—New England Aster. Very fine.

A. novae-angliae var. Mrs. J. F. Raynor—purplish-crimson—five feet. September and October.
" " Novelty—bright mauve—three to four feet. September and October.
" " Ryecroft Purple—very conspicuous—five feet. September and October.
" " Wm. Bowman—rosy-purple—four feet. September and October.

A. novie-belgii—(These are among the best.)
" var. Beauty of Colwall—tender lavender—double—four to five feet. September and October.
" " Climax—almost blue—four feet. September and October.
" " Elsie Perry—almost pink—three feet. September and October.
" " F. W. Burbidge—rosy-lavender—four feet. September and October.
" " Flossy—good white—three to four feet. September and October.
" " White Queen—one and a half feet. September and October.
" " Robert Parker—lavender—four to five feet. September and October.
" " St. Brigid—blush—four to five feet. September and October.
" " Top Sawyer—lavender—five to six feet. September and October.
" " Margurite—lovely blue—five feet. September and October.

Two other charming Asters of recent introduction are Perry's Pink—bright rose and blooming late—two to three feet, and St. Egwin—pinkish-mauve—three feet —September. This plant forms finely rounded bushes covered with bloom.*

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*Other valuable sorts are Feltham Blue, Peters White, Mrs. Perry Improved, King George, Climax, Wm. Marshall, Beauty of Ronsdorf.

If more white is desired among the Asters Boltonias and Pyrethrums may be used and groups of Japanese Anemones.

These plants are perfectly hardy, coming through the coldest winters unharmed. Any garden may grow them, for they require no special conditions and will thrive in any soil. About every third year the old clumps should be broken up and replanted as the increase is rapid and the plants become untidy and unmanageable.

Groups of lavender and purple Asters in front of a wall covered with warmly coloured Virginia Creeper create an indescribably rich effect, and the flaming Tritoma allowed to pierce a fountainlike mass of pale-coloured small flowered sorts is very magnificent.

After the middle of September, though no hint of the destroyer is in the air, a vague undercurrent of uneasiness makes itself felt in the garden. The flowers appear to redouble their efforts; bloom follows bloom in anxious haste, and the borders look as if colour had been poured recklessly upon them "from a beeker of richest dyes." By some instinct the flowers know that the breath of the frost king is not far off and they desire to accomplish all their duty before it blows upon them. Perhaps there will be one more week, perhaps two, and it is within the realm of the possible that old November, driving his storm-steeds and followed by his Indian bride blowing warm breaths from her scarlet lips, will arrive and find the China Roses still blowing, Dahlias unharmed, and

Honeysuckle waving gracious censers over a sunlit garden. Last year hard frost held off so long that after the first light snowstorm I found the tearful faces of pink Verbenas shining through the snow and the heads of fresh Sweet Alyssum looking as if they had donned little nightcaps vastly becoming.

But we have not arrived at this point yet and turn with gratitude to the groups of Japanese Anemones which have begun to open their lovely flowers. Among the strong colours and coarser growths of the autumn garden this exquisite, refined flower looks as if it belongs at the other end of the year and unfit to cope with frosts and winds, but it is quite strong and brave and will withstand several degrees of frost without flinching. According to soil and situation *Anemone Japonica* will vary much as to height. Well grown, the flower stems should rise three feet, or more, and break into a loose spray of lovely blossoms, white, or in shades of pink and rose. I have had the best results with these flowers in rich rather heavy soil and partial shade, and I find they take a year or two to become sufficiently at home to create much of an effect. They appear very late in spring so, in digging about the borders, care must be taken not to injure the fleshy roots.

In Mr. H. H. Thomas's book, "The Ideal Garden," he says: "The Japanese Anemone likes a shady spot, it dislikes being disturbed, and thrives in quite ordinary soil. The rootstock is woody, and a large stock may be worked up by cutting the rootstock into pieces about three inches long, and placing them in sandy soil in a cold frame in Autumn or Spring. The pieces of root are inserted horizontally, not perpendicularly, about two inches beneath the soil." There are many varieties of this charming flower but none can compare (in my opinion) to the old white, var. *alba*, and to *Queen Charlotte*, which has no peer in the floral world for silvery pink perfection of colour, save in a La France Rose. The single sorts are much lovelier than those with an increase of petals which spoils the simplicity and hides the brush of gold in the centre that is one of the chief charms.

No more charming association for Japanese Anemones in the white and pale pink varieties could be found than bushes of metallic-leaved Rue, and others of the gray-leaved brotherhood are nearly as good. The "bleak blue" of Monkshood is fine with white Anemones, and both *Aconitum Wilsoni* and the later *Aconitum autumnale* may be used. Mr. Thomas speaks of the charm of *Lobelia cardinalis* with white Anemones, but regrets the lack of hardiness of the Lobelia, which must be taken up and stored in the winter. This we do not understand, for here, where the mercury falls many degrees below zero every winter, the Cardinal Flower is the glory of our wet meadows and stream margins, and has no covering save that which nature provides.

Chrysanthemum nipponicum is a Japanese plant which all summer long has been valuable for its strong, rounded bushes and thick, dark foliage. It grows about two and one-half feet high, and while its large, white, daisylike flowers have the slightly chilled look common to many white flowers at this season, it is still well worth having.

This is a busy time in the garden, for as October comes in one may, with impunity, begin clearing up a little, making over such beds and borders as require it, dividing the Phloxes and other hardy things which are outgrowing their strength, and rearranging one's colour schemes. It is well to do as much of this sort of thing as possible in the autumn while defects are still fresh in one's mind, for in the all-beautifying light of spring one is apt to feel that perfection is already an accomplished fact in one's garden. Also there is always more work to be done in spring than one counts upon, and anything accomplished now may provide us with a breathing space at that season when we should be so grateful for time to just sit and drink in the loveliness stealing into the world around us.

Autumn planting of perennials is advised by many who are in a position to know, and I have heard nurserymen say that their customers get more careful attention and stronger plants at this season; but certainly any plants whose absolute hardiness is questioned are best set out in spring, so that the strain of winter will not come upon them before they are strongly established. It is now that one's home nursery comes into important requisition, for one may lift the plants with good balls of earth, so that the roots are almost undisturbed, and set them down in their new homes quite unbeknownst to themselves. If the weather has been dry the earth about the plants should be well soaked, so that it will adhere to the roots when lifted.

Snowdrops, Scillas, Chionodoxas, Crocuses, Tulips, Daffodils, *Iris reticulata*, English Iris, Crown Imperials, and the lesser Fritillaries, and all sorts of Lilies, save candidum, may now be tucked away for the glorification of the coming year. Hardy Roses may be set out, and many shrubs and trees and vines; altogether, there is plenty of work to do, and it is well there is, else one might grow low-spirited in this season of farewells and be crossing the flowerless bridge of winter before one has quite come to it.

The autumn Crocuses come every year as a surprise. Though I know they are there I never seem to quite expect a Crocus at this season, and when, one fine day in late September, I come suddenly upon a group of the rosy-lilac bubbles which mean *C. zonatus*, poised lightly above a gray blanket of Cerastium, it is always something of a shock. Zonatus is a lovely, jewel-like thing, but said not to be quite hardy, so the Cerastium coverlid is much to its mind, and besides protects its delicate flowers from spattering mud. *C. speciosus* is an emperor among Crocuses; its large blue-purple bowl is carried on a long stem and within it burns its flamecapped stigmata like a candle, or perhaps the torch of its hardy little spirit. Speciosus blooms late. It is usually well into October before I come upon them, standing gravely beneath the Lilac bushes, or piercing the gray-leaved creepers at the front of the Michaelmas Daisy border. Surely there is much interest and a touch of mystery attached to these frail flowers standing so carelessly at the gate of winter. Their nakedness—for the leaves are borne in spring and wither long before the vaselike flower comes—adds to the feeling that they are "somehow different," but nevertheless one is glad to have them—the more the better. We have here only the two kinds, but there are others which would be worth trying: *C. nudiflorus*, *pulchellus*, *iridiflorus*, *cancellatus*, and *sativus* are a few. They may be planted in late summer and early autumn and, like their brothers at the other end of the year, enjoy a light, well-drained soil, free from clay and manure. A cushion and covering of sand is advisable, and a ground cover of some small creeper, such as *Gypsophila repens*, *Veronica prostrata*, or *Cerastium*, is a protection to their frail beauty.

The first week of October sees many changes upon the fair face of the garden, and by the middle of the winter the gay tints are lowered to halftones and there is little colour, save here and there a sparkle where an indomitable California Poppy still blooms, or a luminous spike of Larkspur reaches skyward, less opulently clothed, less tall, but never before so heavenly blue. It is an endearing quality, this of the Delphiniums, to come back at the very end of the season that we may carry the memory of their perfect blue through the lowering days to come. Many times, after very low temperature in late November, I have gathered a few of these azure wands, still frailer and more delicately clothed, but dearer far than the great splendid flower stalks of mid-summer. Dear, too, are the little nosegays of China Roses and Mignonette one may gather at this season, the sprays of Honeysuckle or the wide-eyed purple Pansies.

There is not now that exuberant plenty, with the resulting confusion, which belongs to mid-summer, and what flowers there are stand out in the simple autumn sunlight, that seems to envelop the world in a sort of luminous sheen, with a special meaning and significance. It is now that we are especially grateful to the gray and metallic-leaved plants, for their foliage is in nowise impaired by the early frosts, and the soft-hued mounds and bushes and trails are particularly lovely and helpful in creating a few more charming pictures for us before winter claims our garden. Here a late pink hardy Aster trails a branch across the Rue bushes—there a few loose white rugosa Roses gleam above some hoary Southernwood bushes, and a flame-coloured Nasturtium has burst into a riot of bloom below the rounds of Lavender Cotton. In another part of the garden self-sown pink Snapdragons in the retaining wall are lovely with the festooning Nepeta, and little mists of *Gypsophila muralis* gleam at the wall foot.

But it is to the "bitter-sweet Chrysanthemum" that we turn in these last days of the garden's life with a feeling of grateful love. Even the esthetic *Anemone japonica* must give way before the affection we feel for this hardy child, born of the sun and frost. Not the splendid creatures one sees upon the show bench, or in the florist's windows, but those small, spirited fellows, in brown and old gold, russet, garnet, old pink, and smoky rose, which linger to the very end in the garden, the biting cold of November nights seeming merely to tone them up and impart a defiant quality to the audacious little tufts of colour. Often it is difficult to find these really old-fashioned hardy Chrysanthemums in the nurseries, but frequently, in driving, or walking about the country in the autumn, we come upon them in the gardens of village or country people. Some of the best I have were found in this way, and the owners are glad to give a root or two which will quickly spread into a fine clump. I cannot give a list of named sorts, for my own all came as gifts. They love a warm, sunny situation and a rich, deep soil, and if once or twice during the summer a little well-rotted manure is dug about the roots the response will be whole hearted and generous. Every year, in spring, the plants are best divided and the soil enriched before they are replanted.

CHAPTER NINE

BORDER ROSES AND CLIMBERS

"Whatso'er of beauty
Yearns and yet reposes,
Blush and bosom and sweet breath,
Took a shape in Roses."

—*Leigh Hunt.*

ROSE growing is of the fine arts; an art to which many societies owe their being; to which many men devote their lives; about which books are written and poets sing. So great a subject cannot be covered in one short chapter of a book on general gardening.

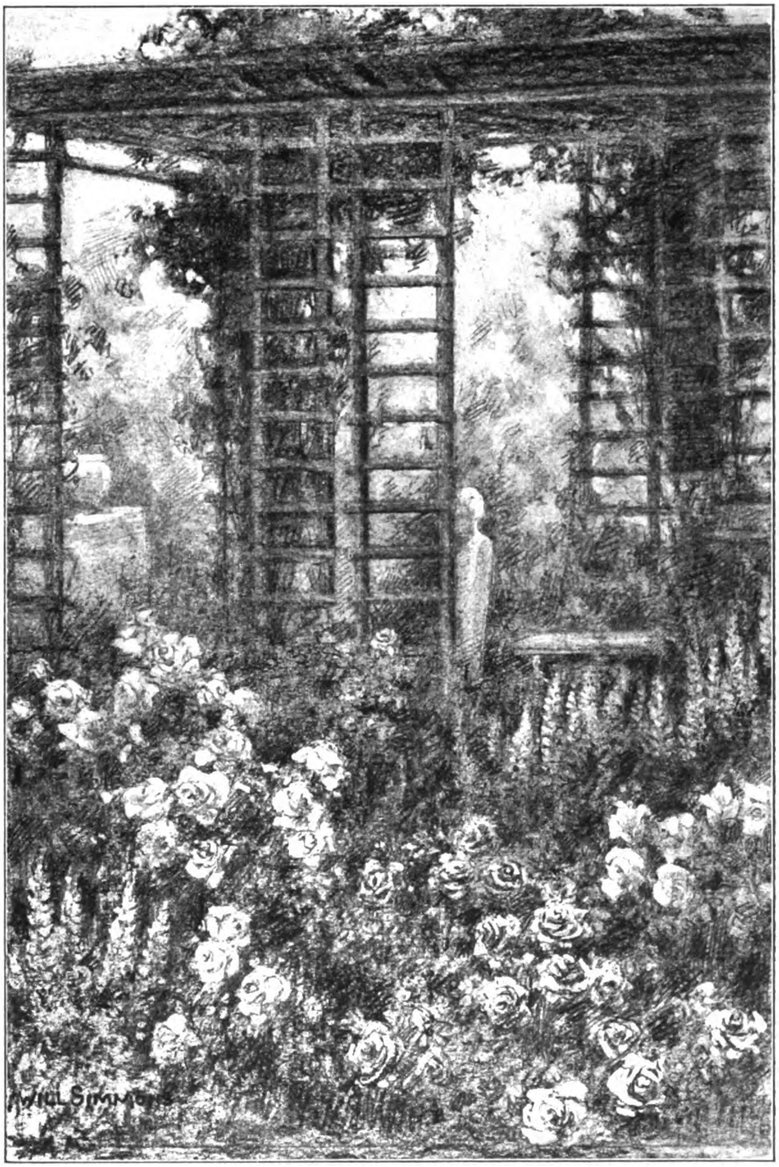
Dean Hole, in his deeply appreciative, almost reverential, "Book About Roses," starts his discourse with these words: "He who would have beautiful Roses in his garden, must have beautiful Roses *in his heart*. He must love them well and always. To win, he must woo, as Jacob wooed Laban's daughter, though drought and frost consume. He must have not only the glowing admiration, the enthusiasm, and the passion, but the tenderness, the thoughtfulness, the reverence, the watchfulness of love . . . . the cavalier of the Rose has *semper fidelis* upon his crest and shield." And the

Rose is a jealous mistress, for not only will she have the whole attention of her lover in the days of fulness and beauty, but when her blooms are fled must she be shielded from annoyance, fed and bathed, and in the winter carefully protected. She will share her bed with none, and indeed she likes well a whole garden to herself; she must not be exposed to rough winds, she must be sheltered, but not shaded, and "no bough may darken, no drip may saturate, no roots may rob the Rose." And who that is able to give will grudge her all she desires, for a Rose garden scrupulously cared for is a joy of joys, and success with Roses more flattering than with any other flower. But is there a sorrier sight than a neglected Rose? She is no hand at making the best of things: she must have all, or nothing; and so worthy is she of the best that I am always sorry to see Roses planted where the best may not be theirs.

All this may seem to relegate Roses to the gardens of those with a staff of gardeners and a special Rose garden, but it does not. Any enthusiast, high or low, may have the Rose at her loveliest, if he take Dean Hole's words as his creed, and studies and provides for the needs of this fair flower; may have, I mean, those beautiful, long-stemmed Roses, known as Teas, Hybrid Teas, and Hybrid Perpetuals, with whose photographs the catalogues overflow, and about whose culture so many books have been written that one might form a library of them alone. But for us, whose love and watchfulness must cover so many other flowers and whose space is limited, there are Roses, too, Roses that will give of their sweetest, tucked in among the perennials, growing among the shrubs, clambering over walls and trellises, or standing alone in long-limbed, bountiful beauty beside the garden path, and to such as these this chapter is lovingly dedicated.

Many of these are Roses of yesterday, old-fashioned, sweet-breathed, and simple, which have modestly given way before the great tide of modern beauties, retiring to out-of-the-way nooks in old gardens. Many are of more recent introduction, but have the unostentatious charm of those others; some are free, wild creatures brought to endure garden life with equanimity but keeping the native grace of their former state; and then there are the splendid host of climbers, born of the Polyantha, Wichuraiana and other types, which increase in number and in beauty with every year of work done by the hybridizers.

I do not mean to imply that these friendly Roses will thrive luxuriantly with no comforts in shallow, poor soil, or shade; nor that they are never attacked by insect or disease, nor that they will smile year after year without attention. No desirable plant would! But only that their requirements in all these matters are much less *fixed* than those of their high-born sisters, that they are adaptable and not exclusive. For every kindness



"MANY OF THESE ARE ROSES OF YESTERDAY, OLD-FASHIONED, SWEET-BREATHED AND SIMPLE, WHICH HAVE MODESTLY GIVEN WAY BEFORE THE GREAT TIDE OF MODERN BEAUTIES, RETIRING TO OUT-OF-THE-WAY NOOKS IN OLD GARDENS"

done them they thankfully repay us in greater gifts of bloom and sweetness.

First in my affections come the old-fashioned Roses:

> "For the Moss Rose and the Musk Rose,
> Maiden's Blush and royal Dusk Rose"

possess a most enduring charm.

Many people who come into my garden have never seen the old-fashioned Roses at all, so neglected are they nowadays, but they never fail to win admiration for their fine perfume and beguiling simplicity.

The old Cabbage or Provence Rose, *Rosa centifolia*, is perhaps the most beautiful, the most fragrant, and the most neglected of these erstwhile favourites. I remember that there were huge, erect bushes of both the bright pink and the rarer white Provence Rose in the garden where I was a little girl. The flowers are large and full-petalled, borne on long, strong stems, and breathe an ineffable fragrance with which many a modern beauty may well crave to augment her charms. The foliage is a fine dark green and the colour of the flowers a splendid and lavish pink. The white Provence is rare and lovely, having the same full-petalled form as the pink, but less vigorous in habit and in constitution. The Provence Rose is the oldest Rose in cultivation, and its long past is an honourable one, for it has ministered, not only to the human need for beauty for hundreds of years, but was ever in demand for medicinal purposes, for perfumes, and for conserves.

The original Moss Rose was a "sport" or child of the Provence. It seems to me that there is nothing lovelier in the whole flower kingdom than a spray of Moss Rose buds, yet how seldom do we see them nowadays! The Moss Roses here are grown mainly in the Herb garden, where the erect bushes rise from a tangle of soft-toned herbs and mingle their delicate perfume with the pungent breath of their neighbours.

It is difficult to improve upon the Old Pink Moss for beauty, but just as fine are the other pink sorts: Salet, Crested Moss, Zenobia, and Comtesse de Murinais. And the white sorts, with shapely buds gleaming from their bright-green garment, seem loveliest of all. These are White Bath, Blanche Moreau, and Perpetual Moss, which blooms in bewitching clusters and is well mossed. There are also crimson sorts, but these are not so lovely. The best is Crimson Globe.

Moss Roses have one drawback, their liability to mildew, but with generous treatment and a very little trouble they may be protected from this affliction. They should be planted absolutely free from shade and never against a wall, that all the winds of heaven may sweep around them, and let their roots be set in deep, well-drained, rich soil. In spring, as soon as the leaves appear, dust them with powdered sulphur and repeat several times during the summer, especially in "spells" of damp, sunless weather.

The Damask Rose, with its large, flat, shining crimson petals and central brush of gold, is worthy a place in every garden. We have a hedge of it in the Herb garden because it was so esteemed of old in the manufacture of many pleasant things. The single blossoms yield a rare perfume, and while the bush is not so well set up and sturdy as the Provence it is very fine and glowing in its June beneficence. This Rose came from Syria to Europe in the train of the Crusaders. Of late years some beautiful hybrid Damask Roses have been introduced, but they are not yet offered by our nurserymen, save the fair Mad. Hardy, which has the Provence Rose for its other parent and resembles it more nearly. The quaint York and Lancaster Rose, with its impartial red and white stripes, is a Damask and grows into great bushes bearing freely its fragrant particoloured flowers; *Rosa gallica*, the Apothecaries Rose, in its striped forms, is often confused with the York and Lancaster.

In the front yard of this place, when we came here to live, we found thickets of Maiden's Blush Roses, the Rose of Mrs. Browning's poem, and all about the neighbourhood in the simple dooryards, pressing their flushed faces through the faded palings, are her sisters. This is a variety of *Rosa alba*, the White Rose of old gardens, which dates back to the sixteenth century, and which has never lost its popularity in rural neighbourhoods. Both aphis and mildew attack this Rose. We powder the bushes well with hellebore twice before the leaves are out and once after, and watch carefully for signs of mildew, so that sulphur may be given before it gets a fair start.

No discourse upon old-fashioned Roses would be complete without mention of the Chinas, those Roses which in English gardens grow in such sweet confusion among the Lavender bushes. In this climate they are neither so vigorous nor so hardy, but we have carried a bed of China Roses safely through the past three winters with only a blanket of stable litter. They are the first to bloom in late May, and continue joyously until the heat of mid-summer somewhat checks their ardour, but begin again with the dew-bathed nights of late August, and for the past two years we have had a bowl of China Roses for the dinner table on Thanksgiving Day.

Many lovely varieties have been raised from the original two brought from China many years ago—the Old Blush Monthly and the Crimson China—and none is more beautiful than those displaying esthetic blendings of pink and gold, rose and copper. Of these are Laurette Messimy, Madame Eugene Resal, Comtesse du Cayla, and Arethusa. Mrs. Bosanquet is tender blush colour, Cramoisie Superieur a fine crimson and prolific bloomer, Ducher beautiful pure white, and Hermosa a full-petalled pink. While Lavender in our climate does not grow with great vigour, we may get almost as charming an effect by using *Nepeta Mussini* with the China Roses, in beds or long narrow borders.

The favourite white-flowered Madame Plantier, which is classed as a hybrid China, is a splendid Rose, forming in time huge bushes, each wandlike branch wreathed with snowy, double blossoms in June. I know a beautiful garden where great bushes of this and the shining Persian Yellow Brier alternate along a long walk and create a bewildering pageant of beauty in the season of their blooming.

The Briers. These are an enchanting race. Long-limbed and graceful, bearing for the most part single blossoms in lovely colours, and boasting a delicious fragrance, both of flower and leaf. They may be trained against pillars and trellises, used to form hedges, or allowed to grow, as I love them best, into great free bushes.

The Sweet-brier, or Eglantine, is too well known to need special description: its long branches starred with single pink flowers, its fragrant, "rain-scented" leafage, and its gay haws are familiar to most of us. And one would not be without a bush or two for old sakes' sake, though the splendid race created by Lord Penzance, and named for him, of which the simple Eglantine is a parent, are in a fair way to taking its place in most gardens. They have lost nothing of the sweetness of foliage and have gained truly glorious colours—peach, blush, copper, ecru, cherry, and dazzling scarlet. These roses are as hardy as iron and very quick growing if good soil is provided for them, and they make splendid bushes in a short time. The kinds we have here are Brenda, a delectable peach colour, with a brush of golden stamens; Lord Penzance, soft buff; Lady Penzance, burnished copper; Meg Merriles, beautiful strong crimson; Green Mantle, full pink with an inner circle of white; Flora M'Ivor, pure white, slightly flushed; Ann of Gierstein, dark crimson; Lucy Ashton, white with pink edges; Refulgence, bright scarlet, semi-double.

The Hybrid Scotch Brier Stanwell's Perpetual has small leaves, very thorny branches, and clouds of small, double, blush-coloured Roses. A lovely Rose this, to grow in the June borders with Persian Lilacs, Flag Irises, and tall white Lupines. As it is somewhat straggling in growth it is well to plant several together, thus securing a well-rounded bush.

Of all the Brier Roses, the Austrians claim my warmest admiration. The Austrian Copper is a true Sweet Brier, with nicely scented leafage, and bears its wonderful burnished blossoms, vermilion on the under side and yellow on the upper surface, in lavish profusion. It is the most brilliantly striking Rose of my acquaintance. It is sometimes spoken of as capricious, and I believe it is best procured on its own roots, but here in the walled garden, in good soil and a sunny position, it has so far been most flatteringly at home. The Austrian Yellow is also fine, but not so striking.

Besides the Maiden's Blush Roses we found also in the dooryard of this old house several fine bushes of Harisoni, that simple, loose-petalled, soft yellow Rose so lavish in its "toll to passing June," and so eloquent of old gardens and the days when simple things were the best beloved. The foliage has a faint sweet-brier fragrance, and the long, fiercely armed branches are set from end to end with semi-double Roses. Mrs. Earl says it was called the "Yellow Wreath Rose" in country neighbourhoods, which seems more apt than many plant names. The bush of Harisoni is rather straggly in habit, and I have found that planting three together, as with Stanwell's Perpetual, secures a better form.

The Persian Yellow Rose is more conspicuous, more double, and more golden than Harisoni, but has the same wreathlike growth, the long branches being literally weighted to the ground with their yellow burden. The term "Austrian," as applied to these Roses, is misleading, as they are Oriental in origin. Harisoni was raised in this country in the early part of the nineteenth century. Its parents are said to be the Austrian Yellow and a Scotch Brier. These yellow briers are lovely planted in wide borders with white and purple Persian Lilacs, lavender and white and buff Flag Irises, pink and white and blue Lupines, and bushes of hoary Southernwood and Rue, with Nepeta and *Stachys lanata* along the front.

ROSA RUGOSA. Few gardens are without one or more representatives of the fine Rugosa class. While this good and reliable Rose was introduced to the gardening world as long ago as 1784, it was not until about thirty years ago that the hybridists took in hand the single white and crimson sorts first introduced from Japan, and with their magic produced the beautiful double and semi-double sorts which gladden the gardens of to-day. These Roses are so hardy, so free from insect pests or disease, so unexacting in their demands, that perhaps we do not thank them enough for the esthetic value of the great loosely made blossoms, the unusual character of their fragrance, the polished, dark-green foliage, or their gift to winter, the plump scarlet haws.

I am particularly fond of Blanc Double de Coubert, which bears, I think, the whitest flowers in the world. It blooms early and all summer, and is often the last Rose in the garden in autumn. Madame Georges Bruant is another splendid paper-white sort of fine form. Nova Zembla is white, double, and very sweet-scented and is particularly fine in the bud. Conrad F. Meyer is a lovely silvery pink Rose, long and perfect in the bud, and fragrant. It is tall growing and makes a good pillar Rose. A deep wine-red sort is Souvenir de Pierre Leperdrieux, which lacks the magenta hint so often present in the red Roses of this type.

Rugosa Roses make fine hedges and may be planted close together and clipped, but for this purpose the common alba and rubra are most suitable. The Hybrid sorts may be grown among shrubs as free-growing bushes or trained against a wall or low trellis.

Wild Roses. Some of these make fine subjects for the shrubbery, or for thickets along drives, or walks, or for covering unsightly banks. Most of them are unexacting in the matter of soil and situation, and thrive with little attention. One of the prettiest is the Scotch or Burnet Rose (*Rosa spinosissima*), a shrub not more than four or five feet high, with long, recurving, fiercely thorny branches set with tender, creamy-white flowers. Much resembling it, but a step nearer perfection, is its relative or variety, *R. altaica*, of Central Asia, a truly lovely thing; and there is *R. hispida*, another brier-like relative with lemon-white blossoms.

R. lucida grows into nice thickets, and its brown branches and gay fruit are welcome in the winter world. In summer it decks itself in fine, luxuriant foliage and gleaming pink blossoms. *R. blanda* makes a good-sized bush, flowering in clusters of pink flowers, and is well adapted for covering dry banks.

Besides these there are *R. arvensis*, single pink flowers and a widely rambling habit; *R. setigera*, our long-branched Prairie Rose, late blooming and with magenta tendencies; *R. rubrifolia*, with rambling stems covered with a purplish bloom, and leaves tinted to match the little reddish flowers; and the Dog Rose (*R. canina*), with its pretty, scentless blooms and long, straggling branches.

CLIMBERS. We now come to the glorious array of Climbing Roses. Each year sees new beauties presented for our approval, and the difficulty is to find space wherein to grow all that we would like.

The wonder is that with all the long-limbed loveliness at our disposal there are so many walls, porches, fences, and arbours but scantily clothed, if clothed at all, and considering the enormous variety of Climbing Roses to be had how little originality and fitness is shown in the selections made. The poor overworked Crimson Rambler is the favourite, and is forced to blaze its unadaptable colour upon red brick walls, or pumpkin-coloured houses, without a chance to show its possibilities. In the right place it is a good Rose, save for its propensity to mildew, and it should be honoured as the first of a race which gives us now many more desirable sorts. The Crimson Rambler is a multiflora, and to this type and to the Wichuraianas we owe the major part of our Climbing Roses, though we have also Hybrid Teas, Hybrid Perpetuals, Teas, Ayrshires, Noisettes, Chinas, and Prairie Roses.

Many of the recent introductions and some of the very old ones are single or semi-double, and we are coming to realize and appreciate the esthetic value of these simple shining flowers. For many years multiplication of petals, the more the better, was the end aimed at by the Rose conjurers, and in a little book published in Philadelphia, in 1830, by Robert Buist, florist, I note the following: "Although there may be great beauty in simplicity, yet to the admirers of the Rose, singleness is a great objection."

The best results will be secured from Climbing Roses by digging a hole at least two feet deep and the same square and filling it in with a mixture of good earth and well-rotted cow manure. All Roses are better in a soil on the side of heaviness, so that if the soil where they are to be planted is light and sandy it is best not put back in the hole at all. The plant should be set in the hole with the roots well spread out and the soil pressed firmly about them, otherwise high winds will loosen its hold and damage our prospects of a fine display. A handful of bone meal scratched in on the top when the hole is filled up gives the young Rose a good start. The plant should be well pruned, tops and roots, before planting, and kept from drying out entirely for a few weeks. They may be set out early in the spring or in the fall. For very hardy sorts fall planting is perhaps the most satisfactory, but for Teas, Hybrid Teas, and Noisettes spring planting is safer. Farmyard manure is the best possible fertilizer for Roses. In the spring we turn back the soil and scratch in a little well-rotted stuff about the roots, and after the flowering period is past they receive a reward of merit in the form of a little wood ashes, or a handful of bone meal. The Roses here given require no winter covering, save in the case of the few noted, but a blanket of stable litter is a comfort and encouragement to all.

The following is a list of thirty varieties which grow in my own garden and which are both beautiful and reliable. For those wanting not so many I have marked the twelve best with an asterisk (*). The abbreviations are Poly. = Polyantha or properly Multiflora. Wich. = Wichuraiana. H. T. = Hybrid Tea. T. = Tea. H. P. = Hybrid Perpetual. H. C. = Hybrid China. Ayr. = Ayrshire.

*Silver Moon** (Wich.). Rich foliage, large deep cream semi-double flowers, long and beautiful in the bud. Very vigorous.

François Guillot (Wich.). Deep cream flat double flowers, yellow in bud.

*Hiawatha** (Wich.). Brilliant, scarlet-pink, white eye, large clusters, single.

*Alberic Barbier** (Wich.). Creamy-white, buds yellow, semi-double. Very vigorous.

*La Fiamma** (Wich.). Brilliant flame-rose, single. Very vigorous.

Waltham Rambler (Poly.). Soft pink, large clusters, single. Lovely.

*Dorothy Perkins** (Wich.). Clusters of bright pink, very double flowers, late. Very vigorous.

*Newport Fairy** (Wich.). Large clusters of shell-like pale pink flowers. Yellow at base. Exquisite. Vigorous.

*Mrs. F. W. Flight** (Poly.). Large clusters of soft pink flowers, white eye.

*Dr. Van Fleet** (Wich.). Large double shrimp pink, fine in bud, exquisite.

Tausendshön (Poly.). Pink and white. Large trusses. Semi-single.

Eliza Robichon (Wich.). Pink and buff, semi-double.

_Empress of China_* (—). Like clusters of apple blossoms. Vigorous.

Bennett's Seedling (Ayr.). Many pure-white double blossoms. Vigorous.

Lyon Rambler (Poly.). Brilliant cerise. Huge trusses. Vigorous.

_Trier_* (Poly.). Creamy-white, yellow centre. Semi-double, constant bloomer. Vigorous.

Blush Rambler (Poly.). Pale pink, very sweet.

_American Pillar_* (Poly.). Striking cerise-pink, white eye. Fine single.

_Paul's Carmine Pillar_* (H. T.). Gorgeous single blooms.

Félicité Perpétue (Ayr.). Charming creamy-white.

Coquina (Wich.). Lovely pink, single. Thick, fine foliage.

Climbing Kaiserin Augusta Victoria (H. T.). White double.

Climbing Frau Karl Druschki (H. P.). Huge double white flowers.

Edmond Proust (Wich.). Coppery-red. Fine. Vigorous.

Pink Roamer (Wich.). Large silvery pink and white single.

Goldfinch (Poly.). Pale yellow, changing to white, semi-double.

Dundee Rambler (Ayr.). White, pink edges. Very vigorous.

The Garland (Ayr.). Warm white and free flowering.

Wm. C. Egan (Poly.). Bright pink, very double.

Climbing Capt. Christy (H. T.). Lovely shade of pink.

Such lovely tender Roses as Reine Marie Henriette, William Allen Richardson, and Gloire de Dijon I am able to enjoy in our severe climate by laying them on the ground in winter and covering them with straw and a warm blanket of manure over the roots.

In severe winters the Ayrshires are sometimes winter-pruned, but the summer growth is so vigorous that it is of small moment.

Pruning. The pruning of Roses is a matter on which doctors do not always agree, but the following methods have proved satisfactory to my Roses and have been gleaned from the most reliable sources. Every gardener should study his Roses and know well their ways before he attempts to prune, save in the lightest manner. No exact general directions may be given, but a safe rule is to prune vigorous Roses lightly and weak-growing Roses hard, also to remove all dead wood, or broken twigs, and to cut away all faded blossoms, removing at the same time a bit of stem and a leaf or two. We prune first to force sap into the new shoots, thus insuring a good crop of flowers, and second to maintain a shapely bush. With this latter point in view, it is well to prune to a dormant bud pointing *outward*, so that the new shoots will *not* point toward the centre of the bush, making a tangled, unmanageable growth.

Pruning is best done in early March before the sap begins to run.

Provence and Moss Roses. Cut out dead wood, thin out old heavy shoots, and cut back all remaining shoots halfway.

Damask and Gallica. Thin out weak, ineffectual shoots and cut the strong ones back to about one foot.

Rosa Alba (*Maiden's Blush*). Should be grown as tall, spreading bushes. Remove some of the weak shoots and occasionally cut out old, crowded wood. Leave the main branches long, shortening only a little.

Chinas. Should be cut back sharply to about eighteen inches from the ground.

Hybrid China (*Mad. Plantier*). Best grown as free bushes leaving the shoots six feet long, shortening only the laterals and side branches, and cutting out old wood occasionally.

Sweet Briers. Require little pruning, but all old and tough wood should be cut to the ground to make room for young growth; weak shoots removed. No harm is done in shortening the very long shoots if they are in the way.

Scotch Briers. No pruning save the removal of dead wood.

Austrian Briers. No pruning save the removal of dead wood.

Rugosas. No pruning save the removal of dead wood and the occasional cutting back, almost to the ground, of very old wood.

Wild Roses. No pruning save the removal of dead wood.

Climbers. I quote Miss Jekyll's, "Roses for English Gardens":

"In the spring these need very little attention beyond securing the best shoots in the positions they are required to occupy, and to shorten back, or remove altogether, any other shoots which may not be required at all. Within July, however, all the strong-growing

Roses should be examined, and every year some of the shoots which have flowered be entirely removed and the best of the strong-growing young growths encouraged to take their place, cutting out altogether those not needed."

CHAPTER TEN

BORDER IRISES

"I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out."
—*Shakespeare.*

WHEN one sees the rainbow banners of the Iris unfurling along the borders in the sunshine it seems highly probable that the mantle of their namesake has fallen upon them, and that they are indeed messengers of the gods, and it seems well to incline one's ear and open wide one's eyes lest we miss some smallest shade of meaning in this rarely illuminated message brought to us by these brave couriers across the wintry wastes.

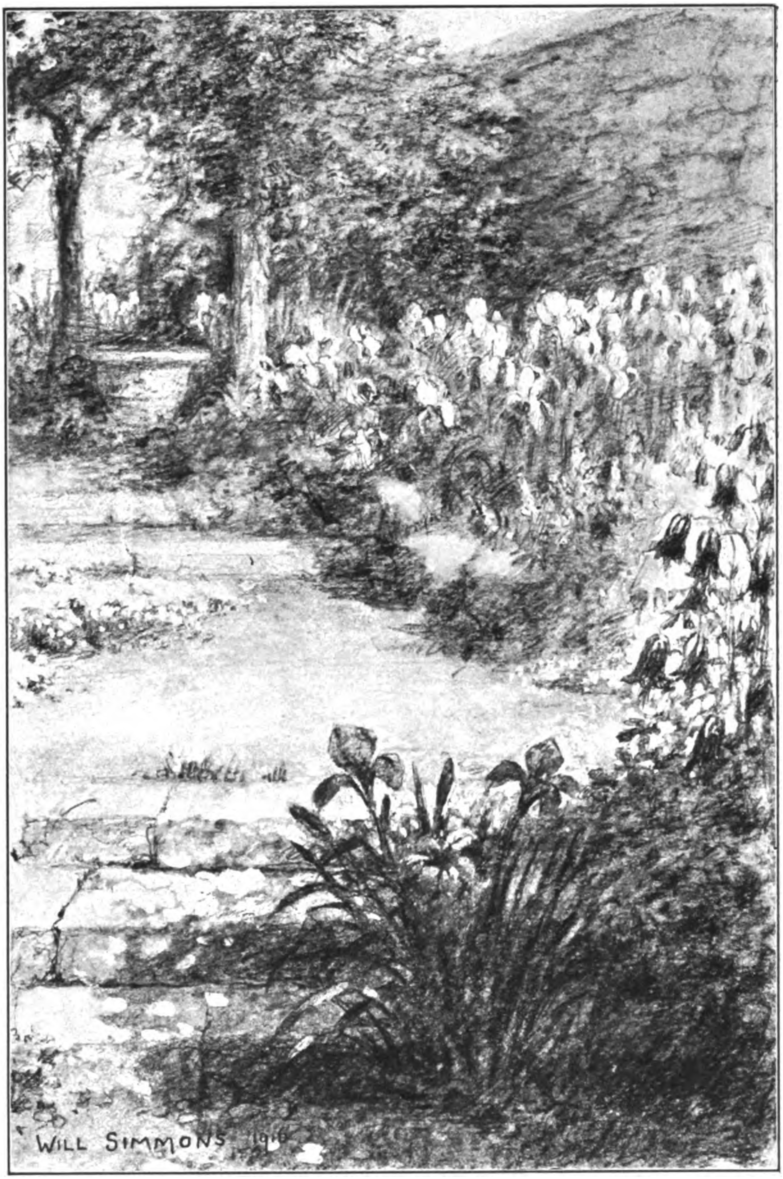
The period covered by the blossoming of the Iris is full of enjoyment to me. Since the days when all my knowledge of this great and varied family was vested in the common purple Iris of old gardens and the gay Flag-flowers, which lie in June upon our moist meadows, "like the silent shadow of a cloud," their spell has been upon me, and it was a discovery of much delight that these two were but lowly members of a great company that would gladly bloom in my garden; would fill it from April through July with a lovely, unexacting throng demanding little attention and no special conditions, and from whose ranks I might draw subjects for every sort of situation.

I do not speak of the rare and difficult species and varieties belonging to the Oncocyclus, Juno, and Regalia groups, for these unfold their flowers only for those able and willing to provide them with very special conditions, but of the many fine Irises that may be found under the heads, Pogoniris and Apogon, two at least of the Evansias and some of the bulbous species, which will bloom cheerfully under ordinary conditions in the open garden.

There are so many species in this great genus, and the intermarriages have been so numerous and so confusing, that classification has become difficult; yet very little of this genealogy is necessary to us who simply wish to realize in our gardens the highest decorative possibilities of this splendid flower.

For the purposes of the open garden the genus Iris may be divided into four sections: Pogoniris or Bearded, Apogon or Beardless, Evansia or Crested, and Bulbous. The "beard" is a "collection of closely set hairs" on the "falls" or drooping petals of the Iris flower. Irises without this decoration are called beardless. The "crest" is an "elevated line or ridges on the segment of an Iris."

The bearded section contains the best known and most easily grown of the Irises. They possess a thick, fleshy rootstock, creeping along the surface of the earth,



"WHEN ONE SEES THE RAINBOW BANNERS OF THE IRIS UNFURLING ALONG THE BORDERS IN THE SUNSHINE IT SEEMS HIGHLY PROBABLE THAT THE MANTLE OF THEIR NAMESAKE HAS FALLEN UPON THEM, AND IT SEEMS WELL TO INCLINE ONE'S EAR AND OPEN WIDE ONE'S EYES LEST WE MISS SOME SMALLEST SHADE OF MEANING IN THIS RARELY ILLUMINATED MESSAGE"

and delight in the sunniest situations in the garden. Among them may be found plants from four inches in height to three and one-half feet, all bearing large, conspicuous flowers above the erect, swordlike foliage, the strong vertical lines of which are so valuable in the borders where so much is uncertain or spreading.

Most important in the Pogoniris group are those known as German Irises which include, not only I. germanica, the type, a May-flowering species with few varieties, but many closely allied forms blooming in June; as pallida, squalens, amoena, aphylla, florentina and others, each of which has numerous garden hybrids. The familiar blue-purple Flag of old gardens is typical of these German Irises—hardy and patient—blooming with prodigal generosity under the most untoward conditions. How often we see it holding high its splendid head close to the dusty roadside whence it has found its way through the broken palings of a neglected dooryard, or keeping guard in great spreading patches with the enduring Lilacs over the crumbling ruins of what was once a home.

Some of the other varieties of I. germanica are much finer than the Old Purple, though none are more willing and few are better for mass planting, as:

I. Kochii, deep claret-purple, twenty-three inches.

Amas, amethyst standards and violet falls, thirty-two inches.

Crimson King, splendid red-purple, twenty-one inches.

Kharput, strong violet-purple, large flowers, thirty-three inches.

Ingeborg, standards white, falls tender gray, orange beard, seventeen inches.

Other tall-growing, May-flowering Irises are *I. florentina*, *albicans*, *Billioti*, *Cengialti*, *benacensis*, and *flavescens*. Florentina, from the root of which is made the fragrant orris powder, is only less familiar as a charming inhabitant of old gardens than the Purple Flag. It is one of the loveliest of Irises, and its French-gray crêpe flowers are invaluable to us in creating May pictures. It is fine with the Dicentras and tall pink Tulips of the Cottage and Darwin types; with the yellow Doronicums and the pretty lavender-flowered *Phlox divaricata*, and is splendid in spreading groups near pink-flowered Crab-apple trees. Albicans and its variety Princess of Wales are forms of florentina blooming a little later and with flowers very nearly a pure white.

Iris Billioti is a tall plant bearing very fragrant red-purple blossoms late in May, and *I. benacensis*, in two shades of purple, grows only eighteen inches tall and blooms in the early part of the month.

I. Cengialti, which Miss Jekyll mentions as the nearest to a blue Iris, is a slender plant—not so firmly erect as many of its kind, but very pretty. Its two varieties Loppio and Zephyr, the latter more lilac in colour, are well worth possessing. Flavescens, bearing large, soft yellow flowers, very sweetly scented, is one of the best of the May-flowering sorts. It grows about two and a half feet high.

Besides these tall, early-flowering Irises there are a number of dwarfs, some of which bloom in April. The different species and their varieties are rather badly confused in catalogues, and I don't know that it makes a great deal of difference as they are much alike, save that it is interesting to know the true names of one's plants. Lurida, with its beautiful coppery-bronze flowers, is too distinct to be easily confused with other sorts. With me this plant blooms twice, first in early May and again in late October, but as I have not seen this generous behaviour ascribed to it I do not know if it be its regular habit.

Varieties of *I. Chamaeiris* and *pumila* are constantly sent out misnamed—that is, the former is nearly always sent where the latter is ordered, and this is irritating since pumila is both dwarfer and prettier than Chamaeiris and may be easily distinguished by the fact that it has *no* stem, while the taller sort has very distinctly an inch or two. The loveliest variety of pumila is caerulea, a four-inch mite, very nearly sky-blue in colour, and there is also a pretty sky-blue sort called Attraction. Chamaeiris has a number of good sorts—red-purple, blue-purple, citron, pale yellow, and I believe white. *I. gracilis* bears a charming silver-gray flower shot with mauve and sweetly scented. *I. lutescens* is pure yellow of a very fine warm tone. There are also the *Hybrid*

Crimean Irises in large variety, varying from six inches to a foot in height.

All these Dwarf Irises bloom in April and May, and are very charming in spreading patches along the edges of the borders between the mounds of Arabis, Aubrietia, Iberis, and Alyssum, backed by ranks of early Tulips and Daffodils. They spread quickly and blossom so freely as to produce sheets of solid colour.

A good and representative collection of the tall June-flowering German Irises which are among the most valuable of hardy plants is the following:

AMOENA SECTION.

L'Innocence, ivory-white with gold beard, twenty-six inches.

Mrs. H. Darwin, blue and white, orange beard, twenty-eight inches.

Thorbeck, rich purple with white markings, thirty-six inches.

NEGLECTA SECTION.

Black Prince, standards lavender, falls blackish-purple, two and one-half feet.

Cordelia, two shades of rosy-lilac, two feet.

Willie Barr, standards French-gray, falls white traced violet, eighteen inches.

PALLIDA SECTION.

Dalmatica, splendid large clear lilac flowers, broad, strong foliage, forty inches.

Celeste, silvery-lavender, three feet.

Her Majesty, standards soft rose, falls deeper in colour, two and one-half feet.

Madame Pacquitte, shades of claret, two and one-half feet.

Queen of May, rose-lilac, almost pink, thirty-two inches.

PLICATA SECTION (SYN. APHYLLA).

Bridesmaid, white and silvery-lilac, twenty-seven inches.

Madame Chereau, white frilled lavender, thirty-eight inches.

Sappho, fine white flower with lilac edges, two feet.

VARIEGATA SECTION.

Innocenza, pure white, gold crest.

Darius, primrose-yellow and lilac.

Maori King, golden-yellow and maroon.

SQUALENS SECTION.

Jacquiniana, copper colour and claret, two and one-half feet.

Dr. Bernice, bronze and maroon, two feet.

Exquisite, clouded yellow and rose-lilac, twenty-six inches.

June borders made up of groups of these German Irises intermingled with tall blue and white Lupines, Lemon Lilies, Foxgloves, and Peach-leaved Campanulas, with a background of Persian Lilacs and such free-growing Roses as Stanwell's Perpetual, Madame Plantier, and the yellow Briers—Harisoni and the Persian—and edged with double white Pinks and *Nepeta Mussini*, are a joy indeed, if one has sufficient room to give up a whole border to a single month. Often such a border as this may be made in some inconspicuous part of the grounds where it need be visited only when in festal array.

All these Bearded Irises with fleshy, creeping rhizomes or roots should be planted with the rhizome partly above the surface of the ground, for the health of the plant requires that this should be well ripened by the sun, and the best time to set them out is just after they have flowered. To increase one's stock pieces of the thick root may be broken from the parent clump, the foliage cut back to an inch or so, and the root set firmly, but only part way in the earth. These plants should be large enough to bloom the following year.

The Evansea or crested group is a small one and but two of its members known to me are suitable for the open garden. A jagged "crest" replaces the "beard" of the Pogoniris and the rhizome is thick and creeps along the surface of the ground very much as do the roots of the latter.

I. tectorum, the Japanese Roof Iris, from the roots of which the ladies of Japan make a famed cosmetic, is to me one of the most beautiful of the family. The reflexed leaves are slightly glaucous; the flower stalk, about eighteen inches high, bears several very large, flat blue-purple flowers curiously clouded with a deeper colour and further embellished by an ivory crest. There is a rare white variety which is surpassed in elegance and distinction by few flowers known to me. Though tectorum is often spoken of as not very amenable, it grows here with great freedom in a slightly raised sunny border protected on the north and east by the garden wall, and bears its esthetic flowers in satisfying profusion. I have raised many plants of tectorum from seed gathered from my own plants many of which have bloomed the second year.

Wee *Iris cristata*, a native American found in parts of Maryland and Virginia, has the appearance of something rare and costly, but grows like any weed in the borders and makes a charming edging. The plants grow only about four inches high, and the large spreading lavender blossoms made brilliant by a conspicuous gold crest are so profusely borne as to quite hide the foliage. They flower in May, and I like to plant them in front of the orange-scarlet Geums or between mounds of deep-purple Aubrietia.

Many delightful plants are to be found in the Apogon or Beardless section of the rhizomatous Irises, and most of these, while as easy to grow and as showy as the German Irises, are, save for the Japanese sort, rare in gardens. Perhaps this is because they are looked upon as water lovers, and while this is true of a large majority of them I have not found any that will not grow and flower contentedly in rich, deeply dug garden soil. The blossoms of this type of Iris are more delicately modelled than those of the Bearded group and seem poised like gay butterflies above the slender grasslike foliage, and instead of the fleshy root there is a bunch of slender rootlets.

Of the Beardless Irises preferring the dryer parts of the garden, *I. missouriensis*, a native, is the best. It is an early bloomer producing its yellow-blotched lavender blossoms very freely. *I. foetidissima*, growing wild in Great Britain, is unique among its kind, for, while the blossoms are dull and not lovely, the orange-scarlet seeds, which cling all winter to the flaring pods, are pretty and decorative, and are useful at a season when colour in the garden is at a premium. This Iris is also one of the few which does not abhor shade, but it has a drawback in the disagreeable odour which emanates from its handsome foliage when bruised. A low-growing and very pretty Iris for near the front of the border is *I. graminea*. Its gay, reddish-purple blossoms are almost hidden among its narrow, grasslike leaves. It is easily grown in any sunny border and has an agreeable fragrance. *I. fulva*, which I have not yet been able to flower, is described as bearing handsome terra-cotta flowers on stems two feet tall. Mr. W. R. Dykes speaks of it as "difficult" and says it demands "a hot and dry position if it is to produce its remarkable blossoms in any profusion."

Preëminent among the moisture lovers is the great Japanese Iris, *I. laevigata* or *Kaempferi*, which is one of the finest hardy plants we have but which does not do as well as some of the others of its class in the dry borders of the garden. Indeed in its chosen place by the waterside it is so truly magnificent it seems a pity to be satisfied with it grown under any other conditions. In very deep, rich soil, freely watered especially while the buds are forming, one may realize much beauty but may not command the same luxuriance of growth and splendid spread of blossom that one is graciously vouchsafed in a naturally moist situation. The huge blossoms of the Japanese Iris frequently measure six inches across and are most wonderful in colour and texture. Mr. Irwin Lynch in his valuable "Book of the Iris" gives the following as good varieties:

Alexander von Humboldt, pure white.

Chyia, lilac and white.

Her Majesty, violet, speckled white.

Keiko, blush suffused and speckled rose.

Lady Scott Monorief, white with rose halo.

Netta, white, edged rose-pink.

Ozaka, pale sky-blue passing to white with golden blotch.

The length of their blossoming period may be quite appreciably lengthened by planting some in partial shade. They are easily raised from seed, the young plants usually blooming the second or third year.

The next most important group of these beardless moisture lovers is the slender *I. sibirica* and its varieties —symmetrical plants with lightly made fairy blossoms poised delicately above the narrow, reflexing foliage. Particularly pure and lovely is the white sort, *I. sibirica* var. *alba;* and there are good blue, lavender, and purple forms. These Siberians are most effective planted in rather large groups, as a single plant is not strong enough to create any great effect, and as the frail character of their beauty suffers in comparison with their more robust German cousins they are best kept out of each other's company.

A close relative of sibirica is *I. orientalis*, which is not to be confounded with that orientalis whose more familiar name is *I. ochroleuca.* Two varieties of the Siberian orientalis, *Blue King* and *Snow Queen*, are among the most conspicuous and valuable of garden Irises. The one bears intense blue-purple blossoms with reddish spathes and the other pure white in such profusion as to almost hide the foliage. The ripened seed pods are so numerous that they give the plant a very untidy appearance after flowering, so it is best to cut them off. All the Siberians are easily raised from seed, and the plants when once established should be left alone to perfect their beauty. They do as well in the rich borders of the garden as in the moist situations which their hollow stems tell us that they enjoy.

I. longipetala is the only tractable member of the beautiful and desirable California group. It bears a lovely sprightly flower with deep-toned veinings on the lavender ground of its standards and tender silvery falls. It is said that this plant should be moved only when in full growth. *I. spuria* and its various forms are well worth planting, though I believe they vary much in desirability. Mrs. A. W. Tate, the only form I have here, is a good plant with fine foliage and a strong stem carrying several deep-lavender flowers.

Closely related to this is *I. guildenstaedtiana*—a formidable name and a none too attractive species. The purple form is better than the dingy yellow, but neither need be included in any but a large collection.

Three fine yellow Irises for the border or waterside are *I. aurea*, *Monnieri*, and *ochroleuca*. The first bears a finely modelled butter-yellow flower with slightly crimped petals poised well above the foliage; *Monnieri* sends its lemon-coloured blossoms aloft on stems four feet tall, and has a noble relative, *Monaurea*, deeper in colour, which is said to grow six feet tall in moist situations. There is also another relative, *Monspur*, with striking blue and yellow flowers that is too good a thing to be omitted from a collection of any size. *Ochroleuca*, the Gold Banded Iris, is said to reach a height of six feet when well established in a moist situation, but it has not done this for me. The great thick-skinned ivory-coloured blossoms, deepening to pure gold at the base, are wonderfully beautiful, and one wishes that they might be borne with greater generosity. We have used these yellow Irises with the addition of Monspur and Snow Queen to encircle a little ever-overflowing pool in the walled garden. They bloom late—in late June and early July—but in May the little bed is gay with Forget-me-nots, Violas, and double Poet's Narcissus.

Our pretty native, *I. versicolor*, which Thoreau said is too gay "like some women's bonnets," and the yellow Water Flag (*I. pseudacorus*), are a bit too free with their progeny to make garden life quite the thing for them. Far and wide the quickly germinating seeds are scattered, and before one knows it there are cunning baby Irises coming up all over the garden which in a surprisingly short time have grown into stout clumps, and choicer, less pervasive things are crowded out. But in the wilder parts of the place, the meadows, or along the stream or pond, these two may increase at will, and one is only grateful for their fruitfulness.

With the Bulbous Irises I have had no great experience though the few that are known to me have made me anxious to extend my acquaintance among them. Nothing could be more lovely than those belonging to the *reticulata* group. I have grown only three of these Irises including the type, but Professor Bailey gives quite a number as hardy in the vicinity of

New York City. These Irises have curiously "netted" bulbs, hence the name, and the type and its variety *Krelagei* are characterized by peculiar four-sided leaves with a horny tip. The type is the most beautiful of all. I never cease to be quite overwhelmed at the appearance of these brilliant purple and gold flowers so early in the year, shining through their stiff, narrow leaves. Last spring they flashed forth while the snow still lay upon the ground, and in spite of the discouraging cold their delicious violet fragrance was discernible several feet away. *I. Krelagei* bears a duller flower, and neither this nor the variety *histrioides* has, save in a slight degree, the violet perfume. Histrioides blooms a little before the others and bears larger flowers which often expand before the leaves are well out of the ground. If taken into a warm room both this and Krelagei will give out more perfume, but the type seems quite undaunted in its determination to make sweet the cold March garden.

All the reticulata Irises are prone to a deadly disease which shows on the netted surface of the bulb in inklike spots, and soon proves fatal. Professor Michael Foster recommends lifting and replanting the bulbs frequently, discarding those which show the blight, and another authority advocates soaking them for an hour or so in a solution of formaline of the strength of one in three hundred parts. My reticulatas have done fairly well in a raised border against a wall facing south, where they are kept dry in winter. The soil is a mixture of sand and rather heavy loam, but I believe an admixture of clay is more desirable for these bulbs.

The so-called Spanish and English Irises are quite indispensable if we have a spot to suit them. The stem of the Spanish Iris (*I. Xiphium*) rises stiffly to a height of about eighteen inches and carries two flowers quite conventional in their chaste formality of line. They are so inexpensive that the bulbs may be bought by the thousand, and I know of no investment which insures a greater return in beauty. They are best planted in August that they may send up their narrow, onion-like growth, which seems a sort of guarantee of good faith, before frost. Any dry, sunny border suits them well, but they do not like to be pressed upon by strong growing perennials or robbed by greedy annuals, but after the foliage has gone they do not object to a carpet of such lightly rooting annuals as *Sedum coeruleum*, *Ionopsidium acaule*, or *Gypsophila muralis*. When the bulbs become overcrowded it is well to lift and replant them comfortably.

These flowers have been called the "poor man's Orchid," but rich and poor and all the middle-sized folk between will make no mistake in planting Spanish Irises generously both in a cutting garden, for they are lovely for indoor decoration, and all about the garden in nooks and corners as we like to plant the Daffodils. The white varieties are exquisite, and the great bronze Thunderbolt very striking. Leander is pure yellow and sweetly scented, and there are any number of delightful others running through many shades of cream, bronze, amethyst, lavender, blue, and yellow. These are among the few plants which may with safety be bought "mixed" —inharmony seems impossible to them.

The English Iris (*I. xiphioides*) requires more moisture than is usually to be had in our dry American gardens, and in my own garden, even with faithful watering, it has not been happy. It is very handsome with large spreading flowers in shades of blue, purple, and white which appear with the Spanish Irises in July.

These with other bulbous Irises should be planted in the autumn, and may be found in the catalogues of "Dutch Bulbs." Another year I hope to add to my collection *I. tuberosa*, "the Widow," *I. persica*, and two of the Juno group said to be the least crotchety—*I. orchioides* and *caucasica*.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE LURE OF THE LILY

"Look to the lilies how they grow!"

—*Moir.*

WHO has not felt the lure of the Lily, and how many, like myself, have withstood the siren call in fear of the pitfalls she is said to spread for her admirers? For a long time no Lily gleamed within my garden, and I comforted myself—like the small boy who will do great deeds when he is old—with the promise that when I became a really experienced gardener I would have them in plenty.

But what we found when we came to live in this place completely upset all my theories upon Lily growing, for here, in the unkempt dooryard, grew Lilies, in a luxuriance undreamed, successfully disputing with the purple Phlox and rioting old-fashioned Roses in the tangled grass for room to "rise and shine." True, there were but two sorts, *L. candidum,* growing in spreading patches at the foot of a splendid purple Clematis vine which wreathed the porch, and *L. tigrinum,* which in its season sent up dozens and dozens of five-foot stalks hanging out innumerable great orange-coloured funnels in hilarious discord with the magenta

Phloxes. Here was no frail delicacy or capriciousness, and feeling that I had lost much time the Lily lists at once became a source of absorbing interest and one which necessitated much self-control, for Lilies bought in any quantity are pretty expensive.

All authorities tell us that no garden will grow all the Lilies; indeed, to find half a dozen which will accept our conditions is highly fortunate. I had no way of finding out which ones were suited to my soil and situation and so experiment was the only course, and after several years' trial given to sixteen sorts can report that seven have accepted the garden absolutely, three have not quite made up their minds, and six will have none of us. My experience with Lilies has been only in the garden proper, grown in the beds and borders among other hardy plants, but, of course, if one wishes to specialize a bit it is possible to prepare beds for them filled with the soil best suited to their needs, but my own interest is only in finding those which need no greater consideration than is given to the other hardy plants, and which may be counted upon for a fine effect in their season. There are about eighty known species of Lily, but for those with aspirations akin to my own, and in our climate, I should say that the choice should be limited to about twenty-five.

One of the most important facts to know about Lilies is that many have two sets of roots, one growing from the base of the bulb in autumn to provide food for the bulb, and the other from the base of the stem in spring to provide for the needs of the flowers and leaves to come. Those double-rooted Lilies must be planted more deeply than the single-rooted sorts, for if the upper set of roots is too near the surface of the soil they will be insufficiently supplied with moisture and often burned and injured by the sun, and while the bulb may remain alive it will be overtaxed and weakened by the extra strain put upon it and there will be no flowers, or at least very poor and imperfect ones. Dr. Wallace, in his "Notes on Lilies," states as his belief the fact that the deadly disease which yearly destroys so many auratum and other double-rooting Lilies is usually caused by the shallow planting of the bulbs. They should be set at least eight inches below the surface of the soil, while for the single-rooting sorts five or six is sufficient. *L. auratum*, *Batemanniœ*, *Brownii*, *croceum*, *Henryi*, *elegans*, *longiflorum*, *tigrinum*, *speciosum*, *Hansoni*, *Krameri* are some of those which grow two sets of roots and, as among these are some of the loveliest and most useful of Lilies, we must do what we can to bring about the conditions which tend to their highest development.

Few Lilies do well in sun unless the stems are protected, and so we make a charming virtue of necessity and clothe the tender stems with the foliage of other plants. In shady places ferns make a most exquisite setting for Lilies, and in the sunny borders many plants may be called upon to serve the same purpose. Of these none is more charming than *Dicentra eximia* with its fernlike foliage, but on account of its pink flowers it may be used only with Lilies of white, pink, or buff colouring—*candidum*, *speciosum*, *Brownii*. Other good plants for the purpose are *Corydalis lutea* and *cheilanthifolia*, *Funkias subcordata* and *Sieboldii*, *Nepeta Mussini*, *Artemisia Stelleriana* and *Abrotanum*, Rue, Columbine, Thalictrum minus, and the large-leaved Saxifrages.

Some kinds of Lilies* are said to prefer a heavy, peaty soil, among them being *L. auratum*, *tigrinum*, *Hansoni*, *giganteum*, *Washingtonianum*, *Humboldtii*, *testaceum*, and *Martagon*. Of those reputed to do best in light soils are *L. Philadelphicum*, *bulbiferum*, *croceum*, *dahuricum*, *concolor*, *elegans*, *candidum*, *longiflorum*, *chalcedonicum*, and *speciosum*. I think it well, however, not to take these lists as final, but to find out for one's self what Lilies one's soil will entertain successfully.

The soil recommended in Bailey's "Cyclopedia of American Horticulture" as being the most generally suited to Lilies is a light, rich loam freely mixed with sand and grit. Standing water about the bulbs is a most frequent cause of destruction, and to guard against this it is well to give the bulbs a cushion and covering of sand when setting them out. The Japanese place Lily bulbs which have widely spreading scales upon the side to prevent water lodging between the scales and thus rotting the bulb; *L. Brownii* is best thus treated. Fresh manure is very injurious to the bulbs, and never should come into contact with them, but a heavy mulch of well-rotted stuff in winter is advisable, and liquid manure applied during the growing season is beneficial.

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* In the July *Garden Magazine* for 1915 Mr. E. H. Wilson, in a most interesting article on Lilies, insists that the reputed desire on the part of Lilies for a peaty soil is pure fiction: that the major portion of them are found growing in desert places, on dry, rocky hillsides or in volcanic deposits, and that even the so-called "moisture lovers" grow in the swamps on little hillocks which are quite dry in winter. This would quite revolutionize the science of Lily growing, which has so far brought about most indifferent results, and teach us to give our Lilies a poor, gritty soil with good, sharp drainage.

Except for *L. candidum*, which should be planted in August, Lilies may be planted any time in the autumn. When the bulbs arrive they should be carefully examined and all torn or rotted scales removed, and if there are small decayed spots these should be rubbed with powdered charcoal or sulphur; a dusting with powdered sulphur is a wise precaution in any case. If Lilies show by their vigour and beauty that they are at peace they should not be disturbed until they show signs of overcrowding, but if for any reason it is necessary, or desirable, to move them I think the best time to do it is when the bulb is in early growth. It may be done with a fair measure of success when in flower, which is sometimes convenient in moving wild sorts from their native home to the garden, the important consideration being to keep the bulb out of the ground for as short a space as possible.

Of course, the first Lilies to engage our attention were those we found here, and these, after the first year, were removed to the new garden as the dooryard was in such a hopeless tangle that it required strenuous measures. The Tiger Lilies suffered the change most graciously, but the lovely white Madonna Lilies have sulked a bit. In the dooryard they had probably been left absolutely alone for years, and the ground over their bulbs was baked as hard as iron, and these conditions are, the wise ones tell us, exactly what this Lily prefers: it will stand anything save damp and coddling, and sometimes it will do well and sometimes it will not, whatever the conditions. Certainly it is loveliest of Lilies, and when one is vouchsafed a truly happy group of them, shining above the hoary foliage of Southernwood or in some other pleasant association, one is filled with rejoicing. One may dust the bulbs well with sulphur, set them out in August in a sunny spot, and leave them alone—and, of course, one may hope.

With the Tiger Lilies the story is quite different, for they seldom have the heart to disappoint any one, and they are among the very finest of hardy plants. Many people care only for the rare and difficult in the floral world, but it is not with these that we get our broad and satisfying colour masses, however interesting it may be to conquer and bring into subjection the wild spirit of some unwilling plant from torrid or frigid zone, from mountain peak or desert sands, and the ease with which this Lily may be coaxed to give of its best, and the small cost at which it may be procured, should not prevent its receiving the recognition which it richly deserves.

We have several fine colonies of Tiger Lilies in our borders, one in association with blue and white Monkshood and tall white Phlox is particularly good, and another with pale-yellow Mulleins and metallic Sea Hollies is also good. A little larger and finer in every way than the common Tiger Lily is *L. tigrimum* var. *splendens*, and there is a double sort which is not an improvement. Tiger Lilies belong to late July and August.

The speciosum Lilies were next to come into the garden and have proved themselves entirely trustworthy under ordinary garden conditions. There is the frosted var. *album*, the garnet-jewelled var. *rubrum*, and the more brilliant *Melpomene*, and I think there are still others. These Lilies are not so tall as the Tigers, but make splendid groups, which may be effectively intermingled with *Dicentra eximia*. They bloom in late August, and their refined beauty is pleasing in this season of rank foliage and high colours.

The three native Lilies, *L. superbum*, *canadense*, and *Philadelphicum*, are well worth bringing into the garden. Most of us are fortunate enough to know them in their natural environment, for they are very plentiful. *L. superbum* rises superb indeed from many a swamp of the middle and northern states, its tall, strong stem carrying from twelve to twenty-five orange-scarlet, recurved blossoms spotted brown. This Lily does very well in good garden soil if given a bit of shade and a ground cover. It blooms in July and August.

Gay *L. canadense* grows about here in the low meadows as thickly as the Buttercups, and I have transplanted many to the garden borders where they are quite content, save in very dry summers when my water supply is low. Philadelphicum, not quite so plentiful as the other two, is still fairly familiar to many of us. It grows plentifully on Nantucket Island and creates a brilliant spectacle, holding its glistening scarlet flowers erectly through the long grass of dry meadows. This Lily is a little more difficult to catch and tame than the two others, and like many another wild thing loses much of its flash and individuality when brought under restraint.

We have, however, in the elegans type, Lilies much like *L. philadelphicum* in character. They are orange or scarlet in colour and are carried erectly. These are among the easiest of Lilies to manage. I have them in various parts of the garden, but mainly in borders in the west and south, and they have increased at a great rate. They are dwarf in stature, usually not over a foot high, and some are less. They bloom with us the latter part of June, and there are many fine hybrids. Of these, Alice Wilson is a splendid lemon-yellow sort. Other very good varieties are Peter Barr, soft yellow; Van Houttei, bright scarlet; Orange Queen—Prince of Orange—apricot with black spots. I believe the beautiful *L. Batemanniae* is a member of the elegans family, though it is not usually catalogued as such, and is fully four feet tall when well grown. Its Lilies are pure, unspotted apricot in colour, and they are carried erectly. I am sorry to say that this is one of those that has not quite made up its mind about our garden, but I am always hoping to turn the tide in our favour.

One more splendidly coloured, erectly carried Lily we have in the garden, and this, I am rejoiced to say, is not one of the uncertainties. No finer Lily grows than *L. croceum*, the Orange or Herring Lily of old gardens. It is perfectly hardy and will thrive in full sunshine in any good garden soil, or it does well in partial shade. It bears several soft orange-coloured flowers, spotted dull red, on a four-foot stalk, and it blooms with the Delphiniums, with which it is very charming.

Two other Lilies remain that are doing well and increasing in this garden: the vivid little *L. tenuifolium* and the beautiful *Brownii*. The former is a Siberian and grows but a foot and a half high. It bears from six to ten small, fiercely scarlet, waxen Lilies to a stalk, and the leaves are fine and numerous. It is perfectly hardy but enjoys a shaded spot, and its slenderness of growth unfits it to appear with large, coarse plants. It is a brilliant and lovely Lily, particularly happy when grown among ferns. The fact that *L. Brownii* accepted our garden without a complaint is a matter for much congratulation, for it is a most splendid Lily and one not considered so easy to manage. It grows here in a west border in very light soil and has a ground cover of large-leaved Saxifrages. The tall, wandlike stalks carry from two to four ivory-coloured, funnel-shaped blooms, the outside of which is a soft chocolate colour, and the orange-coloured anthers give just the touch of brilliance needed to make the soft harmony of ivory and chocolate perfect. It blooms in late July and early August. Dampness is its great enemy and we should imitate the Japanese, who lay the bulbs upon their sides to prevent water lodging between the scales.

From now on the recital is not so triumphant. I planted with high hopes *L. Krameri,* also known as *japonicum.* Just once it bore its lovely pink funnel-shaped flowers and forever disappeared. Mr. Adams, in his very helpful book "Lilies," which I did not possess at the time, says that this Lily is "very erratic and in cold climates safest in pots. Prefers light, rich, sandy loam, or peat and good drainage." With *L. Washingtonianum* I fared no better and know now that I gave none of the conditions that the poor Lily craved. It is one of the Californians, all difficult to manage in our eastern gardens, but this one said to be less so than the others if its requirements are observed. It loves a deep, peaty soil, with generous additions of coarse sand and leaf-mold and never-failing moisture—at the roots. Also it is most comfortable in partial shade. *Humboldtii* is another Californian, something like superbum in appearance, but taller, which, while not a complete failure here, is certainly not a success. It prefers a deep, peaty soil, and is not at all of a mind to give any very fine showing on plain garden fare. *L. Hansoni** I have hopes of, for while its blooms this year were few and poor, it was its first year and it is too soon to put it down as a complete failure. This Lily is bright orange, spotted brown. It has rather a pleasant perfume and its petals are waxen and reflexed. Mr. Adams says it is "quite hardy and easy of culture." He recommends a light loam and says that it should be planted among shrubs or low plants to protect the young shoots, as it is one of the earliest Lilies to appear in spring.

L. auratum, the Gold Banded Lily of Japan, is by many considered the finest Lily in cultivation, and certainly it is the largest and most magnificent of my limited acquaintance, but sad to tell it is one of those which will not accept my garden as its home, and for this I owe it a grudge, for I would dearly love to have it and have done much to enchain its capricious fancy. It is comforting to read in Mr. C. L. Allen's book on bulbs that "*L. auratum* has disappointed more of its admirers than almost any other Lily, because of its failure to adapt itself to our soil and climate." Many authorities agree that this Lily must be renewed every three or four years, as it "runs out." Its preference in the way of soil is for moist peat with a mixture of sand and leafmold, and it particularly requires good drainage and partial shade. This fine Lily grows from five to eight feet tall and is capable of bearing twenty-five superb white, gold-banded blossoms on a single stalk; it is also capable of bearing just one, as I know from sad experience. It blooms in late July and August.

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* *Hansoni* has improved sufficiently in its third year to be considered one of those that has accepted the garden. *Humboldtii* is also getting settled.

These are but a few of the Lilies at our command, but it is as far as I have got with the Lily lists. The following is a list of those sorts which nearly all authorities agree that we may attempt with a reasonable assurance of success:

Lilium Batemanniae
“ *Brownii*
“ *bulbiferum*
“ *canadense*
“ *candidum*
“ *chalcedonicum*
“ *croceum*
“ *dauricum*
“ *elegans*
“ *Grayi*
“ *Hansoni*
“ *Henryi*
“ *Humboldtii*
Lilium Martagon
“ *monadelphum*
“ *pardalinum*
“ *philadelphicum*
“ *pomponium*
“ *pyrenaicum*
“ *speciosum*
“ *superbum*
“ *tenuifolium*
“ *testaceum*
“ *tigrinum*
“ *Washingtonianum*

CHAPTER TWELVE

WHO'S WHO AMONG THE ANNUALS

Too perfect for a life so brief
Seemed every star and bud and bell.
—*Celia Thaxter.*

THE feeling that annuals do not quite "belong" in the sense that the regular inhabitants of the garden do is perhaps an unjust one, but to this sentiment toward them I must plead guilty. Their reappearance in our midst is entirely a matter of our whim, while the hardy herbaceous plants, save in case of death, accident, or misbehaviour, are sure to greet us from their accustomed places every spring. I love the gay summer visitors, but do not want too many of them at once. They give to the garden a fugitive, unstable quality, like that felt in cities where every one lives in an apartment and moves at least once a year, and there are no old families, or traditions, nor anything comfortably familiar and just as it has always been. Many annuals do their best to overcome their transitory nature by sowing their seeds broadcast, which, in the case of hardy annuals, come safely through the winter and are on hand with the perennials to meet the spring, not, however, in their proper places, but all over the garden, with a naïve disregard for the premises of old settlers, and creating havoc in various of our cherished colour schemes. In our garden the English Field Poppy is a great offender along this line. It has not been planted here for years, but every summer a scarlet tide rises upon the garden, holding sway for almost two weeks, when, "like fires extinguished by the rain," it is gone. Each year I say it shall not happen again, for they mean the destruction of many a choice colour arrangement, but not yet have I been able to resist their blithe clamour, or their flattering assumption of the quality of mercy in me, which assures their safety, even in the midst of the pink Pyrethrums.

Sweet Alyssum, Cornflowers, Love-in-a-mist, Linaria, California Poppies, Sweet Sultans, Erysimums, Annual Anchusa, Balsams, Marigolds, Nicotiana, Snapdragons, Mignonette, Candytuft, and Poppies of all sorts are among those that do their best to become permanent residents, and these seedlings, being available so early in the year, are very handy for filling the places of such recalcitrant perennials as may have taken themselves off during the winter. Indeed this is one of the important uses of annuals. No winter passes but takes its toll of "hardy" plants, and we have not always others to take their places, or do not care to go to the expense of buying, so that we should be grateful to this class of flowers that will, for five or ten cents, cover the distressing blanks with loveliness. Biennials, too, leave spaces behind them to be filled, and there are also the bulb borders and beds.

Annuals are splendid for cutting, inexpensive, present a wide range of colour, form, and fragrance, germinate and develop quickly, and bloom with prodigal generosity, all of which are good reasons for having plenty, but not in the flower garden proper—a few used as fillers-in, or to create some special effect, and the rest in a space set apart for cutting. The kitchen garden is usually the most convenient place.

Annuals are known as hardy, half-hardy, and tender. In milder climates than ours many hardy annuals are sown in autumn, and while we may meet with some success with this method it is never a certainty, and I think that March and early April planting of hardy annuals out of doors, or February planting indoors, will prove more satisfactory. Half-hardy and tender annuals may be sown out of doors about the time the farmers are planting corn, or may be started under glass in February, which, in the case of tender annuals, is a great advantage, as it gives them a start ahead of the drought that often gives them such a setback as to leave them permanently stunted. It is really important to know this difference between hardy and tender sorts, for an early sowing outdoors of tender annuals will result in complete loss, while a too late sowing of hardy kinds will just as certainly end in failure.

This class of plants is as impatient of neglect and adverse conditions as any other, though an impression seems to exist to the effect that a little scratching of the soil and scattering of seed is all that is necessary where annuals are concerned. But this is by no means the case, and they are quite as capable of sulking and presenting a spindling, half-clothed appearance when not suited as their betters in higher circles, and they always repay intelligent attention. In the first place, they are nearly all sun worshippers; there are very few that will endure shade; also they are a thirsty lot and want moisture, but require a well-drained soil, deeply dug, and only moderately rich with manure. Each plant must have plenty of room to develop, and too much stress cannot be put upon this point. Especially where seed is sown where it is to remain, and comes up thickly, unmerciful thinning must be done, or a very poor showing will be the result. It is economy to buy only the best seeds, and better effects will be achieved if seeds are bought only in separate colours and varieties. The mixed packet is better let alone. A long period of bloom is assured if no seed is allowed to form, for annuals are among those gracious beings who, the more you take from them, the more they have to give. A pinch of superphosphate, given to each little plant when set out and the ground kept cultivated and moist, will mean a rich and speedy reward.

For planting among the perennials I think the following are the twelve best annuals:

Stock, Snapdragon, Sweet-sultan, Wallflower, Marigold, Zinnia, China Aster, Clarkia, Nigella, Nicotiana, Star Chrysanthemum, and Salvia Bluebeard.

A dozen sorts good for edging are these:

California Poppies, Sweet Alyssum, Candytuft, Dwarf Nasturtiums, Chinese and Japanese Pinks, French Marigolds, Silenes, Phlox Drummondii, Nemophila, Convolvulus minor, *Sanvitalia procumbens*, and *Saponaria calabrica*.

There are so many annuals that it would be impossible to speak of all, and so in the following notes I have chosen only those which, after several seasons' trial in the gardens here, have proven their usefulness in our dry climate.

The letters h. a., h.h.a., and t.a., stand for hardy, half-hardy, and tender annuals.

Alyssum maritimum, h. a., six inches to one foot. Sweet Alyssum.

The compact, dwarf varieties, such as *Little Gem*, are the best for edging. Comes into bloom very early and continues until after hard frost. Best sown where it is to flower. Fragrant.

Anagallis arvensis var. *caerulea*, h. h. a., six to eight inches. Pimpernel.

A charming little sky-blue flowered plant, which makes pretty skylike patches along the front of the border. Best started under glass and set out in May.

Anchusa capensis, h. a., eighteen inches. Cape Forget-me-not.

Branching growth and pretty forget-me-not-like flowers borne all the summer and autumn. Nice for cutting and very pretty in the borders. Good drought resister.

Argemone mexicana, h. a., three feet. Chicalote.

Bears lovely white crêpe poppylike flowers, with conspicuous golden stamens. Foliage gray and prickly. Too free a seeder to be admitted to choice situations, but splendid for waste places, where it perpetuates itself. There is a pale-yellow sort.

Asperula azurea var. *setosa*, h. a., one foot. Blue Woodruff.

A charming responsive little plant, which cheerfully defies the drought and puts up, if necessary, with a poor soil and shade. Bears heads of clear lavender-blue flowers on stiff stems. Leaves in whorls. Pleasantly fragrant.

Callistephus hortensis, h. h. a., six inches to three feet. China Aster.

Beautiful and indispensable flowers for the late summer and autumn, the seeds of which are best started indoors, or in a frame, and planted out in May when all danger from frost is past. They like a light soil, deeply dug and well manured, and should be watered in dry weather.

There are many fine types. I like best the tall branching sorts known as Giant Comet, Ostrich Feather, and Pæony, which grow as tall as twenty inches. The Victoria Asters are pyramidal in shape and bear countless blossoms with overlapping, recurved petals. There is another beautiful sort of rather recent introduction, with narrow "channelled" petals that are twisted. Single-flowered Asters have lately come into favour and are very pretty. The prettiest colours are shell-pink, pale lavender, white, and strong purple.

We tried last year, with great success, a *very* weak solution of Paris Green for the voracious aster beetle. It did not injure the plants and was fatal to the beetle.

Antirrhinum Majus, h. a., six inches to three feet. Snapdragon.

These are the best and most invaluable of annuals. In mild climates and occasionally here in sheltered places, or in the joints of walls, they are perennial. For early bloom the seeds should be started under glass in February and March. They flower all summer and autumn and cover the widest range of colour. The flame-coloured ones are particularly splendid, and also those described as "apricot" and "chamois-rose." Shell-pink and coral-pink, "old" pink and rose are lovely, also the pure white, blood-red, and clear yellow. They come in three heights: tall, medium, and dwarf. The medium sorts are the best for general purposes. The dwarf kinds are most satisfactory for the joints of walls and may be used for edgings though they are rather stiff for this purpose. Fragrant.

Impatiens Balsamina, h. a., two feet. Lady Slipper, Balsam.

The Camelia-flowered sorts are the best and come in clear colours: salmon-rose, scarlet, and pure white. If inclined to grow "leggy," instead of compact, the tops may be nipped off. They are among the flowers that find it difficult to maintain their improved state and are forever slipping back into their former condition of magenta clothes and poor figures, so self-sown seedlings should not be allowed to live.

Brachycome iberidifolia, h. h. a., six inches. Swan River Daisy.

Refined little plants, with many blossoms resembling a Cineraria —clear lavender with a black and white central disc. The plant is rather frail and is comfortable with some light twigs placed in front of it. It makes a pretty edging for a summer border.

Browallia elata, h. a., one foot.

These form trim little bushes covered with blue or white flowers over a long period. They endure drought with fortitude.

Campanula attica, h. h. a., three inches. Bellflower.

A wee, blue-belled mite, best suited to a rock garden or a stone-edged border, where its roots may find shelter and moisture among the stones.

Celosia, t. a., eighteen inches. Cockscomb.

I cannot profess to any great enjoyment in the great flowers of the Cockscomb, though they make good masses of colour in various shades of red, scarlet, salmon, and there is a good old gold sort. The "feathered" and "plume" varieties are better and less realistic than the "crested." They should be started indoors.

Centaurea, h. a., Knapweed.

In this family are several very good annuals, best known among which is cyanus, the friendly little Cornflower of so true a blue. Once planted in the garden one will find the pleasant tufts of leaves every year, for the seed is very hardy and this simple flower desires greatly to stay among the "regulars." There are pink and white sorts, but these are rather faded looking. A double sort is very pretty.

Centaurea imperialis (Sweet Sultan) is one of the most beautiful of annuals, bearing, until frost, long-stemmed, fragrant flowers, in shades of mauve, purple, and white—unrivalled for cutting. They grow about two feet tall and love a sunny situation. They resent disturbance and so should be sown where they are to flower, and well thinned to insure perfect development.

C. americana (American Basket Flower) is less well known, but is an extremely handsome plant with large, beautiful lavender flowers.

Cheiranthus, h. a., eighteen inches. Wallflower.

Sweet and homely is the yellow wallflower "stained with iron-brown." The annual variety known as "Parisian extra early," if sown under glass in March, will bloom all summer and autumn and provide many a nosegay of deliciously scented flowers. There are all shades of yellow, red, and russet.

Chrysanthemum, h. a.

Among Annual Chrysanthemums those known as the "star-group" are the finest: Morning Star, Evening Star, Eastern Star, and Northern Star. They make bushy plants about eighteen inches high, and bear many large daisylike flowers in shades of yellow and orange. They are long stemmed, and good for cutting and last well in water. Another good sort is *C. inodorum plenissimum*. var. Bridal Robe, which grows eighteen inches tall and is covered with snowy bloom. Lord Beaconsfield and Chamelion, which bear handsome crimson and gold flowers, are also useful. The Chrysanthemums are easy of culture, asking only full sunshine and a good rich soil.

Clarkia elegans, h. a., two and a half feet.

Attractive, branching plants, carrying well-clothed flower spikes of scarlet, salmon-pink, or white. These flowers are very beautiful, and in good soil and sunshine will bloom all summer if not allowed to seed.

Convolvulus minor, eight inches, h. a., Dwarf Morning Glory.

It is impossible to imagine anything much prettier than the wide, blue-eyed C. tricolour with white throat and yellow decorations. These baby Morning Glories stay wide open all day and make nice little spreading bushes, very pretty and useful along the front of the borders. Sow where they are to flower. They bloom all summer.

Cosmos, t. a., six feet.

This is the tallest and latest flowering annual. The seed is best started indoors and set out when danger of frost is past in good soil and a sheltered position, giving each plant several feet of room for development. The lovely flowers are pink, rose, and white. The variety known as Lady Lenox is a lovely pink and very large flowered, and there is also a white Lady Lenox.

Delphinium, h. a., three feet. Annual Larkspurs.

Invaluable plants for cutting, as well as for garden decoration. The long spikes of flowers are pink, rose, lavender, purple, and white. They are best sown very early in spring where they are to flower, and well thinned when an inch or so high. There are various forms, but I think the "tall branched" is the best.

Dianthus Chinensis, h. a., six to twelve inches. Indian Pink.

Floriferous little plants, jewel-like in their brilliance and with the charm common to all Pinks. They are lovely for edging and come in many good varieties. Crimson Belle is a very bright single; Purity, a lovely double white; Fireball, double and very bright; Mourning Cloak is double and dark crimson strikingly edged with white. Salmon Queen, which may be had either single or double, is a beautiful colour, and Lucifer is a splendid new sort with dazzling scarlet flowers with fringed edges. Often these plants will survive a winter and bloom early the following spring.

Dimorphotheca aurantiaca, twelve to fifteen inches, h. h. a. Namaqualand Daisy.

This gorgeous South African is a newcomer to our gardens and is so good that it bids fair to make some of the old sorts look to their laurels. The great daisylike flowers are a beautiful warm salmon-orange in colour, with a black central ring. It blooms all summer and seems oblivious to drought. If started outdoors, early May is time enough.

Erysimum Arkansanum, h. a., eighteen inches. Alpine Wallflower.

This and *E. Peroskianum* are lovely annuals, bearing their gay yellow or orange flowers all summer if not allowed to go to seed. They are much like Wallflowers and are fragrant.

Eschscholtzia, h. a., six to eight inches. California Poppy.

Prettiest and gayest of annuals, with finely cut gray foliage and cupshaped flowers in every delectable shade of cream, orange, scarlet, yellow, and soft yellowy-salmon. They adore the sun and scorn the drought and have no bad traits of any sort. The hardy seed is fond of roving and makes itself comfortable in the chinks of walls and steps and in all sorts of seemingly unlikely places. There are many good varieties but none any better than the common californica. Sow where they are to flower.

Godetia, h. a., one to two feet.

Cheerful flowers, generous in bloom if given a rich, dry soil, plenty of air and sunshine, and room to develop. They may be planted out or started indoors for earlier bloom. Prettiest in rather large groups of one kind. Some good sorts are Lady Satin Rose, deep pink, one foot; Duchess of Albany, pure white, one foot; Sunset, dwarf carmine; Crimson King, one foot; Princess of Wales, Ruby-coloured pencilled with gray.

Gypsophila, h. a., eighteen inches. Chalk Plant.

G. elegans is very useful for cutting—somewhat resembling its perennial relation with cloudlike masses of small white flowers.

G. muralis is a tiny plant only a few inches tall, looking when in bloom like a wee sunset cloud. We grow it here in the joints of steps and walls as it is too frail for the open garden.

Helianthus, h. a., three to four feet. Sunflower.

Some of the annual Sunflowers are very pretty, those known as *C. cucumerifolius* in both single and double forms are the best. Any situation where the sun shines is comfortable for them.

Iberis, h. a., four to eight inches. Candytuft.

These are charming for edgings or for spreading patches at the front of the borders. The great white Empress is the handsomest, but the rose and lilac sorts are pretty and the little old "sweet scented" is always welcome. They may be planted outdoors where they are to grow.

Ionopsidium acaule, h. a., three inches. Violet Cress.

A diminutive little plant with tiny pale lavender or white flowers, very lovely in the rockery, in the cracks between bricks or steps. Self-sows freely. The seed is very small and should be lightly pressed into the soil and not covered.

Lavatera tremestris var. *rosea splendens*, h. h. a., three feet. Mallow.

This lovely Mallow loves a rich, deeply dug soil and a sunny exposure. It is a large plant requiring room to develop, so the seedlings should be thinned to eighteen inches apart. Sow in April where it is to flower and water in dry weather.

Leptosiphon hybridus, h. a., two to four inches.

Gay little annuals too small and frail save for rockwork or the chinks of walls, steps, etc. The foliage is threadlike. It is best in a partially shaded situation and loves a loamy soil. Seeds should be shown in March and early April where they are to grow.

Linaria, h. a., one foot. Toadflax.

The annual Toadflaxes are pretty enough to justify a few gay patches along the edge of the borders. The blossoms are like small Snapdragons and come in pretty soft shades.

Linum grandiflorum, h. h. a., twelve to fourteen inches. Scarlet Flax.

This is a truly beautiful plant with delicate foliage and wine-red blossoms. It does not bloom all summer, so I like to make two sowings, as I do not like to be without it. It wants a sunny situation and good soil and the seedlings should be severely thinned so as to induce a bushy, self-supporting growth.

Lupinus, h. a., one to two feet. Lupine.

These are as beautiful as the perennial varieties. The tall spikes of pealike flowers come in various colours—all charming. *L. Menziesii* forms a nice bush eighteen inches high and bears lovely yellow flowers. *L. mutabilis*, with pretty rose and white flowers, is charming, also a variety of this called *Cruickshanki* with blue, white, and yellow flowers. This grows four feet high. There is a lovely white sort and one called *hybridus atro-coccineus* with gay crimson flowers tipped with white that is one of the best.

The large seeds should be planted two inches below the surface of the soil where they are to remain, in good soil and sunshine. In dry weather the plants require liberal watering.

Marigold, h. a.

I like everything about this plant. His grand trumpeting colour, his nice gig-saw foliage, his clean, pungent odour, and, most of all, his kindly nature. This is a plain fellow, and plain living suits him best, but once in a while my heart gets the better of my reason and I feed him up a bit, but alas, right away he loses his head and sprawls all over the place, his upstanding carriage gone and his great blossoms fit to burst. I cannot imagine a garden without Marigolds, from the great lemon and orange Africans to the debonair little French fellows in brown and gold which are so neat and tidy and shining along the edges of the borders. They may be started under glass or sown out of doors where they are to grow.

Matthiola, h. h. a., eighteen to twenty-four inches. Stock, Gillyflower.

Lovely in form and foliage, colour and fragrance are the Ten Weeks Stocks. Next to Snapdragons I think they are the best of annuals for planting among perennials. There are various forms offered, all of which are good; and the colours, buff, white, blush, pink, rose, crimson, mauve, and purple are all pretty, but my own choice is for double Stocks in the pale shades, white, buff, and tender pink. Seeds may be planted out of doors when all danger of frost is past, but it is more satisfactory to start them under glass and set the young plants out in May.

Matthiola bicornis is the Night-scented Stock, a shy, inconspicuous little plant about a foot high, which withholds its fine perfume from the day but pours it forth to the night. It is pleasant to have a few patches of this stock about the garden for the sake of its sweetness.

Nemesia, twelve to eighteen inches.

These are charming flowers showing jewel-like colours and having a long period of bloom. *N. strumosa*, Sutton's variety, is the finest strain. Blue Gem is a dwarfer sort with lovely sky-blue flowers. In our climate Nemesias are started in flats or frames in March to give them a good start ahead of dry weather. When set out in the garden they will need five or six inches between them, and if the central shoot is nipped off, a bushy, branching growth will follow. A rich loam with the addition of a little wood ashes is the best soil for them.

Nemophila insignis, h. a., three to four inches. Love Grove.

A truly lovely little flower, sky-blue with a shining white eye. It will do well anywhere in good soil, but in partial shade and soil, a little damp, it creates a brave show indeed. For small beds and borders no prettier edging could be had.

Nicotiana affinis, h. a., three feet. White Tobacco.

Both this plant and the hybrid *N. Sanderae*, the flowers of which are in shades of soft pink, are good annuals for our dry climate and are striking enough to fill quite prominent places at the back of the border. They bloom until after hard frost. The perfume of the White Tobacco is very delicious at night and the tubular blossoms have a shimmering quality which makes them very charming in the moonlit garden.

Nigella damascena, h. a., eighteen inches. Love-in-a-mist.

Of all blue annuals this is the bluest and the quaintest, the most old fashioned and the prettiest. The variety named for Miss Jekyll is the best and bluest and will bloom all summer long if seed does not form. It dislikes transplanting, so should be sown where it is to flower and thinned out to five inches apart. It is very charming planted near *Gypsophila paniculata*.

Papaver, h. a., Poppy.

These creations of heat and light, of silken gauze and crinkled crêpe, have no peers for colour and texture in the floral kingdom. They are like dainty bits of finery, and as such must we use them in the garden, for their beauty is ephemeral and they leave sad blanks behind them. One could hardly give a list of the best annual Poppies, for they are many and all so lovely as to make choice difficult, but a few which seem to me particularly beautiful are: Charles Darwin, shades of mauve-pink, single; Danish Cross, striking scarlet and white, single; Miss Sherwood, lovely salmon-pink and white, single; the Bride, pure white, single; Dainty Lady, pinky-mauve, single, and the lovely Shirleys, in all the finest shades of pink and scarlet. Besides the single sorts are various double-flowered Poppies, like powder puffs and globes of fringed petals. These are known as Carnation-flowered and Pæony-flowered and may be had in as lovely shades as the singles.

It is my experience that Poppy seed should be sown as early in the spring as possible, in March or early in April, and it is well to choose a windless day as the seed is very fine and will be blown in all directions, and it should be sown very thinly where it is to remain.

Petunia, h. h. a.

This has long filled a useful place in our gardens and is very pretty if care is used in selecting colours, for some are not good. The soft frilly white ones are the prettiest and are very nice along the edges of borders or for filling beds. Mr. Speer, in his fine book on Annuals, says, "Propagate the seeds by sowing on the surface of a compost of loam, leaf-mold, and sand in well-drained pans, in February or March in a temperature of 65 degrees." In late May they may be set out in the garden, allowing each plant plenty of room for development.

Phacelia campanularia, h. a.

This is a fine bushy little plant for the front of the border, with clear blue bell-shaped flowers and gray-green foliage curiously marked with claret. It may be sown out of doors in early spring, and is grateful for good garden soil and sunshine.

Phlox Drummondii, t. a.

This is an invaluable plant for edging as well as for beds, and comes in a great number of delightful colours. We raise them in the frames and set out in May but they may be sown late out of doors if so desired. They love a sunny situation, and a rich, well-drained soil and a pinch of lime given to each little plant heartens them up greatly. If the plants are inclined to grow straggly the tops may be nipped off the leading shoots. They bloom all summer.

Reseda, h. a., Mignonette.

No garden would deserve the name without generous plantings of sweet-breathed Mignonette. With us it self-sows freely, and I am always grateful for these gratuitous patches of sweetness wherever they appear in the garden.

To have Mignonette at its best the soil should be somewhat damp, but it will do well enough under ordinary garden conditions. The seed may be sown out of doors early in April, and the young plants should be well thinned. Some of the good varieties are Machet, Golden Machet, Defiance, Parson's White, and Pyramidal.

Salpiglossis t. a., two feet. Painted Tongue.

The blossoms of the Salpiglossis are much like a Petunia in shape, but there the resemblance ends, for few flowers present such esthetic colour schemes—smoked pearl, soft amaranth, rose, burnished purple, delicate buff, and all with pencillings or flushes of deeper colour. Being tender annuals, they are best started indoors and set out in late May in a sunny situation.

Salvia.

The scarlet Salvia is too well known to need description. Its colour is the most difficult to harmonize and the most recklessly used in the floral kingdom. Divers coloured houses rise from the midst of its surrounding flames, beds of it break up many a fair stretch of lawn, and it utterly cows and overpowers flowers of less strong colour in its neighbourhood. It never tempts me, neither Pride of Zurich, Bonfire, nor the rest, but they may easily be had by planting the seed indoors in February or March, or young plants may be purchased from any florist. The variety of Salvia horminum called Bluebeard is quite a different matter, the rich blue-purple of its terminal bracts being long lasting and most valuable in the garden. The seeds are hardy and may be sown out of doors very early.

Sanvitalia procumbens, h. a.

A small, indomitable trailer, quite smothered from early July until frost with tiny sunflower-like blossoms. The colour is a trifle raw, but the whole plant is so thrifty and cheerful that one cannot but enjoy it. Good for edging.

Saponaria calabrica, h. a., Soapwort.

This plant is as cheerfully pink as the foregoing is cheerfully yellow and resembles it in its trailing habit. It resists dry weather very well, and where a pink edging is wanted nothing could be prettier.

Scabiosa, h. a., Sweet Scabius.

This is a popular and easily cultivated annual very nice for cutting as the pretty flower heads are borne on long stems and come in a large variety of charming colours, among which may be found maroon so dark as to be almost black, besides mauve, scarlet, pink, buff, white, and others. Fragrant.

Silene pendula rosea, h. a., four to six inches.

This is a nice little plant for edging, which, when covered with its bright pink blossoms, is very gay and pretty indeed. If it is wanted all through the summer several sowings should be made.

Verbena.

These are best started indoors and set in their permanent places in May. They come in several nice colours, the salmon-pink being particularly pretty. If the branches are pegged down with wire hairpins when they begin to "run," they will cover the ground closely and bloom until killed by frost. Verbenas like a rich soil and full sun and will thrive where many a more thirsty plant will fail.

Zinnia, h. h. a., eighteen inches to two feet. Youth and Old Age.

These are so often bought "mixed" and present so garish an appearance that many people are ignorant of the really fine effects to be gotten from seeds obtained in separate colours and planted in harmonious groups. The blossoms have a curious lustreless quality to their colours which is rather attractive and run into all sorts of off shades which are useful. There is a pretty ashen pink sort, a good bronzy yellow, a soft cream, a fine salmon, and a rich, dark red. Plain food and full sun is all they require.

The Everlastings.

One summer I tried in the nursery a number of these annual flowers, which, on account of their strawlike texture and keeping qualities, are called "everlasting." Many of them are quite pretty enough for garden decoration even though one does not care for the stiff bouquets for winter use. I am fond of these old-fashioned posies and like always to have a few. The colours remain almost undimmed if the flowers are gathered just before they are fully expanded and hung head downward in a dry cool place. I remember, when a little girl in Baltimore, that in the open-air markets for which that city is justly famous there were always several stalls devoted to the sale of Everlasting decorations. Many of these were funeral wreathes and crosses, but others were the gayest of elaborately arranged bouquets for the mantelpiece or centre table.

Helichrysum is the Immortelle of the French, the favourite flower for memorial emblems. It is very pretty indeed, being globular in form with crisp, incurving petals. It comes in various colours, scarlet, salmon, russet, yellow, and a good white called Silver Queen. They self-sow in our garden so we are sure of one winter bouquet at least.

Acroclinium is a half-hardy annual growing about two and a half feet tall bearing starlike flowers about an inch across in soft rose-lilac or white and with grayish foliage. The winged Everlasting, *Ammobium alatum*, has small white flowers with a yellow centre and is very quaint and pretty. It is a hardy annual which blooms all summer long. *Gnaphalium foetidum* is also a hardy annual and much like the foregoing save as to colour which is yellow. Helipterum is yellow and in shape like the Helichrysums, but it loses its nice golden colour when dried and becomes rather a dull green.

The Rhodanthes are extremely pretty with their pink blossoms pendent upon slender stems. *R. Manglesii*, called the Swan River Everlasting, has charming rose-coloured rosettes with yellow centres. The foliage of these plants is broad and pleasant and they grow about fourteen inches high. They do not like to be moved, but as they are very tender must either be started indoors and transplanted with a ball of earth, or sown out of doors in May where they are to remain.

The double flowers of *Xeranthemum annuum* are particularly old-fashioned looking and rather sombre in their violet and purple colouring. They grow about two feet tall and may be sown out of doors in April. The Globe Amaranthe with its round, frankly magenta blooms is one of my favourites. It blooms all summer long and the bunches of bright coloured flowers are very cheery when the long white days are upon us. It may be sown out of doors after danger from frost is past. The Everlastings are very attractive grown in association with the annual and perennial grasses.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

SHRUBS

> "Shrubs there are,
> . . . that at the call of spring
> Burst forth in blossomed fragrance."
> —*Thomson's Seasons.*

THE uses of shrubs are manifold and diverse. Invaluable as screens to hide unsightly objects, lovely to shroud and soften the hard line between house and ground, useful as an underplanting to tall trees, as a background to herbaceous borders, as hedges, windbreaks, or as an edging to walks and drives. These are but a few of the ways in which they will help us in our gardening, and when we remember that our climate is particularly adapted to the fine development of shrubs the wonder is that we do not see them more and better grown.

For myself, I do not care for what is called the "mixed shrubbery." Too often it is made up of a large variety of kinds so tightly packed that the efforts of the plants are expended mainly in a struggle for mere existence and the gracious, sweeping outlines, of which this class of plants is capable, are quite lacking. A shrubbery border is indeed desirable in many situations, but I feel that it should be much simpler in its construction than is usually the case—large groups of a few kinds chosen for their suitability to be neighbours and blending irregularly one into the other, each shrub being given ample room to develop, even though the border must look a trifle bare for a season or two. Occasionally evergreens are a grateful change in the shrubbery border, and underplanting along the front is very desirable. A few low-growing subjects suitable for this purpose are:

Hypericum calycinum, one foot.
" *Moserianum*, twelve to eighteen inches.
Jasminum nudiflorum. Naked Jasmine. (Trailing.)
Vinca minor, eight inches.
Daphne Cneorum, one foot.
" *Mezereum*, two and a half feet.
Euonymus radicans, one and a half feet.
Cotoneaster horizontalis. (Trailing.)
" *Simonsii*.
Berberis Thunbergii, two to three feet.
Ivy. (Prostrate.)
Azalea amoena, three feet.
Gaultheria procumbens—creeping.
Andromeda floribunda.
" *polifolia*, one foot.

Colonies of spring-flowering bulbs are charming scattered beneath and in front of the shrubs, and many gay pictures may be created with their aid.

This class of plants is not as a rule peremptory in its cultural demands, and for this reason we have fallen into the way of imposing upon their kindly nature and sticking them into a shallow hole in any sort of soil and situation, whether conducive to the health of the plant or not, and then feeling quite put out when the poor shrub fails to come up to our glowing expectations.

Shrubs appreciate a broad and deep hole, with the soil at the bottom well broken up. It should be broad enough to admit of the roots being spread out comfortably, and deep enough to enable us to set the shrub at least two inches deeper than it was before—which may usually be determined by the soil-mark upon the stem. The shrub should be set firmly in the ground and the earth well pressed down as it is filled in. A pail of water poured into the hole when partially filled settles the earth around the shoots thoroughly. As little delay as possible in planting should follow the arrival of an order of shrubs, and if the consignment is large the roots of those waiting for attention should be covered with damp burlap, and if very dry may be dipped in water before planting. They may be set out either in spring or fall.

Mr. George Gordon in his "Book of Shrubs" warns us against a practice to which we are all too prone—that of buying very large specimens in order to secure an immediate effect. He says: "Unless the circumstances are quite exceptional and the nursery is within a few miles of the garden, plants of medium size should be preferred to those which have attained to large dimensions. The latter are costly because of the large amount expended in labour upon their preparation by the nurseryman, and they are much more difficult to establish. Sometimes with considerable care they die in the summer after they are planted. In other cases they are so slow in becoming established that they make little growth for two or three years, and when they readily take to their new quarters, it is not unusual for them to be overtaken by plants several years younger at the time of planting." Mr. Gordon recommends plants offered at "the usual catalogue prices" as best for general purposes. Perhaps the most appreciated shrubs are those which come in the early year before the snow feeling has quite vanished from the air, and those are important, too, in the effect of the garden, for with only bulbs and creeping things, such as mainly decorate the spring, the shrubs and flowering trees are needed to carry our colour higher up.

The first to bloom behind our garden walls in a sheltered south border is the Mezereon (*Daphne mezereum*), which before a leaf is thought of, often in late February, has wrapped its stiff little branches in a fragrant purple scarf or somewhat less effectively in a white one. It is a dwarf and succeeds best in a light, well-drained soil made rich with old cow manure, and it will grow in partial shade. The first mild days cause the tiny crowded blossoms to open, and often in November there will be another less hearty but very welcome flowering.

Another very early comer is the Twin-flowered Honeysuckle, *Lonicera fragrantissima*, and besides decorating its brown branches in every direction with pairs of creamy blossoms, it floods the cold spring garden with a most delicious fragrance. It is an erect-growing, semi-evergreen shrub, reaching a height of about six feet, and will grow almost anywhere, but in a sunny sheltered spot it blooms earlier than in exposed places. Others of its family well worth growing and which flower much later in the year are L. Standishii and Maackii.

Often, as early as the middle of March, the Forsythias hang out their yellow lamps, casting a pale radiance for the Crocuses to get up by. There are several different sorts, all bearing the same yellow bells, but showing differences in their manner of growth. *Forsythia suspensa* has long drooping branches, and this is the best sort for training against a wall, or for planting in groups in half-wild places where it will have plenty of room to trail its branches without interfering with its neighbours. *F. intermedia* is a fine form of robust habit, more erect than suspensa, while *F. viridissima* is the strongest growing and most erect of all but with less fine flowers than the other two. These shrubs grown in masses constitute one of the joys of spring. In the garden I have a group of three in a wide border, one with its branches trained against the wall, the other two in front of it. They have an underplanting of pale *Crocus biflorus*, which is very charming in the soft light of the yellow Forsythias.

Hurriedly slipping on her clothes, also by this soft effulgence, is that baby of the great Spiræa family, *S. Thunbergii*, a fluffy, appealing mite, seldom growing more than a yard high and covering itself in early spring with a smother of tiny white flowers and reddish leaves. This is a pretty shrub to grow in front of Forsythias, with drifts of purple and white and yellow Crocuses around and beneath it.

The beauty of Magnolias in early spring is well known to most garden lovers. The great *M. Yulan* and the purple-stained *M. Soulangeana* are spoken of in the chapter on flowering trees, but snowy *M. stellata* has a place among the earliest shrubs of the year. It is seldom seen more than four feet high, but blooms at so early an age and presents so solid a mass of gleaming whiteness that it frequently looks like a forgotten snow-drift lying upon the wet brown earth or the freshening grass. The fragrant flowers are composed of about a dozen strap-shaped petals, loosely grouped, and the leaves do not appear until after the blossoms are past. This Magnolia, like most of its kin, is best suited with a rich, porous soil, and if it may be protected from the rowdy gales of the young year by wall or taller shrubs, it is grateful.

Pyrus or *Cydonia Japonica* (Chenomaler), which blooms in early April, is one of the most brilliantly effective shrubs of the entire year. The gay scarlet flowers cling along the crooked, thorny bushes most artistically, and in spite of its being what we call "common," should be found in every garden. There are pink and blush sorts and a variety called *Maulei*, which has some orange in its scarlet colour. Against our garden wall the ordinary scarlet sort creates a fine picture with bright-pink early Tulips trailing down the border from its prickly skirts.

Before spring has got very far along her flowery path other members of the Spiræa tribe begin to deck themselves in festal array. *S. prunifolia, fl. pl.*, with long, wandlike branches lined with white buttonlike flowers, is early to bloom, and *S. arguta* is another lovely early-blooming sort. *S. Van Houttei* is a well-known and splendid sort which blooms in early May, and is followed through the season by other kinds, all worth having in a large collection—*Reevesii*—white, May. *Bumalda*—dwarf—pink, July. *Anthony Waterer*, magenta, all summer; and others.

Daffodils and early Tulips are charming peeping from beneath the snowy draperies of the early-flowering Spiræas, and groups of the noble Crown Imperial are very handsome in the neighbourhood of *S. prunifolia.*

Toward the end of April *Ribes aureum*, the Flowering Currant of old gardens, begins to shake out its small yellow blossoms, the perfume of which seeks us out at a great distance. This is not a shrub of high degree, but a sweet old-fashioned thing that one likes to tuck away in all sorts of places for the sake of its perfume, particularly under one's windows. It does well anywhere, even in shade. There are other varieties, *sanguineum* and *atrosanguineum* with reddish flowers, but I have had only the common sort.

The Kerrias, both single and double, are at their height about the first of May. I rather prefer the single sort, but both are fine and golden in their bloom, which thickly clothes the slender light-green branches. These plants are said to prefer a damp soil, but I have not found them fastidious, and save that they are sometimes nipped by late spring frosts are most easily managed.

Lovely indeed, just now, is *Prunus triloba, fl. pl.*, a shrubby member of the plum family, which wreathes itself from top to bottom with gay pink rosettes resembling but larger than those affected by the Flowering Almond. We have two great bushes of *Prunus triloba* in front of the garden-house porch with a fine clump of gray-white Florentine Iris and some cherry-coloured Tulips Pride of Haarlem as its neighbours.

The gay little Flowering Almond, in both its pink and its white manifestation, is in full regalia at this season. Ours are growing against a group of Purple Leaved Plums, in a border where Bleeding Hearts and pink and white Cottage Tulips complete a delightful picture.

Soon come Lilacs, "in snow-white innocence or purple pride," and how glad we are to see them! Surely it is the favourite shrub. Here we have fine old bushes, tall enough to shake their scented plumes into the second-story windows. And all about the countryside are magnificent specimens, many of them keeping guard, with the striped grass and orange Day Lilies, over the charred or crumbling ruins of what was once a cherished home.

Even after making the acquaintance of many of the splendid new varieties, so truly fine in colour and form, my foolish heart clings to the old-fashioned single purple and white, for no flower seems to me to so truly express the fulness of the spring. But I am planting all sorts and feel that we cannot have too many. Some of the best of the new sorts are Charles X, a stirring reddish purple; Marie Legraye and Madam Casimir-Perier, splendid single and double whites; Madam Lemoine, double cream; Souv. de Louis Spath, pinkish mauve; Pres. Carnot, double lavender; Pres. Grevy, bluish-lavender; Grand Duc Constantin, ashy-lilac, double.

It is well, if possible, to procure these new Lilacs *on their own roots*, as suckers from the budded sorts cause much trouble and if not carefully removed will soon kill out our rare variety.

Few shrubs are lovelier than the old Persian Lilac, in both its lilac and white varieties. It is more slender in all its parts than the other Lilacs and bears its great loose panicles of bloom from top to bottom.

There are other sorts of Lilacs that one might also grow. The Rouen Lilac is lovely, and *Syringa Japonica,* of treelike form, leathery leaves, and creamy blossoms that come after other Lilacs are past, is said to be fine. I have had a bush of the Hungarian Lilac (*S. Josikaea*) in the garden for several years, but it seems most deliberate and has not yet bloomed.

Lilacs love a rich soil and a spot not too dry, and they seem to like to grow close to a house, where the drip from the eaves finds its way to their thirsty roots, or perhaps the sympathy and companionship of human beings answers to some need of its nature, for surely Lilacs are never so fine as when growing close to a dwelling. To prune Lilacs is to do them grievous harm. I have known them sulk, or perhaps mourn, for years after a smart trimming, not giving a single bloom. The faded flowers are best cut away, but the branches may be left to themselves.

Besides the beloved Lilacs May has great wealth in the way of flowering shrubs. The Deutzias are a useful and deserving race, which will thrive lustily if given tolerable conditions. There are numerous varieties, but the family is well represented by *D. crenata fl. pl.*, Pride of Rochester, double white flowers; *Crenata rosea*, double pink; *Lemoinei*, a sturdy dwarf shrub of upstanding habit, producing pure-white flowers, and gracilis, a small fluffy-flowered thing of great beauty.

Exochorda grandiflora, the Pearl Bush, is one of the prettiest of flowering shrubs, though not often seen. Its snowy, inch-broad blossoms appear in great profusion with the leaves, and a well-grown specimen may be eight feet high and as many through. It delights in rich soil and some protection from the wind, and to be seen at its best should be given plenty of room for development.

Another good white-flowered shrub is *Rhodotypos Kerrioides*, which has much the appearance of a single white Kerria. The foliage is large and handsome and the gleaming blossoms are followed in autumn by dark coloured berries. It grows about six feet tall, is reasonable about soil, and belongs to the early days of the month.

The Mock Oranges (Philadelphus) are only a bit behind the Lilacs in our affections. The old *P. coronarius* is perhaps in some danger of being superseded by the beautiful new hybrids, which have been placed at our disposal, but they all have the same charm of creamy bloom, delicious fragrance, and good foliage. Save for *P. microphyllus*, which is a dwarf of the most engaging type, the Mock Oranges are tall-growing shrubs. The best of the new varieties are Avalanche, Boule d'Argent, Fantaisie, Mont Blanc, and Gerbe de Neige. There is a yellow-leaved form of coronarius which is a much better shrub than many other yellow-leaved things, and often very useful in lighting up a shadowy corner. These shrubs will grow in shade, if necessary, but they dislike being crowded and will bloom well only when given plenty of space. They bloom upon the wood of the previous season, so if this is cut away the result is obvious.

Weigelas belong to May and are very hardy and useful shrubs, but somehow they awaken little enthusiasm in my soul. The white-flowered sorts, candida and Dame Blanche, are the prettiest, I think; but the pink-flowered varieties enjoy much favour. Eve Rathke blooms quite late and bears very handsome claret-coloured flowers; Abel Carrière is a good bright rose; Esperance, pale salmon, and Fleur de Mai, purplish-pink, flower earlier than the rest; and there are also La Perle, a pretty blush-colour, and Saturn, very nearly carmine. Little pruning is required, save to keep the sturdy bushes free from old and useless wood, and they succeed well in almost any situation.

A shrub familiar to most garden-bred folk is the old Snowball tree, *Viburnum opulus* var. *sterilis*. Great bushes of it were in the garden where I grew up and we called it "Summer snowball" and not infrequently used it as such. It will grow eight feet high and almost as thick through, the long branches bending under the weight of the heavy blooms. The bushes grow thickly in a rich soil and require an annual thinning out of old wood.

With the opening summer comes the lovely Rose Acacia (*Robinia hispida*) drooping its long branches, hung with rosy pea-shaped blossoms, among the fresh young leafage. I do not often see this charming shrub in handsome gardens, but I know of many humble door yards that boast its high-bred beauty, but where it ever has an alien look, seeming to belong to higher walks of life. The Rose Acacia is of rapid growth and becomes an ornament while more deliberate shrubs are making up their minds to grow. On account of its drooping, spreading habit it requires room to adequately display its charms. In Mr. E. T. Cook's book, "Trees and Shrubs for English Gardens," he says, "The Rose Acacia (*Robinia hispida*), trained on a wall or house, is as beautiful as any Wisteria, and the quality of the low-toned rosy bloom of a much rarer colour. It is quite hardy, but so brittle that it needs close and careful wall training or other support."

With the arrival of summer the great array of flowering shrubs becomes noticeably depleted, but we do not feel their loss so much as the herbaceous borders are rapidly filling with tall and splendid tenants. But there are still a few, the old-fashioned Sweet Shrub (*Calycanthus floridus*), with its hard little brown blossoms of memory-stirring fragrance, so valuable to children for tying tightly in the corner of a handkerchief for the refreshment of the nose. Some people lose their fancy for the fragrance of these little brown blossoms when they acquire a taste for spotless handkerchiefs and perfumes in bottles, but I do not lose my love for it. One whiff of the spicy, exhilarating odour, and open flies the gate long closed upon a joyous childhood, and with the brown talisman tightly held within my palm I am free to pass through into a land of perpetual revels, where all wonders are possible and where faith in life and its great promises is as firm as the walls which guard the garden. I like to see my children tying the *Calycanthus* blossoms in their grimy little handkerchiefs, for I feel sure they will one day be as glad as I for a passport which will admit them once more to the sheltered garden of their childhood.

Friend Althæa is about the most accommodating shrub of my acquaintance. Even life in a city backyard, where it is peppered with dust and soot and where the air it breathes is far from pure, does not alter its determination to grow and be beautiful. I like the single Althæas best, but the doubles are pretty enough, and generally preferred. The colours go from white to deep rose and maroon, and there are some nice purplish and lilac shades which are particularly effective against stone walls or gray stucco houses. *Hibiscus syriacus* is its proper name, and it is also called Rose of Sharon. The trees are strong and woody, and reach a height of ten feet.

Another shrub of mid-summer and early fall is the Hardy Hydrangea, which, in a small garden, is rather like the proverbial bull in a China shop, clumsy and unmanageable, owing to the great size of its blossoms, which are out of scale with the bush and with most things in its vicinity. It is, in the language of the catalogues, "a grand specimen shrub," and as such it is too frequently used to the desecration of what would otherwise be a pleasant lawn. Massed against tall evergreens or sweeping along a driveway the Hardy Hydrangea acquires a certain dignity and power, and to my mind it is only in such bold planting in wide places that it should be used. *Hydrangea paniculata* and its var. *grandiflora* are the best and hardiest kinds. They will reach a height of about six feet, and in the autumn the blossoms turn a fine reddish colour, and may be brought indoors for winter decoration. The shrub should be severely pruned in early spring, one-half its growth cut back to insure a symmetrical form and countless heavy-headed blossoms.

Most of the Buddleias are too tender for the rigours of our winters, those best for our gardens are all varieties of *B. Davidii* and are known under various names like Veitchiana, more robust than the type, and *B. variabilis*, etc. These may be counted upon to come through a severe winter unscathed as far north as Boston. These shrubs grow into fair-sized bushes with wand-like, drooping branches, bearing flowers not unlike the lilac in form and of a charming rosy-lilac shade. The blooms form on the new wood, and the bushes require cutting back in very early spring (March) to within two or three eyes of the old wood. They are best planted in spring, so that they may become well established before the strain of winter.

When autumn arrives we cease to expect flowers from our shrubs and are grateful to those with colouring leaves and gay fruit. The Sumachs give superb colour, their ruddy plumes in fine harmony with the scarlet of their foliage. The Smoke tree, *Rhus Cotinus*, is one of the finest of the Sumachs. It grows into a tall, full shrub, or small tree, with bright, light-green leaves. The purple flowers in summer are not very conspicuous, but later become what the botanists call "exceedingly plumose," giving the tree the appearance of a huge puff of brown smoke. *R. typhina laciniata,* the Cut-leaved, Staghorn Sumach, is a beautiful sort, with delicate foliage, which turns magnificently in the fall and bears, besides, great clusters of dark crimson fruit.

Barberries I have not before mentioned, for while they flower early the pendent fruit that is the chief of their charms does not come until the autumn. The common Barberry *B. vulgaris,* so intimate a feature of the New England landscape, but not native to it, having been introduced from Europe many years ago, is a good sort, with small yellow flowers in spring and dangling, brilliantly scarlet berries in the autumn. The purple-leaved Barberry, *B. vulgaris* var. *purpurea,* is a tall-growing shrub of splendid colour. Best known of the family is, perhaps, *B. Thunbergii,* the small, thorny shrub so much used for low hedges. Its foliage colours richly, and in winter the scarlet fruit dances gayly in the wind above the snow-shrouded garden.

Many of the Elders, *Sambucus,* are fine in the late months of the year, turning a soft yellow and bearing ornamental fruits. The common Elder, *S. canadensis,* is a good shrub and bears dark reddish-purple berries. *S. nigra* var. *aurea* has yellow leaves and flat clusters of bluish-white berries. *S. maxima* var. *pubescens* bears large flower clusters in the late summer, which are followed by red berries.

Viburnums also are gay fruited. *V. Opulus* has red berries; *lantana* has red berries that finally turn dark; *dentatum* has rich blue-black fruit, and the Maple-leaved Viburnum, which grows wild in our mountains, also has clusters of dark-coloured berries.

The old-fashioned Snowberry peeps through most of the tumbledown fences in our neighbourhood, and we have a fine group at our own front fence. The shrub grows about five feet high and has small leaves, tiny pink flowers, beloved of bees, which are followed by large, gleaming white berries. The appalling name of this simple old friend is *Symphoricarpus racemosus*. It spreads quickly, and is a good shrub of medium height.

Besides these gay-leaved, bright-fruited shrubs there are many others, too numerous for inclusion in a short chapter, but they may be found among the Dogwoods. Euonymuses, Hawthorns, Crabs, Plums, Andromedas, Roses, Alders, and others.

PRUNING. One needs to be wary of the knife where shrubs are concerned. Constantly I see them lopped and mangled into the most pitiful semblance of their former graceful state, the ignorant butcher seemingly unaware or unmindful of the fact that he has cut off the greater part of the spring's store of blossoms. Some gardeners seem to have a perfect mania for pruning—

really it is not safe to leave the knife within their reach, for once launched upon a pruning orgy they are seemingly insane and cut and slash with horrid joy—just one more bud-laden twig, just one more branch of promise—until where is the gracious, long-limbed shrub of a moment ago? Quite gone, and in its place a stubby, shame-faced, denuded thing, already suffering pangs of mortification over the barrenness she knows must be hers in the coming season of bloom and fruitfulness.

It is better not to prune at all until one knows one's shrubs pretty thoroughly: when they bloom, and if they are vigorous or delicate.

Mr. E. T. Cook says: "Many shrubs which have been in one place for some years, and have become stunted or poorly flowered, are often given a new lease of life by a hard pruning in winter, cutting away all the old wood entirely and shortening the remainder. With a good feeding at the same time, they will throw up strong young shoots, full of vigour, which will bear fine and well-coloured flowers." Mr. Cook also says that when a cut is made it should be accomplished with a sharp instrument, clean and slanting toward a bud.

Most flowering shrubs need little or no pruning, save the removal of old and useless wood, but if pruning is considered desirable it is essential to know whether the flowers are borne upon the old or upon the new wood, so that we shall not cause ourselves, as well as the poor shrub, the sorrow of a flowerless season.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

FLOWERING TREES IN THE BORDERS

"No Man so callous but he heaves a sigh
When o'er his head the withered cherry blossoms
Come fluttering down."
—*Korumushi.*

IT SEEMS not to be the pleasant custom nowadays in our country to plant trees in the flower borders. In gardens of the old world one comes frequently upon a spreading tree rising from a tangle of gay flowers in even quite narrow borders, casting a cool shadow across the sunny path. Sometimes it is a sombre black-shadowed Yew, often a gnarled and twisted apple or pear, or some rare exotic; but, whatever it is, the garden assumes an added grace, a more interesting aspect from its presence.

Certainly much of the charm of the trim Box-bordered gardens of our grandmothers may be attributed to the fruit trees which marched up and down the straight paths creating sweet shadowy interludes in the sunny expanse, sifting their fragrant petals like snow among the Daffodils and spry Ladies' Delights, and later hanging out their scarlet or yellow fruit in rich harmony with the Tiger Lilies, Marigolds, and "gilded Sunflowers."

These old gardens haunt one's memory as having possessed "atmosphere" and a wealth of interest not always present in modern gardens, augmented, as they are, with rarer flowers and all the modern inventions of the gardener's art.

Many a garden would be redeemed from the commonplace by the presence of a few graceful trees. They would relieve the tiresome flatness of its surface and lend the agreeable variety of light and shade which gives depth and meaning to its brilliance and subtlety to its beauty, without which no composition is wholly satisfying. A garden should hold out a perpetual invitation, but this the merely sunny garden never does during the heat of summer days, whereas, that with comfortable seats in shady corners ever tempts us to linger. It has the pleasant livable quality which is as desirable in a garden as in a room.

I do not speak for great Elms, Maples, and Oaks within the garden enclosure. They, indeed, would rob the soil, and cast a far too heavy shade. But there are beautiful flowering trees, picturesque in outline and so lightly made as to cast only such shadow as many a plant is grateful to receive. They rob the border to no greater extent than we can easily repair by the addition of a little extra fertilizer.

In spring these flowering trees are particularly valuable in the garden, because the great array of flowering bulbs and other early spring flowers are so low growing that our colour is, of necessity, put on too flat, and so we are grateful to the trees which carry the colour higher up and fling their bloom-wrapped branches, like silken scarves, high against the garden wall. Lured by the trees birds will make their homes within our garden enclosure, giving their songs and the vivid interest of their lives for our edification. And, more than this, they will be our able coadjutors in ridding the garden of the vicious cutworm and a grievous horde of evildoers.

There are many sorts of flowering trees but none so lovely as the flowering fruit trees, and of these, perhaps by virtue of its age and the great respect with which it has been regarded from earliest times, the Apple should claim our first consideration for, says Harriet Keeler, "When man emerges into history, he has an apple in his hand and the dog by his side."

Crabapples are best suited for use in the limited space of the flower garden, and there are numerous fine varieties. None is more beautiful than *Pyrus floribunda*, the grace and brilliance of which is not easily surpassed—scarlet in bud, deep pink in blossom, each slightly drooping branch literally wrapped in enchanting colour. Here, in the angle of the high stone wall, it is usually in full regalia by April 24th, and along the borders its colour is deliciously repeated by pink and cherry-coloured early Tulips growing in little groups through mats of white Arais. In time it reaches a height of twelve feet, but blossoms when quite small. I have a variety called *Scheideckeri* with larger flowers of paler colour but otherwise similar to the foregoing. Very charming as a neighbour for *P. floribunda* is the Siberian Crab, *P. baccata*, bearing pure-white flowers. *P. coronaria*, the American Sweet Scented Crab, grows rapidly into a picturesque tree almost thirty feet high and clothes itself with large single pale pink blossoms with the fragrance of violets. Exquisite, also, and attaining about the same height, is *P. spectabilis* with great clusters of blush-pink, semi-double blossoms. Perhaps the treasure of the family is Bechtel's Double Flowered American Crab,* the latest to bloom in this garden. It makes a nice, symmetrical little tree, and after the leaves have accomplished their pale young growth come myriads of pink double blossoms like little Daily Roses that have the Sweet Violet fragrance. Near this tree we enjoy a group of gray-white Florentine Iris and a gay colony of bright cherry-coloured Tulip Pride of Haarlem.

The Crabs root deeply and enjoy a warm, dry soil, well prepared to a considerable depth, so that the garden borders suit them well. They are very hardy, not nearly so deliberate in their growth as their fellows of the orchard, and forming very nice-sized trees in a few years.

Blooming in April and May, many bulbs are at hand to flower with great effect beneath their spreading branches: the paler-coloured Daffodils, Poet's Narcis-

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**Pyrus ioensis.*

sus, and a host of pink, white, and buff-coloured Tulips. Beside these the earliest of the May Irises and all the pretty creeping plants of the season enable us to accomplish many charming pictures, and in the autumn the small highly coloured fruits, profusely borne, again bring these trees into important requisition as colour factors.

The word Prunus covers a multitude of delights: Peaches, Cherries, and Plums of a diversity and loveliness quite undreamed save by those who have set out to know them in all their great variety. If one needs to make a choice perhaps the Cherries would come first, for there is nothing quite like the pure perfection of Cherry blossoms—not the chill whiteness of Pear blossoms with their strange cloying perfume, but a quality of purity all their own, glistening, youthful, with no hint of cold aloofness. They fill the mind and satisfy the soul, and, spreading their white shade above the troops of golden Daffodils, fill the garden with an enchanting radiance. All the Cherries are bewitching; even the Japanese Weeping Cherry, *Cerasus pendula*, is so exquisite in its grief that one finds it possible for once to tolerate a tearful tree. *Cerasus avium* var. *multiplex*, enveloped in snow-white bloom, is thought by many to be the queen of flowering trees, but there are so many treasures how can one decide? This tree is perhaps too vigorous for small gardens, for it reaches a height of forty feet; but if there is room for it there is nothing lovelier. It blooms at the same time as the orchard Cherries, of which it is a development, with great loose clusters of pure-white double flowers. *Cerasus Pseudo-cerasus*, known also as *C. Watereri* and *C. Sieboldii*, is an exquisite form of the Japanese Rose Flowered Cherry, and this, with the other double rose-flowered form, *James H. Veitch* and the lovely pure-white, double-flowered Chinese Cherry, *C. serrulata*, are the best for planting in the flower borders. These are the trees the blossoming of which is the occasion in Japan for holidays and festivals in which all classes take part. It seems a sane and lovely custom and one that western nations might do well to follow, but, imagine, if you can, the American man of business and affairs making a holiday and going afield, lunch-basket in hand, because the land is full of apple blossoms, "their breath upon the breeze." Noses are held too closely to the grindstone for the sweet perfume to reach them, and too many there are who let pass unnoticed these rare "blue days," musical with the ecstatic songs of mating birds and cloudy with the mist of blossoming trees.

Cherries enjoy the deep, well-drained loam of the garden borders, and they love a sunny situation. Lime in some form is important to their well-being, and they respond gratefully if given a dose at least once a year.

Here, in the frost-bound north, the impetuosity with which the Peach trees burst into bloom, in defiance of threatening winds and cold, endears them to us. Indeed, so reckless are they in responding to the "double-faced" smiles of cunning April, who comes acourting, that their beauty is sometimes spoiled, and one must wait a whole year to enjoy the breathless moment when the Peach trees are a pink enchantment above a shadow of purple Crocuses.

What the Apple tree is to New England the Peach is to the Middle and Southern States. Every negro hut boasts its glorifying Peach tree, every trim homestead its Peach orchard, and I remember, when a little girl in Baltimore, that so many of the backyards had Peach trees that it was quite a delight to walk along the side streets in early spring and peep through the iron railings or over the queer board fences at the great bouquets within. On the mountains of Maryland are the most beautiful Peach orchards imaginable, and one does not easily forget the experience of having seen one lying in flushed ecstasy within the curving embrace of a rugged mountain road.

The double-flowered Peaches are even lovelier than those of the orchards, the pink or white rosette-like blossoms clinging densely along the naked branches. We have a variety known as the Blood-leaved Peach with tiny blossoms and reddish-purple foliage, but it is not so good a tree as *Prunus Pissardii*, the purple-leaved Plum, and shares, with all the Peaches, the fault of losing its leaves too early in the fall. Peach trees, too, are not so good in form as the Cherries, Plums, and

Crabs, but one willingly gives them space for the delight of their short spring rapture.

Prunus triloba, which is not, correctly speaking, a tree, and *P. Pissardii*, the purple-leaved Plum, are the only representatives of the Plum family of my acquaintance. The first, P. triloba, the Rosette Plum, is shrublike in growth, and wreathes its leafless branches in double bright pink blossoms somewhat resembling but much larger than those of the Flowering Almond. It is said to bloom best when well pruned just after flowering, but I tried this with most disappointing results; whereas, when left alone, it was a veritable bouquet.

Prunus Pissardii, with its wine-coloured foliage, is a splendid tree. Its small single blossoms are so delicate as to seem like mist against the garden wall, and I cannot but feel that the double-flowered form, *Moseri fl. pl.*, must lose much of grace and endearing frailty in the doubling of its petals. The rich foliage of the tree makes it prominent in the garden all during the season, and nothing is pleasanter in its neighbourhood than flowers in the various pink shades. We begin with Flowering Almonds pressed close against it and a trail of pink Tulips followed by Bleeding Hearts, Pæonies, Hybrid Pyrethrums, tall Hollyhocks, and Phloxes. *P. Pissardii* reaches a height of about fifteen feet. The double-flowering Sloe, *Prunus spinosa, flore pleno*, is described as very lovely, but as yet we have it not.

The flowering fruit trees do not at all exhaust the treasures to be had, and one of the loveliest of these others and earliest to bloom of any of our flowering trees is the Shadbush, a lovely will-o'-the-wisp of a tree appearing like puffs of mist among the wet green trunks of woodland trees—as ethereal and fleeting. This lovely wild thing with its harsh-sounding name, *Amelanchier canadensis*, enjoys the shelter of the garden walls where rough winds may not tear its fragile flowers and where its roots may go deep into the rich soil of the borders. It is a graceful, lightly made tree though sometimes reaching a height of thirty feet, but it blooms when quite small, and the peculiar wraithlike quality of its flowering makes it especially welcome in the spring garden.

Both the native Dogwood and Judas trees, which blooming in unison in Maryland and Virginia create of the April woods a fairy world, are both entirely worthy a place within the garden. The spreading Dogwood is too well known to need description. The white and the rarer pink variety are to be found in most good gardens, and it is not only in spring that it is valuable, but in its rich autumn dress as well.

The tiny lavender-pink blossoms of the Judas tree or Redbud, *Cercis canadensis*, appear before the leaves and are set so closely upon the naked branches that little bunches and knots of them are crowded off upon the trunk of the tree, looking like extra rosettes pinned on by anxious Mother Nature as an afterthought. The tree has an interesting irregularity of contour, and is quite Japanese in character against its background of gray stone. The leaves are large and heartshaped, and the tree is a fairly rapid grower, blooming when quite young. There is a variety called Siliquastrum which attains a height of about ten feet, and is more bushy in growth. The flowers are somewhat larger than those of canadensis and it is perhaps a better tree altogether. Pinky-mauve Darwin Tulips nicely repeat the colour of the Judas tree, along its border, relieved by bushes of Hardy Candytuft. John Gerarde described the colour of the Judas flowers as a "purple colour mixed with red," and further says of the tree that "it is thought to be that on which Judas did hang himself and not upon the Elder Tree as it is vulgarly said." This explains its strange name.

The two splendid Magnolias, *M. conspicua* and *M. Soulangeana*, flower by mid-April. The first, which is known as the Yulan Magnolia, has been cultivated in China for a thousand years, and is considered the symbol of candour and beauty. Its great thick-skinned white flowers exhale a rare fragrance, and the tree in time reaches a great height. Soulangeana bears pale flowers stained with deeper colour, and is the more often seen. Once established Magnolias are as hardy as iron, but they are somewhat difficult to transplant. March is said to be the best time to set them out, and it is well to shade the young trees for several weeks and keep the ground about them thoroughly moist. All Magnolias prefer a damp soil, but will do well wherever the soil is deep and rich.

No garden would be complete without a few Hawthorns. Here we have only two—the white English Hawthorn or May, and Paul's Double Scarlet Thorn—but there are many others. The white thorn, *Crataegus Oxyacantha*, while it is the commonest, must surely be the loveliest, and I know of few things which fill the air with so rare a perfume. It may be had in various pink and red forms and double, but the single white is, I think, the most characteristic and beautiful. The effect of the tree in flower is not *pure* white, but almost silvery. Burns sings of the Hawthorn, "wi' its lock o' siller grey," and Shelley of the "moonlight coloured May."

I have a fine Hawthorn tree outside my bedroom window, and not only enjoy the sweet perfume the first thing upon waking, but hear the bees testifying in noisy fashion to the excellence of the fare provided for them. Paul's Scarlet Thorn is very brilliant when in full flower, but lacks the sweetness of the other. Both, in time, grow into good-sized trees but are rather leisurely about it.

A favourite among my garden trees is the Golden Chain, *Laburnum vulgare*—the variety *Watererii* is better—and in late May hangs chains of yellow pea-shaped blossoms nearly two feet in length from every branch. It is easily raised from seed, and grows quickly, finally reaching a height of about twenty feet. It will grow in any well-drained soil and impartially in sun or shade, but, as far north as Massachusetts, is not reliably hardy save in sheltered places. All parts of the tree are said to be poisonous, especially the beans that follow the flowers.

If room can be found it is pleasant to give a corner to our native Burning Bush, or Wahoo, *Euonymus atropurpureus*, for the sake of its brilliant seed vessels which dangle like scarlet ear-drops from every twig and branch, hanging long after the crimson leaves have fallen and carrying a bit of cheer through the desolate gateway of winter. The leaves, bark, and fruit of this tree are also said to be poisonous.

There is an old saying which is good advice: "Be aye sticking in a tree, it'll be growing when you're sleeping." Do not wait until the garden is finished, but put the trees in first, that they may be developing and preparing to give to the garden the appearance that we so earnestly desire—of having long existed.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

GREEN DRAPERIES

"In a garden Nature is not to be her simple self, but is to be subject to man's conditions, his choice, his rejection."

—*John Sedding.*

VINES are the draperies of the garden, and as much thought should be given to their choice and bestowal as to the hangings of a room. The wrong vine may mar an otherwise pleasant scene, and the right one will frequently quite redeem the commonplace. Architectural indiscretions and enormities may be buried and forgotten beneath a heavy covering of vines, and many a crude and unsightly object brought into harmony with its surroundings through the kindly tact of some gracious climbing plant. No need to emphasize the charm of vineclad arbours and porches, of green-draped walls and gateways, which do so much toward giving to our gardens the appearance of permanence and livableness so much desired. But perhaps it is a little needful to speak of the fact that the chief factor in this charm is *luxuriance*, which may not be had without generous preparation of the spot the vine is to occupy.

Nearly all climbing plants require a rich soil to support the great top growth, and a deep and wide hole, well manured, should be prepared for their reception. Yearly enrichment should be given, and frequent cultivation of the soil around the vine will insure a freer growth. It is the part of wisdom to start the training of young climbing plants at a very tender age, for once let them have their own way for a season, and much cruel mutilation is necessary to bring them back to the paths of decorum. In many a situation, however, the vine may be allowed its own sweet will, and sweet indeed it is, when one observes the delightful manner in which Nature hangs her festoons of Virginia creeper, Woodbine, Bittersweet, and Clematis over stumps and fences, dead trees, and rocky hillsides; but when some special object is to be covered, no time should be lost in pointing out to the young vine the path it is to follow and seeing that it obeys. The matter of pruning is of importance, and is much better left entirely undone unless knowledge and experience guide the shears. Most vines may be safely left unpruned if doing well, but if in a weak condition may be cut hard back to induce a sturdier growth.

Maeterlinck says: "Though there be plants and flowers that are awkward and ungainly, there is none that is wholly without wisdom and ingenuity," and it seems to me that climbing plants are gifted with a special intelligence. It is well known that all the twining vines twine in a given direction—that is, from left to right, or the opposite, and that it is not possible to persuade them to change their plans. It is remarkable, too, to see their different ways of getting up in the world, some by means of aerial rootlets, as the Ivy and Ampelopsis; some by little seeking tendrils that strongly grasp any available object, as the Clematis and Grape; some which twine themselves around a given support, as Honeysuckle and Wistaria, and others which throw themselves recklessly upon anything within their reach and demand a lift. To this class belong the Climbing Roses.

There are of course annual and perennial vines at our disposal, and while in the established garden there is little reason to employ the former, in new gardens they are indispensable to provide a little drapery while the permanent climbers are getting themselves settled and making a start.

Among annuals I must confess to a weakness for Morning Glories. Thoreau admitted a similar weakness when he wrote, "It always refreshes me to see it . . . I associate it with the holiest morning hours." But Morning Glories have their faults, and a bad one is that they are apt to impose upon one's hospitality. They appear to think that an invitation to spend a summer in your garden may be stretched to cover any number of summers, and back they come year after year with never so much as a "by your leave," or "which plant may I use as a lift?"

I remember once in my early gardening experience being away for two months during the summer and finding, upon my return, the garden positively gasping for breath in the clutches of these unbidden guests. The moment my back was turned they had risen up all over the garden and climbed like acrobats up anything so unfortunate as to possess an upright stalk. It was crass outlawry, of course, and had to be ruthlessly dealt with, but in my heart I felt that beneath their dainty burden the smug Dahlias had acquired a grace quite foreign to them, and that the poor half-strangled Hollyhocks had never looked so lovely as when providing a trellis for these wantons, with their "fairy loops and rings."

The Japanese have wrought magic upon the simple Morning Glory, and have created a race called Japanese Imperial, which will climb eight feet and hang out marvellously ruffled, scalloped, and fringed blossoms, in gorgeous shades and combinations, in great profusion. Copper, azure, crimson, rose colour, all are possible, and many boast a throat or markings of another tint. To insure quick germination the seeds of this climber may be notched, or soaked in warm water for a few hours before planting, and they may be started indoors in little pots for early flowering.

The ghostly Moon Vine, *Ipomoea grandiflora,* belongs to the same family as the foregoing. It makes a tremendous growth in a season, and this fact, with its luxuriant foliage, causes it to be in great demand for screening porches. The great white blossoms, open only at night, peer uncannily from the dusky shadows of the dark foliage with striking effect, but I do not like this great flower which cannot bear the sweet light of day. Another member of the family considered of merit is the beautiful Californian *I. rubro caerulea,* in its variety, "Heavenly Blue," which must be started indoors, and when planted out given a warm and sheltered situation.

The Dolichos, or Hyacinth Bean, winds its way through Oriental poetry as the Woodbine and Jasmine through our own. It is a rapid climber, flowering vigorously, in erect spikes of purple or white pea-shaped flowers, from July until autumn. It requires a sunny situation and enjoys plentiful watering in summer. It may be started indoors, or planted out after the ground is well warmed by the May sunshine.

Coboea scandens is a popular annual climber. It is a rapid grower and bears in July numerous greenish-purple cup-and-saucer-like blossoms, which are rather artistic in their colouring. It enjoys a sunny position and a soil not very rich, and the seeds should be started indoors. I have been told that these should be placed edgewise in the pot, but I do not know if this is fact or tradition.

Members of the Hop and Gourd families provide satisfactory, quick-growing climbers. Trained over fences and arches the Hop is very graceful and luxuriant, and even the variegated form of *Humulus Japonicus*, the variety usually grown, is quite pretty.

Raising Gourds is very popular in my family, and a single package of mixed seed will frequently yield some very strange results. Some of the curious fruit is quite ornamental, but the vines are hardly suitable for planting save in out-of-the-way places. We start the seed indoors in small pots and transplant when danger from frost is past.

Adlumia cirrhosa, variously known as Allegheny Vine, Mountain Fringe, Climbing Fumatory, Wood Fringe, and Fairy Creeper, is a frail biennial vine which, however, blooms the first year from seed, of endearing qualities and beguiling grace. Mrs. Earl, in her charming "Old Time Gardens," thinks that no garden is complete without it, "for its delicate green Rue-like leaves lie so gracefully on Stone and brick walls, or on fences, and it trails its slender tendrils so lightly over dull shrubs that are not flowering, beautifying them afresh with an alien bloom of delicate little pinkish flowers like tiny bleeding hearts." Given a rich, warm soil and a sunny exposure, this frail little climber will sometimes reach a height of twelve feet and throw itself about in an extravagance of airy festoons and garlands quite bewitching to see.

Last, but most important, are the two annual climbers most in use: the Nasturtium and the Sweet Pea. The former is too well known to need description and too entirely accommodating to require special treatment. There is nothing it will not do for you, from clothing with a garment of respectability the spot where the garbage receptacle reposes, to rejuvenating, with its vitality and brilliance, a dead tree or rotting stump. It is as proud to climb the netting around the chicken-yard as to scale the dizzy heights of fashion in the flower garden. Nasturtiums do best planted in a soil of very moderate richness. High living makes them run to great juicy stalks and luxuriant foliage, but few flowers.

The Sweet Pea is not quite so simple a proposition in our sun-baked American gardens, and though loveliest and most desired of annuals it is not often seen satisfactorily grown, at least in the Middle and Southern States. I think early planting is the main consideration, and to this end we prepare in the autumn a trench about ten inches deep. The ground has been previously deeply dug and enriched with well-rotted cow manure, and the seed is sown thinly at the bottom of the trench about the middle of March, and covered with about two inches of soil. Later, when the little plants begin to grow, the earth is gradually filled in around them, until the trench is even with the surrounding surface and the shrinking roots buried deep in the cool earth, and safe from the burning rays of the summer sun. If the flowers are planted in the vegetable garden, or in some other inconspicuous place, a mulch of old stable litter or grass will further protect the roots and conserve the moisture, giving to those lovely blossoms a longer tenure of life, and in the flower garden, where the stable litter would be unsightly, a living mulch of some lightly rooted annual could be substituted. Frequent applications of liquid manure during the warm weather will greatly benefit the plants, and constant picking is the price of continued bloom. Strong pea-brush firmly inserted in the ground is a good support for the vines, or chicken wire, strongly staked to resist the wind. Each season brings forth many beautiful new Sweet Peas, so a list given now would soon be out of date, but of course the wonderful Orchid-flowered sorts and those known as "Spencer" or "Waved" are the best.

Of perennial vines none is more worthy of the choicest site in the garden and of our most intelligent attention than the Clematis. Indeed one might drape all one's walls and arbours with the various species and varieties and be in no danger of monotony, or suffer from lack of bloom from May until frost. It is a great race, varied and beautiful, but not to be had, by any means, for the mere planting. It is not one of those plants which just grows; it demands the very best that is in us and in our gardens; it puts us on our mettle, it flouts and discourages us, it lures us on and sometimes it rewards us in a manner to turn the head of the sanest gardener.

Last summer, when the exquisite, exotic-looking *Clematis Henryi* ascended his trellis to the top of the garden-house roof, as nonchalantly as if it were his regular habit, and then hung out, in breathless succession, some fifty or sixty huge, gleaming white creations, I felt that my garden cup was spilling over at a great rate and that I must indeed be a master gardener. The fact that this summer, in the trenchant words of my assistant, "Henry up and died ongrateful" in the very flower of his good intentions, did not, to any great extent, dim the triumph of those wonderful weeks, for truly it was too great an experience to be vouchsafed one every summer.

Henryi belongs among what are called the "large-flowered hybrids," of which there are a number of groups, each containing numerous varieties, and it is toward these that our desire and ambition turn, rather than toward the small-flowered, wild sorts, so useful and so much more amenable. The old purple *C. Jackmani* is the best known of the large-flowered Clematis and is one of the most easily managed. There is a superb vine here on the front porch which decks itself yearly in an imperial robe and seems to ask for no attention save a severe pruning in the early spring. The pruning of these plants is of great importance, and each group must be dealt with according to its needs. The following directions and descriptions are gleaned from authoritative writings on the Clematis, as well as from some experience in my own garden and observation in a great many gardens both here and in Great Britain.

The soil best enjoyed by the Clematis is light and rich, and of a loamy texture, with the addition of some chalk or lime. Good drainage is essential, but that in our country is not the problem that it is in England. An annual dose of well-rotted cow manure is needed by the large-flowered hybrids, and all sorts appreciate a warm blanket in the winter, not because they are tender so much as that the extra nourishment thus procured is beneficial and relieves the plants of the strain of our extreme cold. A mulch of stable litter is gratefully received after spring planting; this conserves the moisture until the plants are established and the roots go deep enough to avoid the heat of the sun. When growth starts in the spring the tender young shoots should be carefully looked after and gently tied to some support, for they are very brittle and easily injured, and as it is upon these shoots that many of the sorts bear their bloom they merit extra care. It has been discovered that some shade for the lower stems of the Clematis vine is essential to its well-being, and so it may well be planted at the back of herbaceous borders, to climb the wall or fence, or trail over the hedge, or be supported on tall pea-brush.

But even with all these precautions and attentions the large-flowered Clematis will often "up and die ongrateful," and the reason for this, Mr. William Robinson believes, is that they are grafted upon unsuitable wild stock, instead of being raised from seed or layers; and that they are frequently the victims of a disease, bacterial in its nature, "which commences so insidiously that one only perceives its presence when too late." Application of Bordeaux mixture is said to be a preventive, and also a "pinch of sulphur thrown at the foot of a plant after it has begun to grow, and renewed at intervals, is efficacious as a preservative from disease." To those wishing to make a study of this most wonderful flower I would suggest Mr. Robinson's sympathetic and helpful little book, "The Virgin's Bower," and "The Clematis," by Moore and Jackman, now out of print, but procurable through dealers in old books. The large-flowered hybrids may all be termed slender climbers, and some of them reach a considerable height.

The Jackmani Group. Enormously free flowering in early July and thereafter occasionally through the summer. Flowers on new shoots. Prune hard back in late autumn (November) or early spring. A splendid vine for trellises, porches, and arches.

Fine varieties: Jackmani superba, large royal purple; Jackmani alba, pure white; Madame Baron-Veillard, very free, satiny mauve-pink; Gypsy Queen, reddish-purple.

Viticella Group. Blooms freely all summer from July and is perhaps the most reliable of the large-flowered kinds. Flowers on new shoots. Prune rather sharply in late November. Perfectly hardy. Flowers not so large as lanuginosa but more numerous.

Fine varieties: Kermesina, clear reddish-mauve, very free; Grandiflora punicea, wine-red; Viticella, bluish-purple; Alba, gray, white.

Lanuginosa Group. Enormous flowers borne successionally through summer and autumn. Flowers on new wood. In pruning remove weak shoots and dead wood in spring. Beautiful vine for trellis or post.

Fine varieties: Beauty of Worcester, violet-blue; Lady Caroline Neville, plum; Madame Van Houtte, white; Marcel Moser, soft lilac with reddish band; Henryi, pure white.

Florida Group. Flowers on old wood. Prune directly after flowering by removing seed vessels and cutting out useless or crowded shoots. Blooms in summer. Double.

Fine varieties: Belle of Woking, silver-gray; Duchess of Edinburgh, pure white.

Patens Group. Flowers on old wood and requires same treatment as Florida. Spring and summer. Large and showy.

Fine varieties: Nellie Koster, rosy-mauve; Miss Bateman, pure white; Mrs. Geo. Jackman, satiny white with ivory bar; Sir Garnet Wolseley, dull blue with reddish band.

Clematis coccinea. Dies to the ground in winter, so needs no pruning. Flowers in July and August. Scarlet, urn-shaped blossoms. Very gay and effective. Easily grown sort, and charming for posts, arches, or for trailing over shrubs and balustrades. Easily raised from seed. There are hybrids of this form, but I have not seen them.

The small-flowered forms of the Clematis are not by any means to be neglected, for these are among the most generous and charming of climbers and seldom oppose any obstacle to our desires. Much more luxuriant than the large-flowered hybrids, they are splendid for porches, pergolas, and walls, dead trees, or for any position where a vigorous climber is required. *C. montana* climbs to a great height and decorates itself in May with yard-long garlands of anemone-like bloom, white with hints of pink and a pleasant fragrance. There is a reddish form of montana, more lately introduced, which is said to be extremely beautiful, and grandiflora has flowers much larger than the type. To prune montana cut away the weak, straggling, or overcrowded branches in late March, and carefully train the long year-old wood at full length to cover the desired space.

C. paniculata, the vigorous Japanese climber with masses of creamy bloom in August and September, is well known and useful. *C. vitalba* is another fluffy, white-flowered sort and a high climber. *C. flammula* and *C. f.* var. *rubra* bear, respectively, clusters of small white and purple flowers, deliciously scented, in August and September. Our own native Traveller's Joy, *C.*

virginica, is too well known to need description. It is quite worthy a place in the garden, and nothing is more softly lovely for trailing over rough banks, rocks, or low fences. All these sorts need no pruning save the removal of overcrowded branches, or useless shoots, and any good garden soil and a sunny situation inspires them to do their best.

Honeysuckles are endeared to us by long years of companionship, by the wayside and in the garden. One cannot imagine a garden without them, though Bacon, in his well-known essay "Of Gardens," in giving a list of plants proper for a garden, while including Honeysuckles, adds, "so they be somewhat afar off." What could there be in Honeysuckles, "ripened by the sun," that one would not want right under one's nose? Truly the great man had his idiosyncrasies! For all its scrambling ways the Honeysuckle seems the most domestic of vines—to belong to cottage doorways, the living-room windows, or the favourite corner of the porch, and its delicious perfume, which Maeterlinck called the "soul of dew," wafted to us in our country walks and drives seems ever to proclaim a home.

Hall's variety is a very good, almost evergreen Honeysuckle, which blooms from June until freezing weather and is a strong, rapid climber. *Lonicera periclymenum* is a favourite variety, and its reddish, fragrant blossoms are freely produced. I have not found that it grows quite so tall as Hall's but it is useful in many situations. This is the "woodbine" of poetry. *Lonicera japonica* var. *aurea* is the golden-leaved sort, seldom seen to advantage, as its foliage is too striking for indiscriminate use, but which is very attractive used with white-flowered climbing Roses or other white-flowered climbers and with plants of harmonious colouring near at hand. There are many sorts of Honeysuckle, but these three, with the old trumpet or coral Honeysuckle, *L. sempervirens*, ever a source of pride in old gardens, are enough for much enjoyment. These sweet and patient vines will stand more neglect than any others, will grow in dry, shady places, in stony ground, or in rough grass, but will eloquently respond to good living and a comfortable situation.

Probably of all flowering climbers the Wistaria provokes the most ardent admiration. The Chinese Wistaria is the best and strongest for our climate, but the Japanese sort, *W. multijuga*, which the Japanese grow along the eaves of their houses, allowing the superb blossoms to form a fringe sometimes a yard deep, is a splendid variety and well worth a trial. Both have white varieties, which, if anything, are lovelier than the purple, but it is more satisfying to have both. The Chinese and Japanese Wistarias bloom in May, and there is a sort, American, I think, *W. speciosa*, which flowers in June and July. But this plant is only useful where a succession is desired, as it is not nearly so fine.

Wistarias are heavy feeders; indeed, it would be difficult to provide a too rich diet for them, and to this end it is a good plan to trench the soil at least three feet deep, filling the hole with a mixture of good garden soil and well-rotted stable manure. In the matter of pruning and training I quote Mr. Wm. McCollom's valuable book on vines: "If a Wistaria has been growing undisturbed for a few years, you will find that it has a large percentage of long, thin, wiry shoots. These do not produce flowers and should be removed at any time of the year. The short, stumpy spurs are the kind that flower, and to produce these the plants should be pruned back to within two or three eyes of the flowers immediately after they fall. The aim always should be to keep one good shoot coming on each season, to provide room for it cut one of the oldest shoots out entirely. If you desire the plant to attain a great height, keep one of the shoots growing until it has reached the height desired, when it can be spurred in to produce flowers. 'Spurring' is clipping off the top and cutting the laterals close to the main stem." No finer climber exists for pergolas, walls, or porches than the Wistaria, and its period of bloom is ever a delight.

A vine of great vigour and pertinacity is *Tecoma radicans*, better known as the Trumpet Creeper. By the way, the most recent authorities give Campsis as the correct name instead of Tecoma. It is a bold climber, which south of New Jersey decorates the woods and roadsides in a wild state and which, Miss Loundsberry says, has become a troublesome weed in parts of the west, very difficult to eradicate, but how splendid must be the wastes illumined by its vivid bloom.

It climbs by means of aerial rootlets and will cling to wood or stone, which makes it valuable for covering buildings, as there is no trouble in fastening it up, but it is a great, tumbling, boisterous thing, fitter to climb the walls of the stables or outbuildings than of the dwelling. For pergola and trellis it is a bit too free and energetic, but for positions where a bold, striking effect is desired there is nothing better. Its orange-scarlet flowers are borne in August and seem a fitting introduction to the ruddy tints so soon to prevail. Any necessary pruning should be done in spring, as the flowers form on the new wood. If given a rich soil and a sunny situation the vine is capable of a height of forty feet. The Chinese *Tecoma grandiflora* with its variety *atrosanguinea* are better in most ways than *T. radicans*.

A slender climber, very dear to me from long association, is *Akebia quinata*. I think I have never seen it in any garden save my own and the garden of my childhood. There it formed, in its luxuriance, a deep reveal around the library windows, and in spring rendered the room almost untenable with its clouds of warm perfume. This was a very old vine, for the Akebia is a slender thing, and the cushionlike growth that I remember must have been the result of many years. This climber is a Japanese, and Donald McDonald, in his book of "Fragrant Flowers and Leaves," says that it is much used in decorating eastern gardens. The foliage is small and very pretty, and the little three-cornered, brownish-plum coloured blossoms, which cover the vine, literally from top to toe, are quaint and pretty and deliciously sweet. Here it very delightfully veils one end of the garden-house porch, and blooms about the first of May. English garden books frequently refer to the Akebia as not quite hardy, but certainly here it has proved itself quite equal to the New York winters. A light, rich soil is its preference, and it will grow in partial shade. It needs no pruning, save an occasional shortening of the long branches to encourage growth at the bottom, for this slender thing is apt to hurry to the top of its trellis and then fling itself about in an abandon of wreaths and garlands, quite unmindful of the neediness of its lower limbs.

Actinidia arguta is another Japanese vine not often seen. It is of twining habit and bears little clusters of ivory-coloured blossoms with black anthers, and the foliage is dark and fine. It loves a sunny situation, and after the first two years, when the plant is thoroughly established, may be cut back about half in early spring to keep it in good and full condition.

An old friend is the Matrimony Vine, *Lycium chinensis*, but not so valued but what one may easily do without it. Its red berries are attractive, but the blossoms are unimportant and the foliage too prone to mildew; and altogether I should choose something else.

Aristolochia sipho is a climber that I frankly dislike, though my feeling is not shared by many, for I frequently see it on porches, annihilating sunshine and air, but forming an effective screen. Its leaves are large and its growth dense, and the curious chocolate-coloured blossoms somewhat resemble a pipe in shape, hence the name, Dutchman's Pipe.

A vine of fairly recent introduction and one of real value, it seems to me, is *Polygonum balshuanicum*, a slender climber, with masses of filmy white flowers in the late summer. It makes a fairly heavy growth and is a good climber for trellises and porches.

Of vines grown largely for their foliage none is so fine as the English Ivy, "the vine of glossy sprout," and contrary to the suspicions of many we may have it in a good deal of luxuriance in this country if a little courtesy is extended to it. In the first place, we impatient Americans must be patient with the British deliberateness of the Ivy. For two years after planting, and sometimes three, it will do nothing but survey the situation and venture a leaf or two, but after that given time, good soil, and a north wall it will start a steady ascent and very soon present a broad and beautiful surface of dark and shining green. Mr. McCollom recommends protecting the young plants in winter for a few years with a mulch of manure and a screen of evergreen branches. Sometimes the leaves become brown and dry in winter, but those may be rubbed off and the vine will reclothe itself in a short time. Of course the Ivy is not the vine for all situations in our country, a southern exposure being very trying to it, but wherever a close, green covering is desired and it is possible to establish the Ivy the result will more than justify the trouble and waiting.

We are much too quick to plant the accommodating *Ampelopsis Veitchii*, which, while one of the most useful of vines, is much too rampant and pervasive a subject for many situations. There are several species of Ampelopsis besides Veitchii. There are two varieties growing here, *purpurea*, and *robusta*, but I can see little difference between these and Veitchii, in fact I cannot tell the one from the other. Its fine autumn colouring is the chief charm of this vine and in this it is outclassed by its relative, the Virginia Creeper (*Ampelopsis quinquefolia*), overlooked perhaps in summer, but claiming the admiration of all in autumn, when every low wall in the countryside has its burning tangle and high in the branches of many a tree Nature's signal fires flash forth. It is a graceful, headlong vine, clinging closely, then hanging in great, loose festoons, and ever impatient of restraint. Any hint from us in the way of cleats or binding cords is not respectfully received; indeed, will probably not be noticed at all, for the Virginia Creeper will swing, or wave or cling or creep as the notion takes it, and perhaps it is this wayward quality which makes it a beloved thing.

Another native which endures garden life with equanimity is *Celastrus scandens*, the Bittersweet, the chief glory of which is the gay scarlet berries that remain upon it all winter long and create a bit of cheer in the white winter garden. It will grow in sun or shade, and takes kindly to any lift offered for its upward journey.

Euonymus radicans is a good evergreen vine, where great height is not required, for it seldom goes higher than eight feet and is pretty deliberate in getting that far. For low walls it is excellent, and the variegated form is pretty used in many situations. When one reads such a book as Mr. McCollom's "Vines," one realizes the great number of climbers in existence and the few in general cultivation. My own list is a slender one, but all these, unless otherwise stated, are both willing and lovely, and whatever other climbers are lacking these should be in every garden.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

TROUBLE

More grows in the garden than the gardener sows.
—*Old Proverb.*

Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds.
—*Shakespeare.*

YES, even into the garden trouble finds its way. Borne upon the silver blade of the frost, the beating wings of the wind, the parched tongue of the drought, it burrows in the ground, flies in the air, creeps in at the gate and over the wall, and here, as elsewhere, the seeds of trouble are sown and lusty progeny arise and thrive. Trouble in the garden, however, is without sting; rather is there incentive and exhilaration in the problems to be met and solved, the enemies to be vanquished.

Garden trouble may for convenience of attack be divided into five sections, each of which has a rather depressing number of subdivisions—that is, they seem depressing when gathered together into one chapter, as they never are in any one garden, for the blessings in every garden far outnumber the adversities. Here is the blacklist: weeds, insects, plant diseases, animals, and the elements. I believe there are those who would create a sixth division—gardeners—but, being my own head gardener and constituting a large portion of my working force, this form of trouble has not yet come to me. My assistant is a young man possessed of that rarest and most golden of virtues among gardeners, that of sticking to the letter of his instructions without casting about in his mind for variations on the spirit, and who, after six years' association with the garden people, calls almost every plant a Lily, yet has a perception so delicately tuned to the difference between weeds and licensed dwellers, an eye and hand so savage for offending sucker and ruinous insects, and a nature so genuinely kind to man and beast and the very least seedling, that he counts along with such of the garden's blessings as the gentle showers and the mild south wind.

Jonas, for so we shall call him, has other good qualities. He does not insist upon cleaning up the garden paths too thoroughly. He takes out what he is told, but the colony of self-sown Pansies at the foot of the garden steps is quite safe, and the green embroidery which outlines the joints of a flight of steps and will one day burst into a lavender glory called Candytuft is not treated to the startling language and summary methods Jonas keeps for weeds. Many a pleasant accident is saved for our delight by his unconscious discernment. Mulleins, for a long time, he could not understand or endure, and whether they were our native sort or those raised with care from imported seed they all came out and knew the rubbish heap, but now the order is reversed and they all stay in, natives and foreigners towering together, and it is better so. There are those who hint that Jonas' "castiron back" lacks the hinge of concentrated endeavour, and perhaps this, too, is fortunate, for, while I like to talk of discernment, it may be that when Jonas leans upon his hoe and his gaze sinks deep into the green of the mountain, or intently follows the sweeping flight of some broad-winged bird 'tis then my little outlaws get their innings—the wise-faced Pansies in the path nudge each other and grow apace, and the wanton Poppy-person in the grass spreads out her silken skirts and rocks for glee.

But we have not yet come to trouble, and it is a serious matter, not to be lightly treated. Well, weeds, of course, are the most persistent of our troubles; but, after all, what is a weed? They appear to have different meanings for different minds. Wordsworth defines them as "flowers out of place," the ever-kindly Emerson thought "a weed is a poor creature whose virtues have not yet been discovered." Thoreau wrote: "Flowers must not be too profuse and obtrusive, else they acquire the reputation of weeds," and Shakespeare had no patience with weeds and wrote vindictively of their sinning. I have a fine book published by the Canadian Government upon the subject of weeds, which gives what seems to me a fair definition: "Any injurious, troublesome, or unsightly plant that is, at the same time, useless or comparatively so." Many weeds have much charm, and I have to confess to a foolish fondness for some very troublesome ones, but one must, after all, be a consistent gardener and mind the old saw:

> "One year's seeding,
> Seven years' weeding."

Weeds, of course, are annual, biennial, and perennial, and it is rather important to know to which section one's garden weeds belong. The extermination of annual and biennial weeds, if never allowed to bear seed, is a simple matter, but perennial weeds present greater difficulties. The roots of most of them are outrageously persistent, any tiny piece being detached at once becoming the self-supporting head of a thriving family, well versed in the art of defying man, and woman, too. To this class belongs the succulent "Pussley," which Henry Ward Beecher says is the "vegetable type of immortality." It must be gotten out of the ground *entirely*, else the labour is vain.

Cutting the tops off weeds has the same effect as cutting children's hair: thickens the growth, and when one turns them under, burying roots and seeds, one is increasing one's tribulations a hundredfold.

The seeds of many weeds retain their vitality for a long time and will lie in the ground for years, awaiting the psychological moment to burst forth in fresh and green contempt of our lax working methods. It is the part of wisdom to burn all weeds, whether in seed or not, and to keep the ground well stirred, especially in the spring, to insure the destruction of all aspiring seedlings.

Weeds rob the soil of food intended for plants that are in the garden by invitation and in times of drought are a real menace, for they are a thirsty lot and do not hesitate to take all they can get of the meagre supply of moisture in the ground.

The list is not long of those plants which give Jonas and me great trouble in the garden.

The worst is Chickweed, an insignificant appearing thing, with a meek white eye and no conscience. It looks a harmless thing, but do not be deceived; the seed is as hardy as iron and is ripening all the time. Even in midwinter, if the sun but opens half an eye upon it, the tiny blossoms unfold and become seed. It loves the rich soil of the garden, but in spite of its taste for high life it is not too nice to harbour plant lice, or to covet anything that is its neighbours. It is one of the most difficult weeds to eradicate but is dealt with more easily in dry weather. It is an annual.

Butter-and-eggs (*Linaria vulgaris*) is a truly lovely thing, so lovely that I used to encourage it to grow in a thicket of peach-leaved Campanulas, among whose lilac and white blossoms the little yellow weed was charming. This was several years ago and we have made little headway in getting rid of it, but the poor Campanulas were choked to death in short order. It is a deep-rooting perennial and keeps itself going by means of its colonizing rootlets and seeds, which are ripe in August. Do not suffer it.

In the loose soil of the garden Plantains are easy enough to pull out. They are perennial and increase by seeds which ripen in July. In paths and grass a curving grapefruit knife is of great assistance in removing them.

It is difficult to know how a great coarse thing like the Burdock finds its way into the garden, but so it does and is most unsightly. It is a biennial, with a great thick taproot, which C. D. Warner says "goes deeper than conscience." Cut below the crown of the plant and apply a handful of salt. This will insure its speedy demise. The curled-dock, too, is a coarse and ugly perennial interloper, which should be pulled up before seed forms. It harbours plant lice. Sheep Sorrel, or Sourgrass, is a relative of the above, and on account of its multitudinous seeds and fast-travelling perennial rootstock becomes a great nuisance in the garden. Every smallest particle of it should be removed.

In this garden we have great trouble with Black Bindweed or Wild Buckwheat, a little twining annual vine with shining, arrow-shaped leaves and small greenish flowers. Strangulation is its delight, and the only remedy against it is to remove it before seeding.

Shepherd's Purse, a near relative of Pepper Grass, is often quite an embarrassing little plague here, and it is one of those weeds toward which I feel a kindness—it is so pretty in the spring, spraying its delicate greenery about upon the moist brown earth, and one experiences a pang in rooting out a thing so young and pretty. But be strong! To say that Shepherd's Purse is a hardy annual does not do it justice, for like the Chickweed, when not actually frozen into passivity, it is blooming and ripening seed, and statistics say that a single plant is capable of maturing 50,000 seeds, and this at a disgracefully early age. This industrious young thing is prone to attacks of various diseases which will spread to other plants and vegetables.

I do not know how we came to be so annoyed by the Night-flowering Catchfly, or Sticky Cockle, unless it is that the young plants very much resemble several of our lawful citizens and so are overlooked. It is a tall annual, covered all over with glandular hairs and bearing yellowish-white flowers which open at night.

Dandelions are ever a trouble, and yet how glad we are to see them in early March, venturing a tousled yellow head here and there in sheltered corners. My little boy calls them his "spring friends," and does not like the harsh treatment they receive. In the loose soil of the garden it is easily pulled up, but in lawns and paths more drastic measures are necessary. Salt put upon the crown of the plant is said to kill it.

Jonas tells the children and me that the Dandelion is a great weather prophet, and the Chickweed, too. If the winged seeds of the former fly upon a windless day, rain is certain, and if the meek eyes of the Chickweed close on a clear day, rain may be expected before many hours.

INSECT PESTS AND FUNGOUS DISEASES

In considering these animal and vegetable enemies of our plants it is well to remember that plants in lusty health are much less liable to succumb to disorder than those in a weak and depleted condition. Here, as elsewhere, an ounce of prevention is the better course.

Cutworms. Disgusting, fat grayish worms about an inch long. Its ogrish vocation is to bite off the tops of promising young plants. It may frequently be found callously sleeping just beneath the soil at the foot of its victim. Let no mercy temper your justice. In cultivating the soil in spring keep a sharp lookout for cutworms and grubs. Little piles of bran made into a paste with sugar and water and seasoned with Paris Green will prove a fatal attraction. Deep holes dug at short intervals among young plants will often prove their undoing, for they are stupid fellows and falling in are unable to get out.

White Grub. Not unlike the cutworm, but lighter in colour and more difficult to get at, as it works at the roots of the plants, injuring them fatally. The white grub is most prevalent where there is fresh manure. The only way I know of to get rid of it is to turn it out of the soil and destroy it.

Wire Worms. These are the grubs of a kind of beetle. They are about three-eighths of an inch long and look like a piece of rusty wire. They attack the roots of plants in great numbers and are more in evidence in dry, hot soils. Arsenites sprinkled upon little piles of fresh clover is said to appeal to them.

Red Spider. This is an infinitesimal but most pestiferous visitant, which carries on its depredations on the under sides of the leaves of plants, causing them to turn brown. It flourishes most in dry weather, and spraying the plants with some force or washing them with soapsuds are the remedies.

Aster Beetle. A merciless black beetle, which descends upon the garden in hordes in late summer, attacking the Asters, both perennial and annual, and others of the composite class. A very weak solution of Paris Green applied with a spray-bellows has proven a good remedy.

Green Fly, or *Aphis*. This is a tiny, soft green creature, which swarms upon the tender young shoots of Roses, Coral Honeysuckles, and many other plants, sucking up their life juices and spoiling their fair promise. I read that it breathes through pores in its sides, so ordinary strangling is of no avail against it, and to kill it one must stop up those pores. Tobacco dust is said to accomplish this mission, but after all, what can one hope to do against a creature that in five generations is not only able, but *willing*, to become the progenitor of five thousand million descendants. In Dean Hole's "Book About Roses" the following interesting facts concerning the aphis are quoted:

"Insects in general come from an egg; then turn to a caterpillar, which does nothing but eat; then to a chrysalis, which does nothing but sleep; then to a perfect butterfly which does nothing but increase its kind. But the aphis proceeds altogether on a different system. The young ones are born exactly like the old ones but less. They stick their beak through the rind and begin drawing up sap when only a day old and go on quietly sucking for seven or eight days; and then, without love, courtship, or matrimony, each individual begins bringing forth young ones and continues to do so for months, at the rate of from twelve to eighteen daily." Tobacco seems a slight thing to pit against such determined fecundity.

Rose Beetle. A detestable creature with the misleading appearance of a firefly. It comes in swarms when the lovely Rose buds are at the point of unfolding, and tears and devours until, instead of the fair blossoming of our dreams, there remains only a mangled, agonized frame. It seems agreed that there is no hope against this plague save hand picking—a loathsome task, and we are not apt to remember in our rage that the rose beetle, like Shakespeare's "poor beetle,"

> "In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
> As when a giant dies."

Leaf Roller. A caterpillar especially destructive to Rose bushes. He is the larvæ of a moth or butterfly, and there are several varieties of him, some brownish, some yellow, and some greenish, but all with the luxurious habit of rolling themselves comfortably in a fresh green leaf. He must be picked off and put an end to, for he is hatching less innocent things than plans.

Mildew is a disease of plants which may be compared to a heavy cold in ourselves and is usually caused by sudden atmospheric changes, or long continued damp weather. Some plants are much more prone to this trouble than others. It shows in white splotches upon the leaves. Spraying with Bordeaux mixture is very good if done in the early stages, or powdered sulphur upon the leafage and upon the earth around the plants.

Rust, which occurs in yellow spots on Rose leaves, may be checked by spraying with Bordeaux.

Black spot appears on full-grown Rose leaves in small black spots which quickly spread to cover nearly the whole leaf. Pick off and burn the diseased leaves and spray the rest of the plant with Bordeaux.

Various Rose afflictions may be held in check by several thorough sprinklings with powdered hellebore in early spring, the first given before the leaves unfold.

It is a good plan to spray the flowering fruit trees in the garden in early spring with a weak solution of Bordeaux; also the Hawthorns and *Pyrus Japonica.*

ANIMALS

We have had little trouble from animals in our garden. Our own dogs, while enjoying the sun-bathed paths as napping places and occasionally choosing a cushiony mat of Cerastium, are on the whole very well behaved, usually following the paths quite decorously instead of taking short cuts across the beds. A chipmunk has kept bachelor hall in the garden for several years without doing the least harm to our tender young shoots, and we are very fond of him. More than one soft gray "cotton-tail" comes and goes among our treasures unrebuked, because he merits none, though the dogs entertain opinions which make them restive under our mandate that bunny "belongs" and shall be let alone, and I suspect the look-of-a-gun in Jonas' eye.

Cats do harm in the garden by interfering with the birds, so they are not allowed.

Moles do much harm if they elect to make your garden the scene of their wanderings. A good trap is the best means of getting rid of them, and the directions for use will come with it. Sometimes in the early morning we can see friend mole at work, heaving the ground as he goes along, and he then may be dug out and disposed of, poor little soft thing! But, if we do not get him, we may remember that all his ways are not evil, for he is fond of grubs and wire worms and eats many of them, so at least he is trying to pay his way.

In rural France the government erects signs informing the people of the good or bad characteristics of various animals and insects, that they may not, through ignorance, take the life of any which is a help to the farmer and horticulturist. The request to protect the birds is made, as it should be everywhere, as by devouring countless insects they are doing the country an inestimable service. It is a delight to encourage and protect them in the flower garden, for they are gay company and work hard for their board and lodging. We do all we can to make the garden irresistible to them: there are enticing baths of nicely graduated depth, there are tempting trees and thickets of vines, and there are the overhanging eaves of the garden-house. Food is provided at all seasons, and freedom from cats and guns assured, and the small people who play in the garden would no more touch a nest, or cause anxiety to a brooding mother, than they would rob a bank.

Toads, too, should be encouraged in the garden, for they have hearty appetites and devour countless insects, and they do no harm to plants. We have entertained for several years the fattest and solemnest toad I ever saw. Every spring, early in May, he appears from the same corner of the garden, a trifle depleted after his winter sleep, but soon to be his corpulent self again, for he loses no time in getting to work on the fat insect fare which he loves.

The little red insect we call the Ladybug devours plant lice and never does the least harm to any plant; indeed, if it were not for the Ladybug and the larvæ of the Syrphus fly plant lice would very soon increase beyond control. Many other animals are our friends in devouring insects, caterpillars, and mice; the black snake, the hedgehog, and the skunk are some, which, with this knowledge, we may think of more kindly. The work of bees and butterflies in receiving and distributing pollen is well known, and luckily these need no extra encouragement, for where there are flowers and sunshine there will be these happy denizens of the air.

> "The pedigree of honey
> Does not concern the bee;
> A clover, any time, to him
> Is aristocracy."

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

PLANTS FOR SPECIAL SITUATIONS

"All is fine that is fit."

—*Old Proverb.*

ONE of the most essential points in successful gardening is that the plants employed should be well suited to the soil and situation, for however well the garden is conceived and carried out we get but a sorry effect unless there is a wholesome luxuriance of growth and an appearance of permanence and peace. Besides, it is cruel to require a plant to struggle for existence in an environment totally unsuited to it when there are others which will do the work far better because they are at peace with the surroundings. One has but to observe nature to realize that for every situation, however unlikely or uncompromising, there is some green thing which will find in it a congenial home and will gratefully clothe its barren surface with bloom and verdure. Constantly in garden making we are confronted with conditions under which most of the well-known hardy herbaceous perennials and gay annuals may not thrive, and it often requires much expense and experiment before the right plants are found. The following notes have been made over a period of many years from nature, from many gardens visited, and from constant experimenting in my own, and while they do not pretend to be exhaustive by any means, may be of some assistance to those whose horticultural enigmas are similar to my own.

The problems chosen are those which seem to me most often met with.

THE PROBLEM OF SHADE

Many times I have heard people say: "We cannot have a garden; our place is too shady." Now this is not at all true, for, while to many of us the word "garden" signifies a sunny space, gay and sweet with Roses, Pinks, Poppies, Sunflowers, and brilliant annuals, to which shade is a serious menace, one may still have a garden of great beauty, charm, and fragrance beneath the spreading boughs of trees.

One point the owner of the shaded gardens must keep in mind—that the roots of trees rob the soil of both food and drink, and so nourishment in extra quantity must be given the plants, and water also, for a shaded situation does not by any means imply a damp one.

I know of no annuals that do really well in shade, and there are not so many highly coloured flowers, but one will have instead a softly charming harmony. All the lavender, purple, and blue tones assume an especial quality of tender loveliness in shadowy places, and white is much purer than in full sunshine.

By a shaded garden we of course do not mean one which is so densely shadowed as never to be reached by the sun. Few plants would thrive under such conditions. Beds of ferns make a delightful setting for the many spring bulbs possible in the shaded garden. Plants marked * will stand only light shade.

Asters (hardy)	
Aconitum, in var.	Monkshood
Anemone japonica	Japanese Anemone
" *sylvestris*	Wood "
* " *Pulsatilla*	Pasque Flower
" *nemorosa*	Snowdrop Anemone
" *Hepatica*	Liver Leaf
Asperula odorata	Sweet Woodruff
" *hexaphylla*	
Arenaria balearica	Mountain Sandwort
Aquilegia, in var.	Columbine
Campanula, in var.	Bellflower
Cimicifuga, in var.	Snakeroot
Corydalis lutea	Fumatory
" *nobilis*	Noble Fumatory
Chionodoxa	Glory of the Snow
Dicentra spectabilis	Bleeding Heart
" *eximia*	
Dicentra Cucullaria	Dutchman's Breeches
Digitalis purpurea	Foxglove
" *grandiflora*	Yellow Glove
Doronicum, in var.	Leopard's-bane
Daffodils, in var.	
Funkias " "	Day Lily
Fern " "	
Fritillaria " "	Fritillary
Galanthus " "	Snowdrop
**Geranium Ibericum*	

Geranium sanguineum	Wild Geranium
Helleborus niger	Christmas Rose
Iris foetidissima	Foetid Iris
Iberis sempervirens	Candytuft
Lily-of-the-Valley	
Lilies, in var. except candidum and marsh-dwellers	
Lythrum Salicaria	Loosestrife
Linaria Cymbalaria	Kennelworth Ivy
Lunaria biennis	Honesty
Meconopsis cambrica	Welsh Poppy (protect)
Myosotis, in var.	Forget-me-not
Mitella diphylla	Mitrewort
Narcissus, in var.	
Primroses, in var.	
Pansies, in var.	
Polemonium, in var.	Jacob's Ladder
*Pæonies, in var.	
**Papaver orientale*	Oriental Poppy
* " *nudicaule*	Iceland "
Polygonatum biflorum	Solomon's Seal
Pulmonaria, in var.	Lungwort
Phlox divaricata	Canadian Phlox
* " tall growing	
**Rudbeckia speciosa*	Coneflower
Ruta graveolens	Rue
Spiræas, in var.	
Scillas, " "	Squills
Sanguinaria canadensis	Bloodroot
Senecio, in var.	Groundsel
Saxifrage umbrosa	London Pride (protect)
Trilliums, in var.	Wakerobin
Thalictrums, in var.	Meadow Rue
Tiarella cordifolia	Foam Flower
Tradescantia virginica	Spiderwort
Vincas, in var.	Perriwinkle
Violets and Violas, in var.	
Winter Aconites	

WHERE GRASS WILL NOT GROW BENEATH TREES

Oak, Ash, Birch, and Horsechestnut trees, the roots of which go deep into the earth, are less a tax upon the upper soil than such as Maples, Elms, Beeches, and Sycamores, whose roots prowl along the surface. The ground beneath Pines is particularly hard to clothe, but it is said that the indomitable little Periwinkle can find a living even here.

For carpeting the ground when grass has given up the attempt to spread its green carpet, we should be grateful to the following plants:

Vinca minor	Periwinkle
Hypericum calycinum	St. John'swort
Pachysandra terminalis	Allegheny Mountain Spurge
Ajuga reptans	Bugleweed
Lysimachia Nummularia	Moneywort
Lamium maculatum	Dead Nettle
Hedera Helix	Ivy
Aegopodium Podagraria	Goutweed
Scillas, in var.	Squills

Many of these small subjects have variegated varieties (especially the Goutweed) which are very useful in lighting up shadowy corners. It must be borne in mind that plants set out in such an uncompromising situation must be well looked after and watered until well established.

SHRUBS AND VINES FOR SHADED GARDENS

Actinidia polygama
Akebia quinata
Barberries, in var.
Symphoricarpus racemosus

Virginia Creeper
Honeysuckles, in var.
Clematis large flowered (partial shade)
Clematis virginiana
Tecoma radicans
Euonymus radicans
Ivy—English
Celastrus scandens
Cornus florida
Cersis canadensis
Laburnum vulgare
Ribes aureum and sanguineum
Lonicera fragrantissima

Rhus cotinus
Euonymus Japonicus
Forsythia
Philadelphus coronarius
Daphne Mezereum
Andromeda floribunda
Box
Rhododendrons, in var.
Azaleas, in var.
Amelanchier canadensis
Kalmia angustifolia
Hypericum Moserianum (protect)
Ligustrum Japonicum
Berberis aquifolium

PLANTING THE LOW DRY BANK

If such banks occur in parts of the place where it is desired that great neatness prevail, they are best sodded and kept in order with the rest of the lawn, but if in more informal localities where grass grows upon them only in untidy whisps, a charming feature may be made of such a bank by the employment of some of the creeping plants, which will easily find a footing upon its sloping surface and finally form a sort of turf.

They will, of course, need care and water until thoroughly established, and the bank must be kept free from weeds until the little plants have fairly covered the surface.

The plants may be set out about a foot apart each way, and will soon cover the space between. All the plants listed are easily raised from seed, so the large number required may be acquired at little expense. Some of them also seed themselves freely, those marked * are especially prolific. All are trailers save the Sea Pink and the Maiden Pink, which latter, I think, might be termed a semi-trailer.

Thymus serpyllum, in var.	Wild Thyme
*Dianthus deltoides	Maiden Pink
Armeria Maritima	Sea Pink or Thrift
Crucinella Stylosa	Crosswort
*Callirhoe involucrata	Poppy Mallow
Lotus corniculatus	Bird's-foot Trefoil
Armeria latifolia	Thrift
Ajuga reptens	Bugle weed

THE CLAY BANK

The clay bank presents greater difficulty, as this soil by reason of its density shuts the plants off from their proper share of air, besides, owing to the slope and the frequently baked condition of the top soil, much of the surface water runs off before the thirsty roots have an opportunity to enjoy it. It is easy to see that many plants would fail under such trying conditions, but much may be done by choosing only such plants as are able to meet the situation with equanimity. If the slope is a long one trees and shrubs may be employed, and of those perhaps Elms, Norway Maples, and Oaks are the best. The American Thorns, Crataegus, may also be used and:

Robinia hispida	Rose Acacia
Citysus scoparius	Scotch Broom

Common Privet	
Euonymous atropurpurea	Wahoo
Sumachs, in var.	
Pyrus aucuparia	Bird Cherry
Crataegus Crus-galli	Cockspur Thorn
" *mollis*	
Viburnum acerifolium	Maple-leaved Viburnum
" *dentatum*	Arrow Wood
Rosa rugosa	Japanese Rose
Symphoricarpus racemosus	Snowberry
Rosa canina	Dog Rose
" *Wichuraina*, in var.	Japanese Trailing Rose
Weigela	
Honeysuckle, in var.	
Tecoma radicans	Trumpet Vine
Clematis virginica	Traveller's Joy
" *vitalba*	Virgin's Bower
Artemisias, in var.	
Achilleas " "	Yarrow
Sea Hollies " "	
Globe Thistles, in var.	Mullein
Verbascums, in var.	
Aster Novæ Angliæ, in var.	Michaelmas Daisy
Polygonum cuspidatum	Knotweed
" compactum	

Such a bank is best planted in the fall and the plants kept well watered in dry weather. Young plants are best employed, as these are more vigorous and establish themselves more quickly, and broad, natural-looking groups of the kinds used are most effective.

THE WILD GARDEN

Many plants by reason of their sophisticated and finished appearance are unsuitable for naturalizing in half wild and waste places. Hollyhocks, Pæonies, Phlox, save the old purple, Delphiniums, Chrysanthemums, Moonpenny Daisies, and Veronicas seem particularly to belong to the tidy garden; and new or rare plants should not be planted in such a situation. The most suitable are those which are native to the neighbourhood, or which are so little fussy about soil and situation and so hardy that they in a large measure reproduce themselves, so that in time there will be really natural thickets and stretches planted without our agency.

The following list includes such plants as seem to me particularly appropriate for naturalizing:

HERBACEOUS

Achilleas, in var.	Yarrow
Rudbeckias, in var.	Coneflower
Lupinus	Common blue and white
Hemerocallis, in var.	Yellow Day Lily
Doronicums, in var.	Leopard's Bane
Campanula trachelium	Throatwort
" *rapunculus*	Rampion
" *lactiflora*	Bellflower
" *latifolia*	"
Camassia esculenta	Quamash
Phlox divaricata	Canadian Phlox
" *subulata*	Creeping Phlox (rocky places)
" old purple	Canadian Creeping
Saponaria officinalis	Bouncing Bet
Hesperis matronalis	Sweet Rocket
Helianthus, in var.	Sunflowers
Solidago " "	Goldenrod

Aster	Hardy Asters, in var.
Verbascums, in var.	Mullein
Cimicifuga “ “	Snakeroot
Columbine “ “	
Echinops “ “	Globe thistles
Eryngiums “ “	Sea Holly
Lunaria biennis	Honesty
Tussilago fragrans	Coltsfoot
Boconia cordata	Plume Poppy
Epilobium angustifolium	Willow herb
Geraniums, in var.	Crane’s Bill
Liatris pycnostachya	Kansas Gayfeather
Lythrum Salicaria	Purple loosestrife
Hieracium, in var.	Hawkweed
Anemones “ “	Windflower
Digitalis purpurea	Foxglove
Primroses	Common
Roses—Wild, or others of Rampant growth.	
Lilium tigrinum	Tiger Lily
“ Canadense	Nodding Lily
“ superbum	Turk’s Cap Lily
“ philadelphicum	Huckleberry Lily
Baptisia australis	False Indigo
“ *tinctoria*	Yellow “
Any plants native to neighbourhood	

BULBS

Narcissus incomparabilis, in var.
“ *Leedsii* “ “
“ *poeticus* “ “
Muscari—Grape Hyacinth, in var.
Crocus, in var.
Star of Bethlehem, in var.
Fritillaria Meleagris, Snakeshead Fritillary
“ “ var. alba.
Scillas, in var., Blue bells or Squills
Eythroniums, in var., Dog’s tooth Violet

ANNUALS

English Field Poppy
Borage officinalis, Borage
Argemone Mexicana, Mexican Poppy
Corn Flowers
Toadflax
Sunflowers
Nicotiana

PLANTS FOR DAMP SITUATIONS

Marsh and water gardening is best carried out upon rather a broad scale—that is, good stretches of one sort of plant, of course regulated by the size of one's available space. A large majority of marsh plants are rampant "doers" and prosper at such a rate that they quickly crowd out their lesser brethren unless steps are taken to protect them. And so if the space to be planted is of no great size, these enthusiastic colonizers should be omitted and choice made among the more conservative stay-at-homes. If, however, one has a fairly broad marsh or extensive waterside at one's disposal one may use these larger subjects with fine effect, and with them the moisture-loving trees and shrubs. Most of the marsh plants need little care when once established, spreading or seeding generously, and for this I am devoutly thankful, for I cannot love the marsh and its handsome tenantry as dearly as the landlubbers among my plants. Whether it is that pottering about among them is neither very practical nor agreeable, or whether it is an instinctive aversion to all bog life, animal or vegetable, a dislike of wet feet and oozy places and a mortal fear of snakes, I do not know, but verily am I glad that the marsh folk are able to shift for themselves in a great degree.

It is necessary to pay some attention to the marsh colour scheme, for many of its inhabitants are highly coloured and many wear the beautiful but warring hue known to fame as "rosy magenta." Luckily, however, there are a fair number of fluffy white flowers to intervene between these and the vibrant swamp Lilies and gay scarlet Cardinal Flower, and only a little care is needed when planting is done in this "broad natural manner." We excuse Nature of much for which we would condemn the gardener.

In laying out a path along a stream side the planting should be largely done on the opposite bank, as this gives us the opportunity of enjoying a better view.

In planting around a formal pool in the flower garden the choice is best limited to plants of a tidy and rather severe character, and for this purpose nothing is better than the many water-loving Irises and the broad-leaved Funkias, with perhaps a few feathery Spiræas interspersed.

PLANTS FOR MARSH AND STREAM SIDE

Alnus viridis	Green Alder
Azalea nudiflora	Pixter Flower
Azalea viscosa	Swamp Honeysuckle
Benzoin benzoin	Spice Bush

Betula nigra	Black Birch
Cephalanthus occidentalis	Button Bush
Clethra alnifolia	Sweet Pepper
Cornus Stolonifera	Red Osier
“ *alba*	White-fruited Dogwood
“ *paniculata* (candidissima)	Panicled Dogwood
“ *Amomum*	Swamp Dogwood
Halesia tetraptera	Snowdrop Tree
Hamamelis virginica	Witch Hazel
Ilex verticillata	Black Alder
Itea virginica	Virginia Willow
Nyssa sylvatica	Sour Gum
Populus	Poplar
Quercus bicolor	Swamp White Oak
Rosa nitida	Northeastern Rose
“ *carolina*	Swamp Rose
Salix alba	White Willow
“ *discolor*	Pussy “
“ *Vitellini*	Yellow “
Spiraea salicifolia	Meadow Sweet
“ *tomentosa*	Steeple Bush

PLANTS FOR DAMP SITUATIONS

Acorus Calamus
Althæa officinalis
Arundo donax
Astilbe, in var.
Caltha palustris
Dodecatheon media
Epilobiums, in var.
Eupatorium purpureum
Ferns, in var.
Fritillaria alba
Funkias, in var.
Goodyera repens
Hemerocallis, in var.
Lobelia syphilitica
Lysimachia vulgaris
Lythrum Salicaria
Mertensia virginica
Mitchella repens (creeping)
Monarda didyma
Myosotis palustris
Narcissus John Bain
  “ Sir Watkin
  “ P. R. Barr
  “ Beauty
  “ Stella Superba
  “ Emperor

Heracleum giganteum
Iris siberica, in var.
“ *aurea*
“ *monspur*
“ *versicolor*
“ *Kaempferi*
“ *pseudacorus*
“ *Monnieri*
“ *Delayayi*
“ *ochroleuca* (syn. *orientalis gigantea*)
Lilium pardilinum
“ *superbum*
“ *canadense*
Lobelia cardinalis
Narcissus poeticus
“ albus plenus odorata
Parnassia palustris
Peltandra virginica
Physostegia virginica
Pontederia cordata
Ranunculus, in var.
Sagittaria variabilis
“ “ *fl. pl.*
Senecio, in var.
Spiræas, in var.
Spigelia marylandica
Trollius, in var.
Typha latifolia

WALL GARDENING

Wall gardening has become one of the arts and it is not possible to enter into so large a subject in so small a space, but for those who have already a dry retaining wall or two in their gardens the few plants here given, which are so easily established and grow so readily in such a position, may be of use. If the wall is an old one there will probably be soil enough in the crevices to content those plants, but if fairly new, soil must be rammed firmly back into the crack which we intend to plant. If one has a wall to build and wishes to make of it a really successful wall garden, it is advisable to procure one of the many fascinating books which cover the subject. Of those Miss Jekyll's “Wall and Water Gardens,” and H. H. Thomas' “Rock Gardening for Amateurs” will be found most helpful.

Seed may be rammed into the soil between the stones, or very small seedlings, or tiny bits of plants with a good root. Large plants are not advisable, as they seldom "take hold" in those narrow quarters.

PLANTS FOR DRY RETAINING WALLS

Nepeta Mussini
Corydalis lutea
Lavender, Munstead Dwarf
Sedum, in var.
Sempervivum, in var.
Aubrietia, in var.
Alyssum saxatile
Arabis alpina
Dianthus, in var.
Linum perenne
Iberis sempervirens
Tunica Saxifraga
Santolina incana
Campanula carpatica
Cerastium tomentosum
Helianthemum, in var.
Thymus vulgaris
Satureia montana
Phlox subulata, in var.
Achillea, tomentosa
Centranthus rubra
Antirrhinum (snapdragon)
Veronica repens
" *prostrata*
Gypsophila repens

PAVED WALKS

There is much to be said in favour of paved walks and terraces. In small, enclosed formal gardens flagstone walks give a very quaint, old-world air, and they are a charming adjunct to houses of the Pennsylvania Colonial type, or to more pretentious dwellings built after the Elizabethan style. They are permanent and easy to maintain, always dry, and admit of a very interesting type of gardening. The stones, which, of course, must be flat, may be irregular or regular as to shape, and if irregular as to shape may be of various sizes, but small stones, of course, are not suitable. The soil beneath the stones should be a good sandy loam to the depth of several inches, and the cracks between the stones will serve as a lodging place for many a charming creeping or tufted thing.

One must, however, use restraint in this sort of gardening and keep in mind the fact that the path is first of all designed for the pedestrian, and one does not wish to have one's feelings harrowed at every step by crushing some helpless green thing beneath one's heel. We do not mind picking our way a bit, though, and if this diminutive tenantry is kept a bit to one side they are in no great danger. Some of the small plants seem quite indifferent to being trod upon. Thyme is one of these and sends up clouds of welcoming perfume behind our lagging footsteps. Only the most diminutive subjects are suitable for the centre of the path, but along the sides, if the path be wide enough, some of the larger alpines may have a place. In planting, seedlings or very small bits of plants should be used, or seeds may be inserted between the cracks. A narrow wooden plant-label is a useful tool in setting out the tiny plants, for any real tool known to me is far too large.

One must have the eye of a lynx for weeds in the paved path and slaughter them in infancy, for once well rooted beneath the stones it is a terrible task to get them out. Except for this the path will require little attention, for once settled the small plants have at their disposal the moisture beneath the stones, good food, and a cool root-run, which insures them peace and comfort. Many of them will self-sow, and perhaps after a while the path will become overcrowded, but they will make prettier groups of themselves than we can possibly devise, and thinning them out occasionally is not a very difficult matter.

SMALL PLANTS FOR CENTRE JOINTS

Acaena microphylla
Erinus alpinus
Arenaria balearica (shade)
Antennaria tomentosa
Campanula pusilla
Draba aizoides
Thymus lanuginosus
“ *Serpyllum*, in var.
Linaria hepaticæfolia
“ *Cymbalaria*
Mentha Requieni

ALPINES FOR OUTER EDGES OF PATH

Dianthus caesius
“ *deltoides*
“ *arenarius*
Aubrietia, in var.
Armeria maritima
Veronica repens
Papaver alpinum
Silene alpestris
“ *Schafta*
Tunica saxifraga
Arabis alpina fl. pl.
Arenaria montana
Gypsophila repens
Hypericum repens
Phlox subulata G. F. Wilson
“ “ Nelsoni
Campanula carpatica
“ *rotundifolia*
Linaria alpina

ANNUALS

Sedum coeruleum
Ionopsidium acaule
Gypsophila muralis

GRAY-LEAVED PLANTS

The charm and usefulness of plants with gray, hoary, or gray-blue foliage is being more and more realized and appreciated. They make possible many a soft and satisfying harmony, and have the advantage of remaining in good condition the season through. In the late autumn, when most of our flowers have been driven away by sharp frosts, the gray-foliaged plants assume a new interest and keep the garden looking "dressed" until winter has fairly closed down upon us.

PLANTS OF GRAY OR HOARY FOLIAGE

Antennaria tomentosa
Artemisia Stelleriana
  " *abro anum*
  " *argentea*
Cerastium tomentosum
Pinks in variety
Funkia Sieboldiana and *Fortunei*
Nepeta Mussini
Elymus glaucus (syn. arenarius)
Centaurea candidissima, Annual
  " *gymnocarpa,* "
Cineraria maritima, "
(Creeping Dusty Miller)
Ruta graveolens
Santolina incana
  " *chamoecyparissus*
Lavender—tall and dwarf
Thymus lanuginosus, in var., Creeping
Alyssum saxatile var. *compactum*
Veronica incana

Eryngium maritimum
Salvia officinalis
Sedum Sieboldii Ewersii and *spectabile*
Achillea tomentosa
Festuca glauca
Thalictrum glaucum
Stachys lanata

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

THE HERB GARDEN

Where no vain flower discloses a gaudy streak
But herbs for use and physic not a few
Of gray renown, within these borders grew.
—*Shenstone.*

TO ATTEMPT to put the herb garden, with all its charm, its fragrance, its folklore and tradition and history, its possibilities and its proven delights, into a single chapter, is to attempt the impossible. Much that is of deep interest must be omitted, but I trust to have enough to interest others in this most pleasant and suggestive branch of the gardener's art.

When the old farmhouse which is now our home came into our possession we found hanging from the roof of the low-browed, dusky attic a number of small paper bags, neatly labelled Hoarhound, Caraway, Catnip, Balm, Sage, Mint, Motherwort, Wormwood, and Marigold. When opened, we found them to contain leaves, dry almost to powder, that gave off most interesting and illusive odours. Later we found that, though our neighbourhood is but one hour from New York City and near to several flourishing villages, the old custom of domestic medical practice by means of plants still prevails, and that there are several aged women, well versed in "the physic of the field," who dose their families and their neighbours with strange decoctions of "dooryard grass," Tansy, Catnip, Coltsfoot, Skunk Cabbage, Elder, and others, and believe unswervingly in the efficacy of the ashwithe for the bite of the dread rattlesnake.

Those little paper bags whetted my interest and curiosity, and I determined to know for myself those plants so bound up in the lives of our forefathers and so glorified by centuries of homely usefulness. To this end I began collecting all I could find, growing them in the flower garden or among the vegetables, gaining knowledge of their pleasant ways and becoming always more imbued with their quiet charm, until the time came when I could gather them together, a soft-hued, sweet-breathed company, into a garden of their own.

The planning of the herb garden was a matter for much thought and research. We had seen several, only one of which seemed to answer the requirements, ideal as well as practical. This was at the great gardens of Friar Park, Henley-on-Thames, the pattern and planting of which had been taken from a figure in Hyll's "Gardener's Labyrinthe," 1584, and had been most faithfully carried out. It was made up of many small beds, slightly raised and enclosed with boards firmly pegged at the corners, arranged to form several quaint patterns, and planted in the isolated manner—that is, each plant well separated from its fellows—which was common in that day. And it seems to me very pleasant and fitting to recall in our herb gardens of to-day those much used enclosures of long ago, for I feel very certain that however wild, or natural, or irregular we may care to be in our flower gardens, in the herb garden we have no precedent for being aught but prim and tidy and geometrical. I am sure that even in our great grandmothers' days herbs were never grown in wavy-lined borders or in clumps and patches just anywhere; they were too precious for this, and were undoubtedly set out neatly in little rectangular beds with paths between that they might be the more easily cared for and harvested.

The pattern of our herb garden is taken from a figure in John Rea's "Flora, Ceres et Pomona," 1676. It lies directly behind the stone garden house and is enclosed within a white trellis fence against which is a hedge of Damask Roses. Opposite the garden-house door it extends out and up to form a bay or arbour, which shelters a comfortable seat. The paths between the beds are of brick, the joints of which provide a home for many a mat of fragrant Thyme or Musk spilled over from the little beds. These latter are raised and edged with boards after the manner of those at Friar Park, and are filled with all sorts of sweet and homely things, arranged with some attempt at comely association.

It is a pleasant spot. Here are sober tones of leaf and flower, soothing and invigorating odours and the satisfied hum of winged insects, and the charm of association and tradition broods over all.

All sorts of people enjoy this small enclosure and linger over its softly coloured inhabitants as if temporarily under the spell which many of them are said to cast. Old people especially enjoy it; here they find old friends nearly forgotten, plants associated with their childhood or bound up with some tender memory. Keen housekeepers and epicures find much here to their minds and palates; physicians are interested in meeting their henchmen, Aconite, Poppy, Valerian, Digitalis, and others in so pleasant a guise, and once the English coachman of a friend came into the herb garden and standing in front of my precious Lavender border exclaimed with great feeling: "Oh, Mrs. Wilder, them bushes takes me 'ome!" I am always pleased when my country neighbours come to me for Wormwood to cure the "swellin'" on the horse's leg, for Tansy or for any other of the green things in which their faith is large and my garden well supplied; and equally am I pleased when I can accommodate my city friends with Tarragon for the vinegar cruet, or with Borage, Basil, and others to flavour their salads. More roots and seeds, besides the dried products, go to friends from this part of the garden than from all the rest put together, and I love to send these little plant evangelists out into the world to make friends for themselves and to teach others the pleasure and the good to be found in that "excellent art of simpling," which old John Gerarde says, "hath been a study for the wisest, an exercise for the noblest, a pastime for the best . . . the subject thereof so necessarie and delectable, that nothing can be confected either delicate for the taste, daintie for smell, pleasant for sight, wholesome for body, conservative or restorative for health, but it borroweth the relish of an herbe, the flavour of a flower, the colour of a leaf, the juice of a plant or the decoration of a roote . . . who would therefore, look dangerously up at Planets that might look safely down at plants." And the answer, who indeed?

Before setting out to create a garden of herbs it is well to settle in one's mind just what an herb is, or at least what the word implies to one's self. There have been many definitions given by those interested in the subject, but none seem to me quite comprehensive. It seems generally accepted that all plants with aromatic foliage are rightly herbs, but beyond this is a debatable land. To me, a plant to deserve the name must serve a use, other than a decorative one, though I should not want all useful plants in my collection. Plants used in medicine, for salads, for flavouring, and even those said to be invested with magic working powers, might properly be included, but if one seeks a list of those in the old herbals, it will be of such length that no garden could hold them, and if it could, would differ little from an ordinary flower garden, for in that credulous long ago nearly every plant was used for meat, for magic, or for medicine. It is rather confusing, but when one is deeply interested a sort of *sense* of what is fitting develops within one, and of course there is no reason why for each of us the herb garden should not have a special meaning and manifestation.

For myself, I have decided that my herbs must possess beauty in some form, of flower, of leaf, or of scent, and such as Docks, Sowthistles, Ragweed, and Plantains, be they ever so virtuous, are rigidly excluded from the garden. Such plants as grow freely in our neighbourhood, as several sorts of Mints, Yarrow, Betony, Selfheal, Boneset, Catnip, Agrimony, the Mustards, Pennyroyal, and Vervain, are also debarred, as space is a consideration and I like to have fair-sized patches of each kind and not specimens only. Nearly all plants of aromatic foliage are included and such garden flowers as are of important medicinal value; such of the pot and salad plants as are good to smell or to look upon and old-fashioned Roses, for is it not written that "the Rose besides its beauty is a cure?" And the old books teem with recipes of things curative, soothing, or cosmetic, which may be made from the petals of those Roses of other days.

Herbs important in our present-day cooking, which it is good to have fresh, are: Chervil, Chives, Sweet and Pot Marjoram, Sage, Tarragon, Parsley, Mint, the Savories, Coriander, Caraway, Thyme, Sweet and Bush

Basil, and Anise—and in the French cook books many more sorts are deemed desirable.

It is not easy to procure roots or seeds of a great many herbs, for the nurserymen and seedsmen carry very few as a rule. French, German, and English catalogues are better stocked with them than ours, as the plants are more in use in those countries. However, in the vegetable section of most seedsmen's catalogues may be found a fairly generous list under "Sweet, Pot, and Medicinal Plants," and a few roots also. And then, if we are really interested, roots and seeds will find their way to us, sometimes through friends, often through kindness of a chance visitor to the garden, or from some country neighbour who knows where choice things grow. Frequently we may cull a plant from some old, deserted garden and find another which has thrown off the conventions of garden life and is thriving in the dust and questionable company of the open roadside. "How I got my herbs" would make a chapter in itself, absorbing to me, if to no one else.

After a good deal of experimenting I have come to the conclusion that a poor, gravelly soil is the best for herbs in general. Many which are not hardy in the heavy soil of the flower garden come safely through in the light soil of the herb garden. Of those are Sweet Marjoram, Lavender, and Cedronella. Roses, Mallows, Aconites, and Mints must be provided with something a little richer, but when the garden is made up of little beds, it is a simple matter to provide more than one kind of soil.

In the choice of herbs for our garden our ideal is that of Erasmus, "To have nothing here but Sweet Herbs, and these only choice ones, too."

For the most we grow perennials, but there are a few annuals without which no collection would be complete. Of these Borage, herb of courage and glorifier of claret cup, is one of the most important, its soft-coloured foliage and azure flowers making it a striking plant for any situation. Once sown it is ever with us, for the seeds are hardy and spring up year after year. Then there are the five annuals esteemed for their seeds, Anise, Dill, Cumin, Caraway, and Coriander—all pretty and graceful enough if rather fleeting. Saffron bears a pretty yellow flower and is worth growing, and Calendula officinalis, the Pot Marigold of other days, must have a place, both for its fine tawny colour and for its many uses and traditions. Parsley and Chervil belong here, and the latter provides quite as pretty a garnish as the former. The brothers Basil, "sweet" and "bush green," the latter growing into the most fetching little bushes imaginable, are indispensable and give to salad and stew a decided piquancy. The great Florence Fennel is an annual and a most beautiful plant, rising some four or five feet and spreading its broad yellow umbrellas over the garden in a striking manner. Summer Savoury is a small-leaved aromatic little bush with clouds of tiny white flowers, and no scent or savour is better than that of Sweet Marjoram, a plant which we dare not be without, for it is reputed a cure for stupidity, a malady that our optimistic forefathers believed to be acute rather than chronic, and so, susceptible of cure. A small, blue-flowered Woodruff, Asperula azurea setosa; Rock Camomile, Anthemis arabica, and the tall white Opium Poppy complete our list of annuals, and none need special culture save that Caraway is best treated as a biennial and that Summer Savoury, Anise, and the Basils are tender and should not be sown out of doors until the ground is warm and all danger from frost is past. Spaces are left between the perennials where these fugitive ones are sown every year, and, of course, many take the matter into their own hands and spring up in the joints of the paths, against the white fence among the Damask Roses, and all about, after the manner of their kind.

When one comes to perennials there is so much that is sweet and pleasant that it is difficult to know where to begin, but perhaps of all herbs there are none quite so delightful as the Thymes. Each year I find myself giving them more room and rejoicing exceedingly when, in searching some foreign catalogue, I come upon a variety which I have not. For the most part Thymes are low-growing, bushy little plants with deliciously scented small foliage. The Woolly-leaved Thyme (*T. lanuginosus*) spreads a soft-coloured, close-growing carpet along the edges of the borders, and the varieties of *T. Serpyllum*, the Wild Mountain Thyme, are also of the carpeting type. There are *T. S. coccineus*, covered with bright crimson flowers, and *splendens*, a somewhat improved form—and this year I had the great good fortune to find in an English catalogue seeds of the rare white-flowered Thyme. In this same treasure-trove of a catalogue I also found *T. azoricus*, a little shrubby variety with purple flowers. These two "finds" are entrusted to the frames, and I am impatiently awaiting their fragrant arrival above ground. *T. Serpyllum* has several fine forms besides the white and crimson, chief among which is the Lemon-scented (*citriodorus*), with its silver-leaved and gold-leaved variations, both lovely for edging the beds of sober-clad herbs. *T. S. micans* is a fine-leaved, two-inch alpine species with purple flowers, which is happier in the joints between the bricks than in the beds, and *T. vulgaris*, the Broad-leaved English Thyme, so much in requisition for seasoning, forms a very nice little bush with dark, evergreen foliage of a most pleasant scent. There are three other species which I hope to add before another summer: *Chamaedrys*, with several varieties; *carnosus*, said to grow nearly a foot tall, and *villosus*, from Portugal. Nearly all the beds in the herb garden are edged with some sort of Thyme, and one may not have too much of it, for this small sweet herb has the power to drive sadness from our hearts.

The Artemisias also make valuable contributions to our herb garden, the best beloved of which is *A. Abrotanum*—Southernwood, Old Man, or Lads Love, as it is variously called, a woody bush, some two feet tall, with hoary, feathery foliage and a strong, bitter smell, at once balmy and exhilarating. Steeped in oil it is good to rub limbs benumbed by the cold, and I can well imagine its warming and stimulating effect. *A. argentea* and *Stellariana* are pretty, silvery foliaged varieties about a foot tall. *A. vulgaris* is tall with whitish leaves. This is the Mugwort and is much in demand in rural neighbourhoods for all sorts of homely uses. *A. absinthium*, which gives its name to the famous French liquor, should be included, and, of course, Tarragon, which belongs to this family and is one of the most useful and piquant of herbs. Parkinson says that this plant was supposedly created by "putting the seeds of Lin or Flax into the roote of an onion and so set in the ground, which when it hath sprung, hath brought forth the herbe Taragon." He adds, however, lest we waste our time in experiment, that "this absurd and idle opinion hath by certain experience been proved false."

The two Lavender Cottons—*Santolina incana* and *S. chamaecyparissus*—are both nice shrubby little plants with silvery foliage and a strong, pungent smell. Many herbs wear sober grayish coats. Hoarhound is one of these, though it is not otherwise very pretty, and the lovely *Nepeta Mussini* with its continuous spikes of lavender bloom. Lavender, of course, has gray foliage, and is one of the most cherished of my herbs, for in our severe climate we must go to a little trouble for its sweet sake. I lost a sad number of plants during the years before we made the herb garden, but I think they are safer now in a place prepared for them. We made a narrow border along the wall of the garden house—the exposure is southern and the soil poor and gravelly, and in the winter we protect the plants with a blanket of leaves over the roots held in place by light branches. We grow three kinds: *L. spica*, the broad-leaved; *L. vera*, the narrow-leaved, which is I think the hardier; and a dwarf, compact sort called *Munstead Dwarf*. There is a lovely white-flowered Lavender which I have not yet, but as it is said to be less robust than the purple, perhaps I could not keep it. This hot, dry border was also designed to hold Rosemary, but after several bitter losses I have given it up as too tender for our winters—and filled its place with Thyme.

Rue, *Ruta graveolens*, is a beautiful low bush with metallic foliage, said to be strongly antiseptic. Pliny says it was an ingredient in eighty-four remedies—bitter ones they must have been, for the leaves of Rue are acrid to a degree. It is easily raised from seed and grows in sun or shade. Only less bitter to the taste is Hyssop, *Hyssopus officinalis*, and how terrible must have been that cough syrup, once much in vogue, of Rue and Hyssop boiled in honey! However, Hyssop is a very charming plant with small dark foliage and bright-blue flowers which last a long time. The little bushes should be cut over in spring to keep them shapely. In the same bed with it grows a pretty aromatic-leaved herb of which I am very fond—Cedronella cana, sometimes called Balm of Gilead, with spikes of wine-red blossoms with blue stamens and a neat, bushlike form. Bergamot (*Monarda*) is here, too, both the wine-coloured and the white with its scented foliage, than which nothing is more delicious. It is still used in the manufacture of "sweet waters."

Tansy and Costmary are two old-fashioned plants, nearly related but differing widely in appearance. Tansy, *Tanacetum vulgare*, is a tall plant with beautiful foliage and flat, dull gold flower heads borne in the late summer. It has escaped from cultivation and, with other free spirits, decorates the roadsides in many localities, where it is eagerly sought by those who know the efficacy of Tansy Tea in spring, or wish to hang branches of it near the doors and windows of their dwellings to attract flies from the rooms. Costmary (*Tanacetum balsamita*), also called Alecost and Bible-leaf, the latter from the use made of the long leaves as marks in the Bible, is so entirely out of use and fashion that it is well nigh impossible to get it. My own came to me through a dear Quaker lady, from an old garden in Germantown, and is one of my most prized possessions. It has a tuft of long green leaves, snipped about the edges and giving forth a most tantalizingly familiar but illusive fragrance, and its tall stem, "spreadeth itself into three or foure branches, every one bearing an umbell or tuft of gold-yellow flowers." In the old days it was used to give zest to ale, but the dried leaves were more in demand for tying up in little bags with "lavender toppes" to "lie upon the toppes of bedds and presses, &c., for the sweete sent and savour it casteth."

We grow two of the Salvia family here and sometimes three, for the annual Horminum called "Red Top or Purple Top," according to the colour of its gay leaf-bracts, is pretty and in order. *S. officinalis*, the Sage of stews and stuffings, is the one herb to be found in nearly every kitchen garden. It makes a spreading bush with beautiful velvet leaves and spikes of blue-purple flowers greatly appreciated by bees. It loves a sunny corner in well-drained soil. A less known Salvia, and one difficult to find, is *S. sclarea*, Clary, or Clear-eyes, a very tall plant, with broad, soft foliage, once used to flavour certain kinds of beer, but mainly relied upon as a cure for all troubles of the eye. It is a biennial, so we start the seeds in the nursery and set the plants in the herb garden at the beginning of their second season, allowing them plenty of room.

Mints belong here, of course, but several kinds are so plentiful in a wild state that we grow only two—a variegated form of the Apple Mint, *Mentha rotundifolia*, and the wee Corsican, *M. Requieni*, which creeps between the bricks and has a good scent. Some other Mints are: *M. Pulegium*, Pennyroyal; *M. sylvestris*, Horse Mint; *M. piperita*, Common Peppermint, and *M. viridis*, Spearmint.

Comfrey, *Symphytum officinale*, is a plant about the virtues of which history is strangely silent, though it is often mentioned with great respect, and one of its names is "Healing herb." It is rather too coarse and pervasive for even a large garden, but we tolerate the golden-leaved variety for the sake of its pretty blue flowers. Balm, *Melissa officinalis*, with its highly fragrant leaves, is another plant which must be kept well in check, but has ever been of the greatest importance. It is both a "hot" and a "sweet" herb, and was much used in baths to "warm and comfort the veins and sinewes." Good for "greene wounds" and bee stings, "it also putteth away the cares of the mynde, and troublesome imagination." Valuable indeed!

The four central beds of the garden are given up to one kind of plant each: Winter Savoury, Camomile, Germander, and Pot Marjoram. The first, *Satureia montana*, is a delightful little bushy plant, with small, highly aromatic leaves and a haze of tiny white flowers. It loves a sunny spot and poor, gravelly soil; indeed, in heavy soil it is not supposed to be quite winter-proof. It is still much used for culinary purposes, and I have a vague childhood memory that it used to be bound upon our numerous bee stings to draw out the poison. It is easily raised from seed.

Camomile, *Anthemis nobilis*, is not very pretty, but it has so many virtues that it must needs be given a prominent place. It is called the "plant physician," and not only gives aid to frail humanity in distress, but to its brothers and sisters of the plant world. It is said that if Camomile is placed near any weak or ailing plant it at once revives. Besides this, it quiets the baby, breaks up colds, drives away insects, secures us against bad dreams if placed beneath the pillow, and its flower heads are made into a valuable medicine in use at the present day. It is easily raised from seed, but may usually be found growing wild.

Germander, *Teucrium Chamaedrys*, is a nice little woody plant with rose-coloured blossoms and pleasantly scented foliage. In Elizabethan days it was chiefly used to edge the quaint garden "Knottes," and also, on account of its purifying redolence, as a "strewing herb." It blooms late in the summer and seems happy anywhere in the sunshine. Pot Marjoram is one of the prettiest plants in the herb garden. It is semi-prostrate in growth, and the graceful branches terminate in flat heads of soft pink flowers. The whole plant is deliciously sweet and one wants a lot of it. Oil of Marjoram is comforting to stiff joints, and it was, in the old days, greatly in demand in making sweet bags, sweet powders, and sweet washing waters—all so pleasant to think upon. It is, of course, much used in our present-day cooking.

We must have a few clumps of Chives, with their pretty upstanding flower heads, which as children we called "tasty tufts." Nothing is so stimulating to the salad, and if the plants are cut over occasionally new blades will spring up. Garden Burnet, so well thought of by Bacon, must have a place for the sake of its beautiful foliage, and Chicory with its "dear blue eyes," and yellow-flowered Fennel, famous in fish sauces. Rampion also, *Campanula rampunculoides*, with its spikes of pretty purple bells, the roots of which are highly spoken of in the old cook books, and tall rather gawky Angelica, the stems of which are still made into a sweetmeat.

Certain kinds of Roses were of the greatest importance in the practice of medicine, in cookery, and in matters of the toilet, so an herb garden without these would certainly be incomplete. Says Parkinson: "The Rose is of exceeding great use to us; for the Damask Rose (beside the super-excellent sweetwater it yieldeth being distilled, or the perfume of the leaves being dried, serving to fill sweete bags) serveth to cause solubleness of the body, made into a Syrupe, or preserved with sugar moist or dry candied. The Damask Provence Rose is not onely for sent nearest of all Roses unto the Damask, but in the operation of solubility also. The Red Rose hath many physicall uses much more than any other, serving for many sorts of compositions both cordial and cooling, both binding and loosing. The White Rose is much used for the cooling of heate in the eyes; divers doe make an excellent yellow colour of the juice of white Roses, wherein some Allome is dissolved." And so we may properly have Damask and Provence Roses and sweet Rosa alba, and, besides these, the early authorities attribute virtues to the Musk Rose and the Sweet Brier. As closely allied to the Provence and Damask Roses, we include the lovely Moss Roses and the quaint old York and Lancaster, and I am sure they grow among the herbs of old, they look so at home among ours.

Many of the sweet-smelling leaves of the herb garden may be dried and sewed up in little "taffety" or muslin bags to place among linen, and, of course, one wishes to preserve the leaves and seeds useful in the kitchen. Pleasant indeed it is to make one's way about the narrow paths, one's skirts at every step invoking clouds of aromatic incense from the crowding plants, culling here and there one kind at a time, the most promising shoots or flower heads, and piling them in fragrant heaps in the broad shallow garden basket. The old books teem with quaint rules and instructions, largely superstitions, for the harvesting of herbs, but we have not room here to be aught but brief and practical. A breezy, sunny day is the best for this agreeable task; just before they flower is the proper time for cutting plants wanted for their leaves, and when the flower heads are required, as with Lavender, Camomile, and Marigolds, they are most desirable before being fully open. When seed is wanted the plant must, of course, be allowed to flower and fully mature its seed. Flower heads or leaf stalks should then be tied into *small* bunches, and hung in an airy, shady place—shady, "that the sun draw not out their virtue." When quite dry the leaves may be stripped from the stalks and rubbed through a fine sieve and put in tightly corked and labelled bottles.

Many good and pleasant things may be made from the products of the herb garden, and the collecting of old books on cookery, household matters, or of the toilet becomes a most gripping passion. There is no room to tell of the cordials, wines, vinegars, blends for glorifying the humble stew or stimulating the salad, sweet waters, and bags for invigorating baths, as well as for the linen chest, that one may have by growing these humble plants, but any one who does grow them will not long allow them to go unused. The old custom of putting bags of sweet herbs under the door mat, that balmy odours might enter with the guests, is certainly a pleasing one, and also that of hanging such bags in doorways or windows, or placing them beneath the chair cushions.

In Donald McDonald's book of "Fragrant Flowers and Leaves," for which all those interested in the subject should be grateful, he says: "Man alone seems born sensible to the delights of perfumes and employs them to give energy to his feelings, for animals and insects in general shun them." And it is to fragrance that the enduring charm of the herb garden is attributable. Many people are insensible to beauty of form and contour, some have little sense for colour, but few are proof against the peculiar appeal of perfume, for is not perfume after all less food for the senses than for the soul?

THE END

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